The Saturday Evening
POST
August 22, 1959 - 15¢

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WE RECOVERED THE SPACE MONKEYS

By LT. (j.g.) R. EDWARD FOY, USNR

A Famous Negro Writer Tells How His Children Adjust to Race Prejudice

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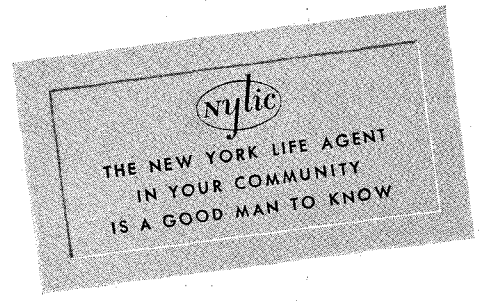

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THE COVER

"A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." She is having the time of her life, but he is not at home there at all. Indeed, Mr. Tiller is not in good health, and the smartest tack he can take is to tell his lady fair he just remembered an important business appointment on shore. Artist Dick Sargent heartlessly churned up those waves to turn his man gray-green, for when Dick sketched a sailor on Long Island Sound, the water was humane, and the man looked fine—so did a pretty model who was with him. After they landed, the girl turned gray-green—and that's a switch. Originally Mr. Tiller was located on the far side of that boat, but Sargent moved him for fear he'd tip the whole shebang over. Dick's a good sailor; he didn't get sick painting this.

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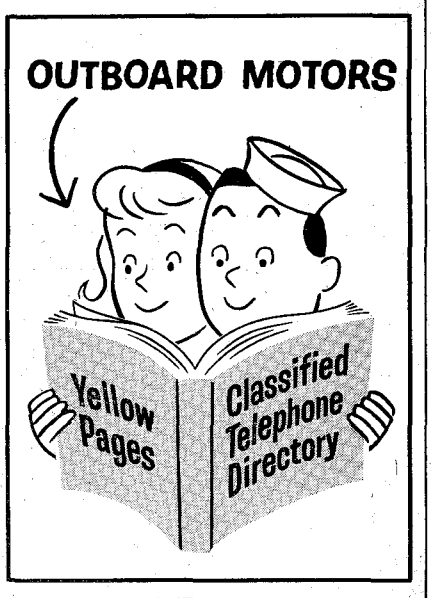

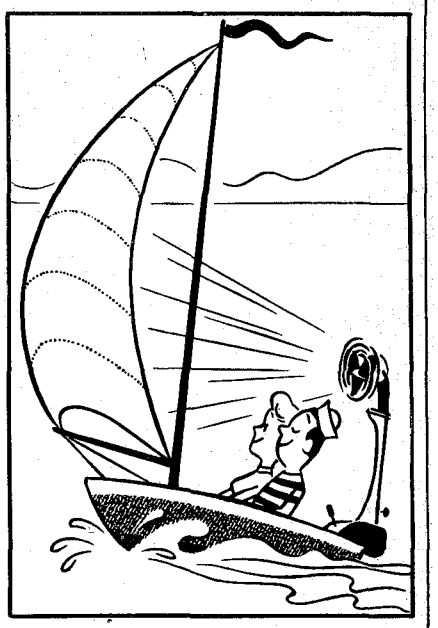

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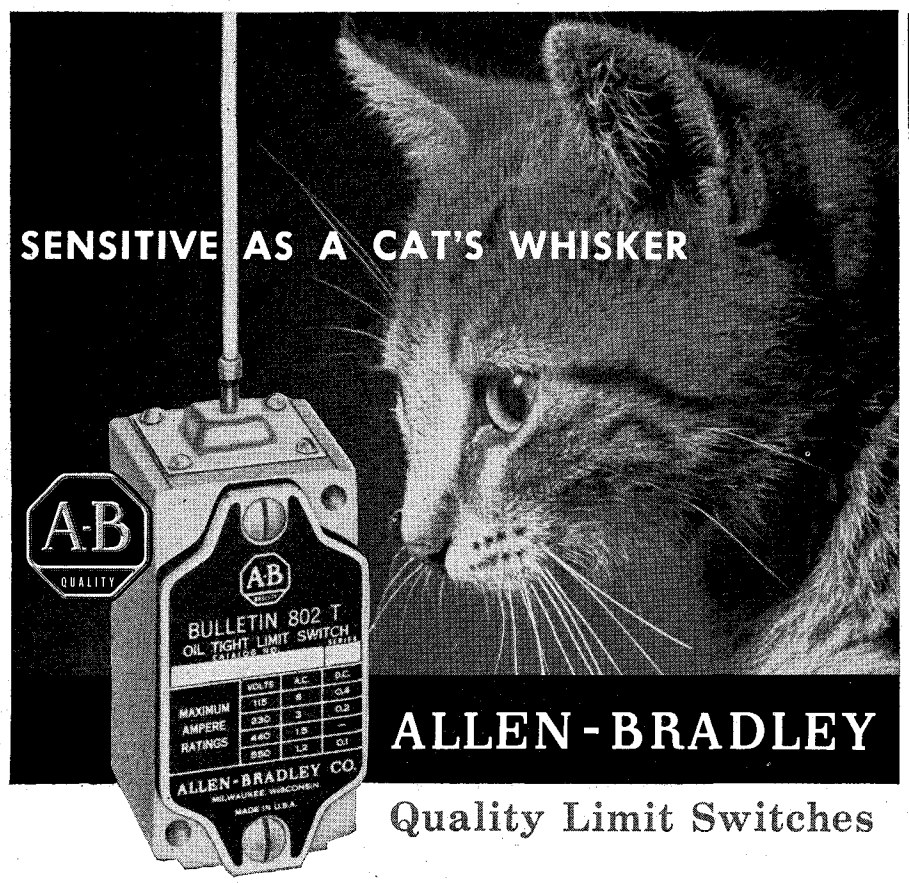

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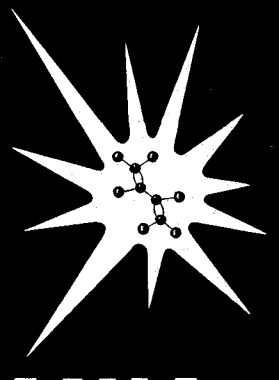

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Letters

National Seashore Parks

Dear Sirs:

Your principal editorial of July 18 [NATIONAL PARKS SHOULDN'T BE SET UP BY DECREE] was highly critical of the bill which I have introduced in the Senate to authorize three National Seashore Parks. May I emphasize several points about this legislation?

To begin with, I introduced the measure at the specific request of the Administration. Indeed, the bill is marked "by request" on its face. Secondly, no shoreline park would be set aside by the Secretary of the Interior without extensive local hearings and surveys. I have been assured of this by Under Secretary Elmer F. Bennett.

Furthermore, we must remember that nearly all the great mountain parks—Grand Canyon, Crater Lake, Yellowstone, Glacier, for example—were set aside long ago. Why should not magnificent American seashores, heretofore neglected, receive the same national protection? When John D. Rockefeller Jr. first proposed his generous gift of land for the Grand Tetons National Park, local sentiment was far more hostile than that now prevailing at Cape Cod against our National Seashore bill. Yet who would dream of abolishing the Grand Tetons or any other great upland national park today?

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *Our editorial said Senator Neuberger introduced the bill "on behalf of the Interior Department." We thought that made clear that it was an Administration bill. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Out here on the Oregon coast between Florence and Reedsport the National Park Service, backed by Neuberger, wants 35,000 acres of so-called National Sand-Dunes Seashore which reaches inland five miles, taking in 250 year-around homes, three lakes, some fine dairies, a 300-acre tree farm, a beautiful 522-acre state park, 140-acre Boy Scout camp, a 50-acre Girl Scout camp, resorts and other businesses.

All this despite the fact that beaches are owned by the state, and Forest Service has 12,000 acres along the coast with seven good camping sites and more planned. . . .

There is no vanishing shoreline here. But there are vanishing human rights if National Park Service has its way.

JOHN S. PARKER
Western Lane Taxpayers Assn.
Florence, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Unspoiled sea beach cannot be preserved by setting aside only a narrow strip any more than a fine residential street could long retain its pleasant identity hemmed in by factories.

KENNETH C. ANDERSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Blessings on you for your editorial. . . .

Here on the Pt. Reyes Peninsula, just north of the Golden Gate, we share the plight of our cross-country neighbors on Cape Cod. . . .

Marin County, with the Pt. Reyes Peninsula on its western rim, is the fourth smallest of the fifty-eight counties in the State of California. . . . The State Parks Commission has been more than generous with Marin's lands, and now the National Park Service seeks . . . more than 10 per cent of Marin's 334,000 land acres. A shocking reduction in the county's total taxable land area.

R. D. MARSHALL, *Chairman*
West Marin Property Owners Assn.
Point Reyes Station, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your statement that the bill "would empower the Secretary of the Interior arbitrarily to take over sections of Cape Cod . . . with scant regard to local interest" is not true. . . . Owners of homes would have life tenancy, and habitations of genuine historic significance would be carefully conserved. Whole communities would not be destroyed, as you indicate, although it is to be hoped that eventually they might be restored to something resembling their original charm and beauty.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD, *President*
American Nature Assn.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The population explosion is a grim fact of our time. Great credit is due all who foresee the need to preserve for the future certain outstanding examples of the American natural scene.

ANSEL ADAMS
San Francisco, Calif.

Eddie's Animals

Dear Sirs:

How refreshing was the article by 18-year-old Eddie Wettach [MY BACK-YARD REHABILITATION CENTER, July 18]. As the mother of three sons, I would love a few "How To" tips from his mother. She has built a monument to woman's most important role in the person of that boy. God bless her!

JEAN BOWEN
Mendham, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

It seems strange that someone so interested in the aid and care of animals

should have such a collection of rifles, as implied in a photo on page 21 [above].

C. HILL
Madras, Ore.

● *"The guns are collectors' items," says Eddie. "I do not use them for hunting." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I'm a fifteen-year-old teen-ager, and my friends all enjoy your book. . . . Eddie Wettach certainly sounds like a very nice boy to know. I only wish more boys were like him.

BETTY HOEHN
Eagle Lake, Minn.

(Continued on Page 6)

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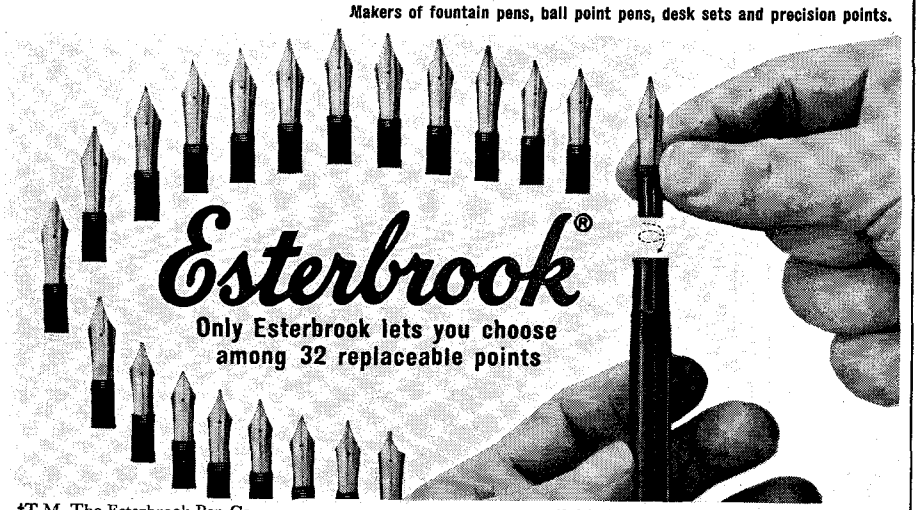

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Filthy, But Fun

Dear Sirs:

Corey Ford's essay [ARE PIPE SMOKERS PEOPLE? July 11] interests me very much. . . . In my boyhood we could buy, for two Danish öre, an ordinary clay pipe which we always immediately fitted with a short piece of rubber tubing to prevent it sticking to our lips. Tobacco was expensive, but we gathered dried potato leaves . . . which made a fragrant, satisfactory and cheap substitute. . . .

I enjoyed his essay very much and agree it is a filthy but enjoyable habit.

S. J. WARBERG
Dearborn, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

[Re Ford's reference to pipes of old:] What was smoked in those "crude pottery bowls of ancient Pompeii"? Pompeii was buried in 79 A.D.; tobacco, discovered in the New World, didn't reach Europe until 1558. Put that in your pipe, Mr. Ford.

LT. CMDR. ARNOLD S. LOTT, USN
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Sirs:

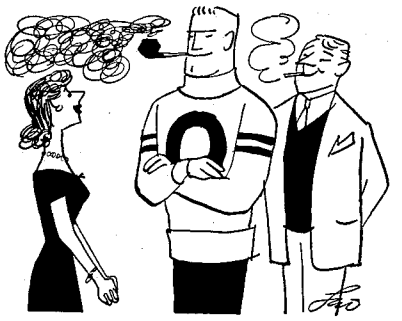
I chuckled, hooted and howled. . . . Having carted dozens of garments to the weavers (he even managed a burn under the armpit of a shirt), having vacuumed up pounds of tobacco . . . having tried to understand what he's saying as he bites harder on the stem, having been on a continual search for mislaid pouches for twenty-nine years and having found it all a very happy and agreeable experience, I feel sure "wives of pipe smokers aren't people either."

EVELYN W. RUTBERG
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I adore men who smoke pipes. My girlish dreams were populated by a succession of nebulous Heroes, sometimes blond and dashing, sometimes dark and brooding, but pipe smokers all.

Then I met the man of whom I thought instantly, *This is it.* (It was, too. I've been married to him for ten years.) But *he* smoked cigarettes. . . .



My husband, the ideal man in all other respects, possesses teeth so aligned . . . that he can't possibly clench a pipe between them with dignity, or even safety. When he absent-mindedly clamps down on the stem, the pipe is propelled sideways with such force that it rebounds off his ear.

MARGIE BRECKENRIDGE
Grove City, Ohio

OUR FACE IS BRICK RED

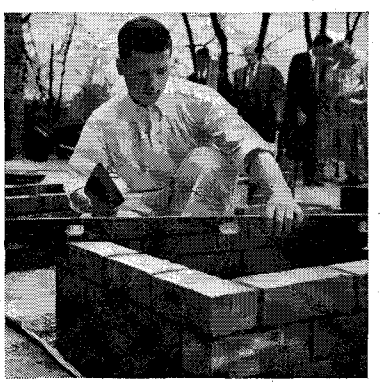
Dear Sirs:

I am writing you with reference to the error of improperly quoting my name in THE FACE OF AMERICA: TEST OF SKILL [Photographs by Larry Keighley], July 18. My name is Robert Da Ros of Yonkers, and I am seen in the small photo in right-hand corner of page 33.

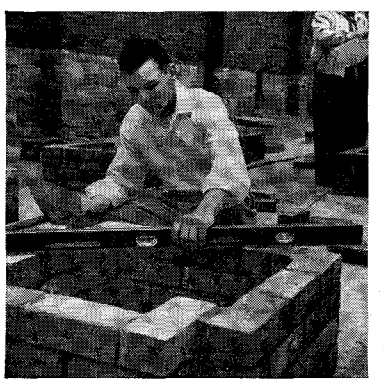
I feel that *The Post* should correct this unintentional error.

ROBERT E. DA ROS
Yonkers, N.Y.

● *Shucks. We had the right name, the wrong picture. We meant to show Donald R. Zimmer of Buffalo who, as we said, won the 1959 Bricklayer Apprentice Championship—and who looks like reader Da Ros.* —*ED.*



Da Ros.



Zimmer.

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4–Harry Saltzman. • 6–Two by Larry Keighley. • 13–U. S. Army; U. S. Navy. • 14–Wide World; two from U. S. Army. • 15–Two from U. S. Army; U. S. Navy. • 16, 17–Mac Conner. • 18, 19–Mike Shea. • 20, 21–Ken Riley. • 22–Bill Shrout. • 23–Joern Gerdts; Bill Shrout; John Bickel; two by Bill Shrout. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Larry Keighley. 26, 27–Larry Keighley. • 28, 29–Carroll Jones. • 30–Two by Eugene Kammerman; Combine. • 31–Earl Mayan. • 32, 33–Gus Pasquarella. • 37–Sam Bates. • 80–Gus Pasquarella; anonymous; Ollie Atkins; U. S. Air Force.

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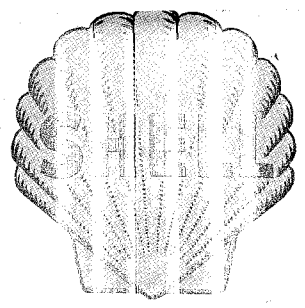

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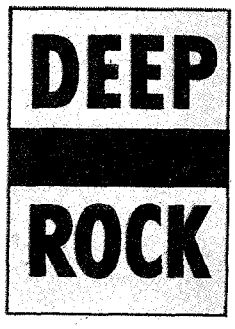

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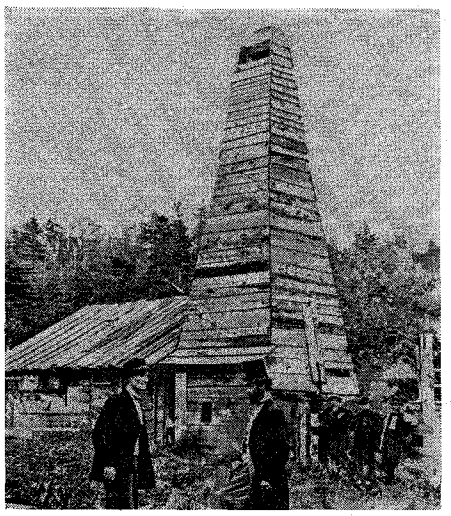
WORKING FOR PROGRESS



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Editorials

You Can't Get Rich by Spending Inflated Dollars!

During an inflationary period like the present, people always need more money to keep up with rising prices, although many are getting more dollars than they ever received before. Thus the steelworkers' union again talks poor, although one of its leaders boasted only a year ago that "under David J. McDonald's fearless and dynamic leadership" the wages of even the lowest-paid steelworker had risen 48 per cent as against an increase in the cost of living of only a little more than 8 per cent. They add that the industry is rolling in unprecedented profits.

Obviously the volume of dollar profits has been growing in the steel industry as in other industries, but it has not kept pace with the cost of new plant and new facilities. Nor have profits increased by anything like the percentage of increase for wages.

There are several disconcerting features of this wage-price spiral. One is the fact that 1959 is the first year in the history of the American steel industry when more steel and steel products were imported than were exported. This is as important to steelworkers as to those who receive dividends on their investment in the industry.

Actually the largest maker of steel, United States Steel Corporation, from the end of World War II through December, 1958, spent $730,000,000 more for new plant and new facilities than its combined earnings and depreciation. It borrowed the money to do it.

Perhaps this lack of interest in the real function of profits is explained partly by the current worship of a figure called the Gross National Product. This high-sounding statistical invention is supposed by almost everybody to be a true index of our prosperity and industrial growth. The full title of G.N.P. is Gross National Product or Expenditure, the last word indicating its true function, which is to indicate the total of all money spent—by the Government, business and by individuals.

Pointing with pride to the ever-higher G.N.P. is like saying, "Boy, did I have a great year! I spent twice as much as I made, but I got a loan from the bank, an advance on my salary; I borrowed on my life insurance and increased the mortgage on the house; and if this inflation continues next year, I'll spend even more."

But that is how some bankers, politicians, too many economists and labor-union statisticians reason. Recently several senators based demands for more money for foreign aid on the ground that, as Senator Fulbright put it, "the country's Gross National Product is at an all-time high." Of course, if Congress voted an extra billion or so for this cause, the amount would be added to next year's Gross National Product, thus seeming to justify a still larger appropriation.

On this point the *Monthly Letter of the National City Bank of New York* for January, 1959, points out that, while Gross National Product in "current dollars" rose from $33,600,000,000 in 1909 to $440,000,000,000 in 1957, the figure for 1957 expressed in 1909 dollars would be no more than $134,000,000,000. "The difference between this and the $440,000,000,000 reported for 1957 represents a $306,000,000,000 fictitious gain from depreciating money," concludes the report.

Instead of being identical with the Gross National Product, real economic growth tends to lag behind. In the nineteen years from 1940 to 1959, G.N.P. has increased 338 per cent. Wages and salaries have increased 373 per cent and corporate taxes have risen 495 per cent. But the net income of corporations has increased only 160 per cent. And actual physical production has increased only 130 per cent.

The figure that worries some economists is the fact that, while the G.N.P. by mid-1959 has risen to a majestic $460,000,000,000, the share of "undistributed profits"—that is, the money retained for replacing old equipment and for new expansion—had been cut in half between 1929 and 1958. This is a threat to the ability of industry to expand its activities, contribute more to the standard of living and create new jobs.

With our industrial leadership under serious threat from lower-cost foreign competition, we should not fool ourselves by using our inflated dollars as a reason for more inflation.

Herbert Hoover's Service to the Nation Shames Those Who "Smeared" Him

People with short memories and scant information often have the idea that the "smear" is applied exclusively to selfless liberals or naïve atomic scientists. It is too often forgotten that Herbert Hoover, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday August tenth amid glowing tributes from people of all shades of political opinion, was the victim of one of the most vicious, expensive and skillfully engineered smear campaigns in the country's history.

In his *The Herbert Hoover Story* (published as a book by *Human Events*), Eugene Lyons describes the organization set up by the late Charles Michelson, previously a Washington writer for the late *New York World*, as dedicated to the task of "processing every word and act of the President—including words he never uttered and acts he never committed—into proofs of his ineptitude, callousness and confusion." This attack on a conservative President was financed by a group of rich, right-wing Democrats who, when they saw that what they had done resulted in the New Deal, poured even more money into the anti-New Deal Liberty League!

The Michelson mill was not the only source of scurrility against Hoover. Books were published to "prove" that he had robbed the Chinese, made money on food relief in Belgium and Russia, promoted fake mines. One industrious fabricator offered, as evidence that Hoover was a British citizen, a copy of his name on an English voters' list. As Lyons points out, "All taxpayers and house-owners were automatically inscribed on that list, whether they were Americans, Egyptians or Patagonians." Although the author of that fabrication later repudiated his falsehoods, the smear stuck, and in certain quarters still does.

The bright side of all this is that Mr. Hoover did not let the eager defamers of the late 1920's destroy him. Since his defeat in 1932, Herbert Hoover has done more work than most people manage to accomplish in a lifetime. He has been honored with important assignments by two Presidents, including the Hoover Commission's exhaustive exploration of the workings of the Federal bureaucracy. He is the author of *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*, a Democratic President better understood by Mr. Hoover than by many of Wilson's own party. Let Mr. Lyons summarize some of Mr. Hoover's other activities:

"Held the following official positions in the United States Government, each of them requiring months and often years of concentrated work and organization: in 1946–47, Co-ordinator of Food Supply for World Famine for 38 nations; 1947, head of President Truman's Special Mission to Investigate the Economy of Germany and Austria; 1947–49, chairman of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government; 1947 to date, member of the Advisory Council, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development." There's a lot more, including, of course, a continuing interest in Boy Scouts and other youth organizations and causes having to do with feeding hungry people.

Five years ago, when Mr. Hoover was only eighty, he made a speech in which he made the important point that the current concern with the "common man" glosses over the fact that "when we get sick we want an uncommon doctor. When we go to war, we yearn for an uncommon general or admiral. When we choose the president of a great university, we want an uncommon educator." And, perhaps with just a suggestion of a thumb at the nose to the Michelson smear campaigners: "We need men and women who cannot be intimidated, who are not concerned with applause meters; not those who sell tomorrow for cheers today."

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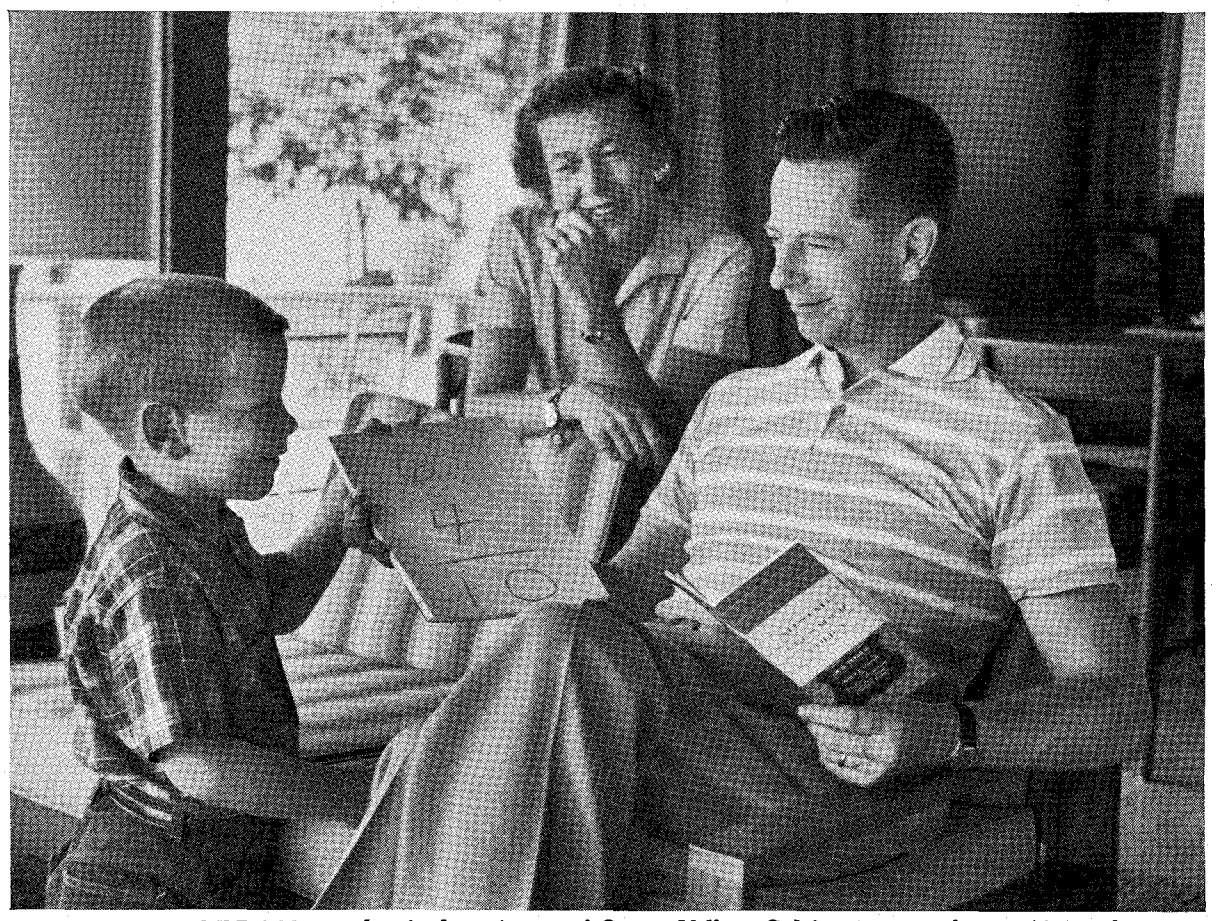
COMMON SENSE & ARITHMETIC

show why Allstate auto insurance gives you more value



RAY MORTON, mechanical engineer of Castro Valley, California, saved over $30 with Allstate last year compared to rates of most other companies. He's had several claims during his 10 years as an Allstate policyholder. Each settled fast "with no red tape." Service like this sold Mr. Morton on Allstate Homeowners and Life Insurance, too.

Allstate eliminates red tape, cuts selling costs, passes savings on to you.

If you're feeling the pinch of rising auto insurance rates, remember this: Allstate's rates are generally lower than most other companies, and you can't buy better protection.

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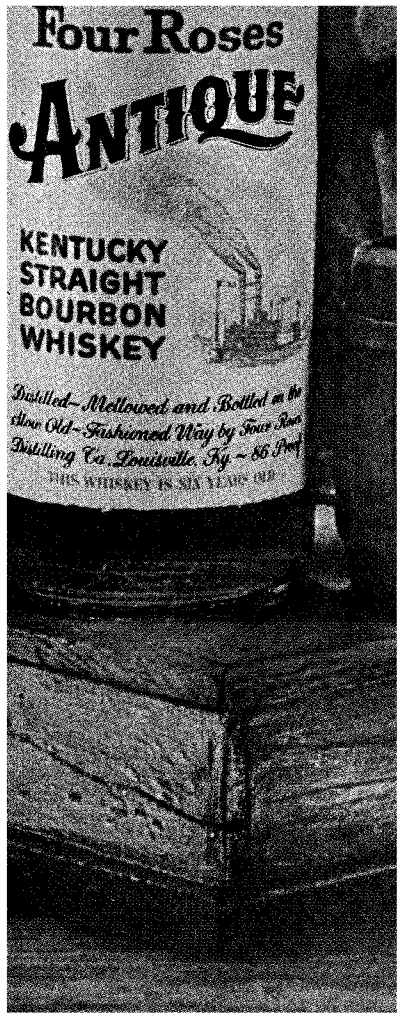

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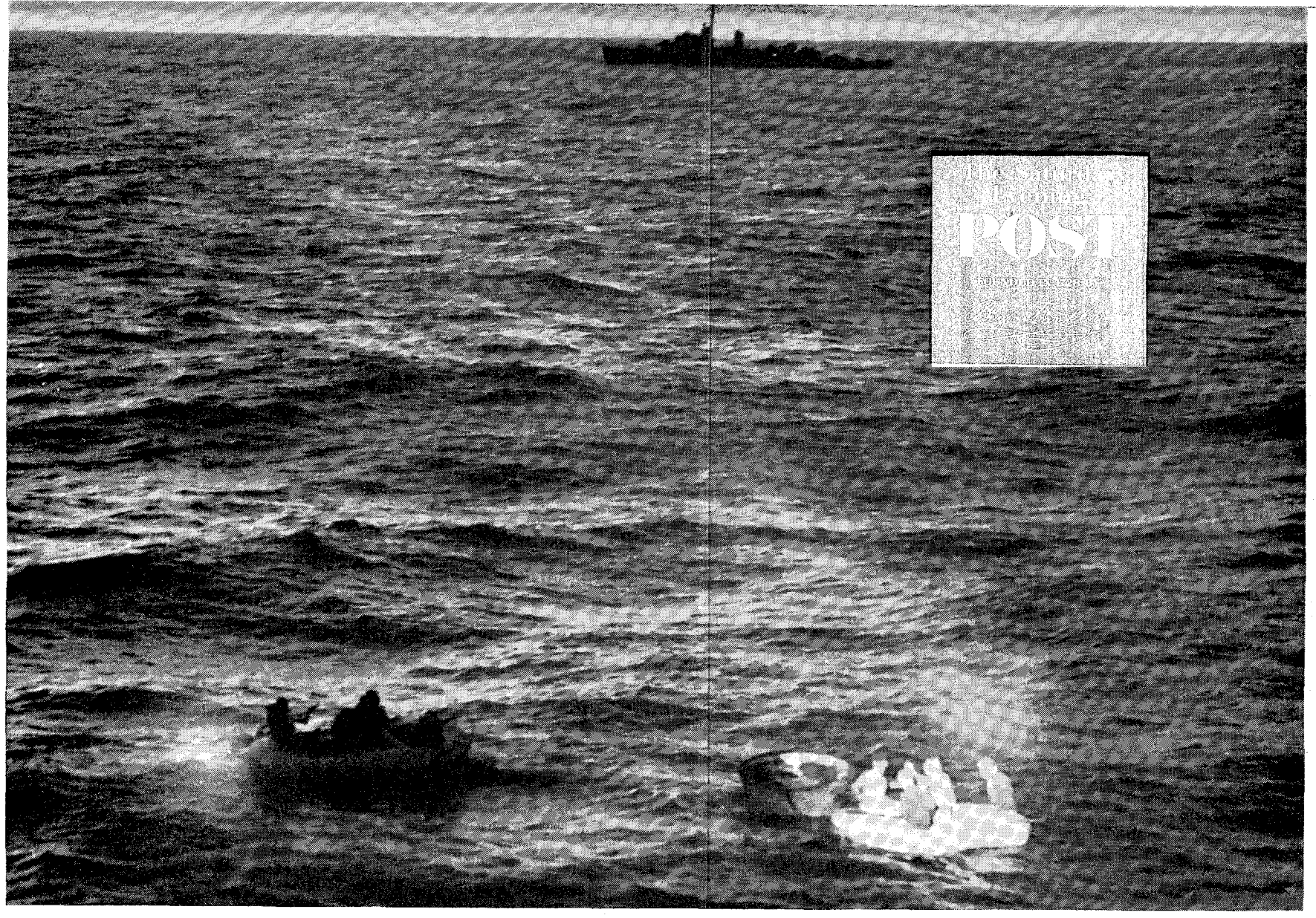

May 28: The author and his crew (in raft at right) as they struggled to retrieve the elusive nose cone which carried the now famous monkeys Able and Baker.

We Recovered the Space Monkeys

A Navy diver describes the tensions and dangers he confronts in taking rocket nose cones from the shark-infested waters of the Atlantic missile range.

By Lt. (j.g.) R. EDWARD FOY, as told to Clay Blair Jr.

Fifteen hundred miles southeast of Cape Canaveral, the nation's missile test center on the east coast of Florida, three Navy ships spread in triangle formation pitched in the heavy black Atlantic seas. Nearby three Navy P2V "hurricane hunters" circled through the squally overcast in a carefully controlled pattern. We were a special Navy task force with a challenging assignment: to spot and recover the nose cone of an Army Jupiter missile which, if everything went according to plan, would soon plunge into the sea inside our triangle. Aboard one of the ships, the *U.S.S. Kiowa*, a fleet tug, I was standing by to dive into the shark-infested waters and attach a line to the nose cone if it survived the tremendous impact.

In addition to the usual Army missile technicians there were three physicians aboard the *Kiowa*. Although we had not been told categorically, the presence of these doctors suggested to us that the nose cone contained some living thing. We learned later, as did the rest of the world, that the cone contained two female monkeys, a rhesus named Able and a smaller squirrel monkey named Baker. They were destined to become the most famous monkeys of all times. They would be the first animals to take a 1500-mile ballistic ride through space and survive. Although Able died later in a routine operation, both monkeys provided invaluable data for the scientists who are laying plans for man's first trip into space.

The tension on board the *Kiowa* had mounted steadily during the missile countdown which was relayed to us minute by minute from Cape Canaveral. Huddled around the radio on the bridge, we heard at last a terse report: "Missile away."

At the cape and along the missile's predicted path hundreds of men manning radars and electronic instruments would follow the

The author is 24 years old. In his high-school days he was an amateur skin diver. He was commissioned in the Navy after graduation from U.C.L.A.

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flight, probing the "bird" electronically for information and providing us with data on the impact point. We set our watches. If all went well, in sixteen minutes, weather permitting, we would see the nose cone streaking like a giant meteor toward our sea triangle. After that we would launch our recovery operation, always a risky business in pitch-darkness on high seas.

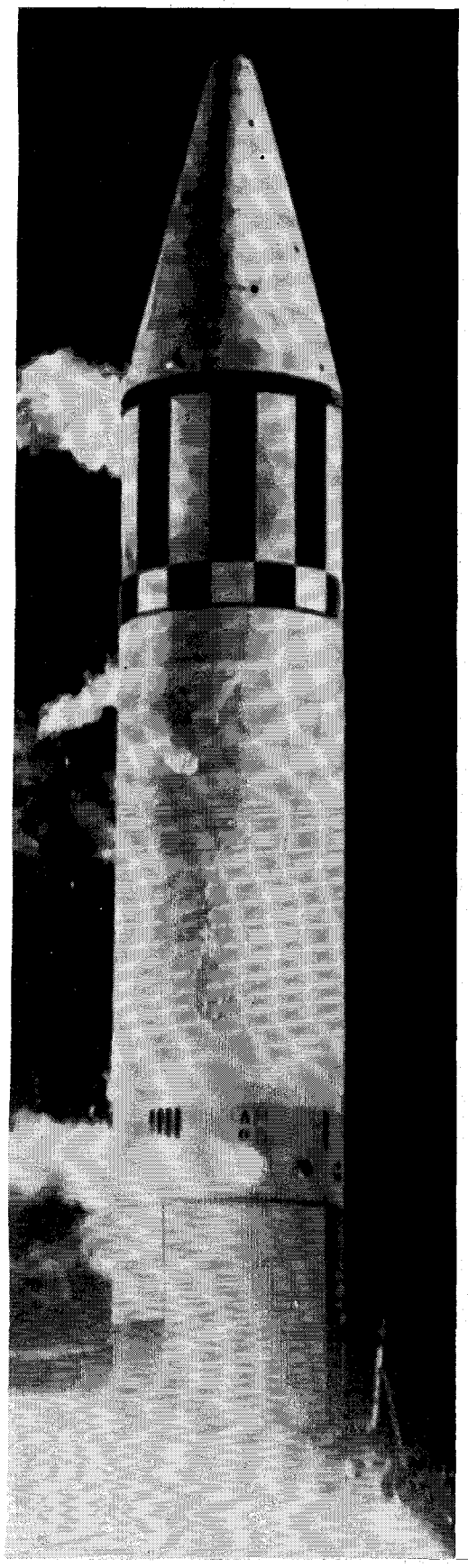
I hurried toward the fantail to make a final check of my gear, feeling confident; I could not foresee just how dramatic this particular operation would become, nor that we would very nearly lose Able and Baker in the vastness of the sea.

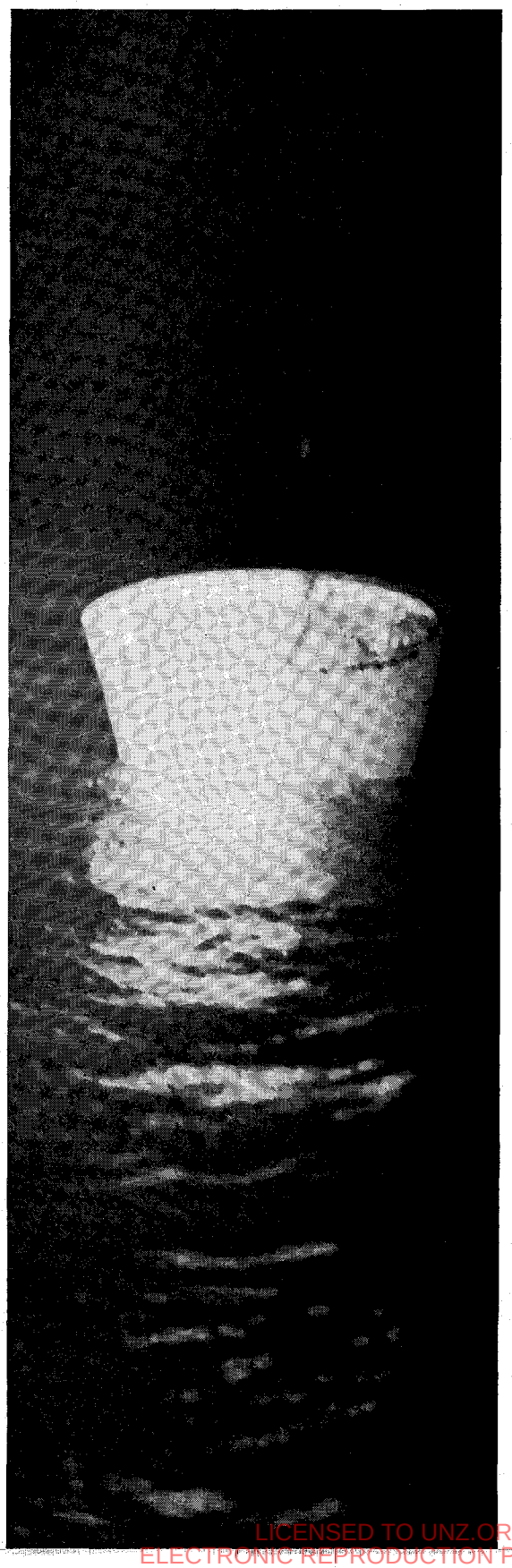
From our point of view, the story of the Able-Baker recovery properly begins when our unusual outfit was organized in 1957, some months before the Russians launched their first Sputnik. The Army Ballistic Missile Agency at Huntsville, Alabama, had then reached the advanced stages of building a missile nose cone that could withstand the blistering frictional heat generated when the cone re-enters the atmosphere at meteoric speed. Instruments mounted in the nose of experimental missiles had told the Army a great deal. So had laboratory work. But nothing could provide information as well as an actual examination of a nose cone that had re-entered the atmosphere and been recovered.

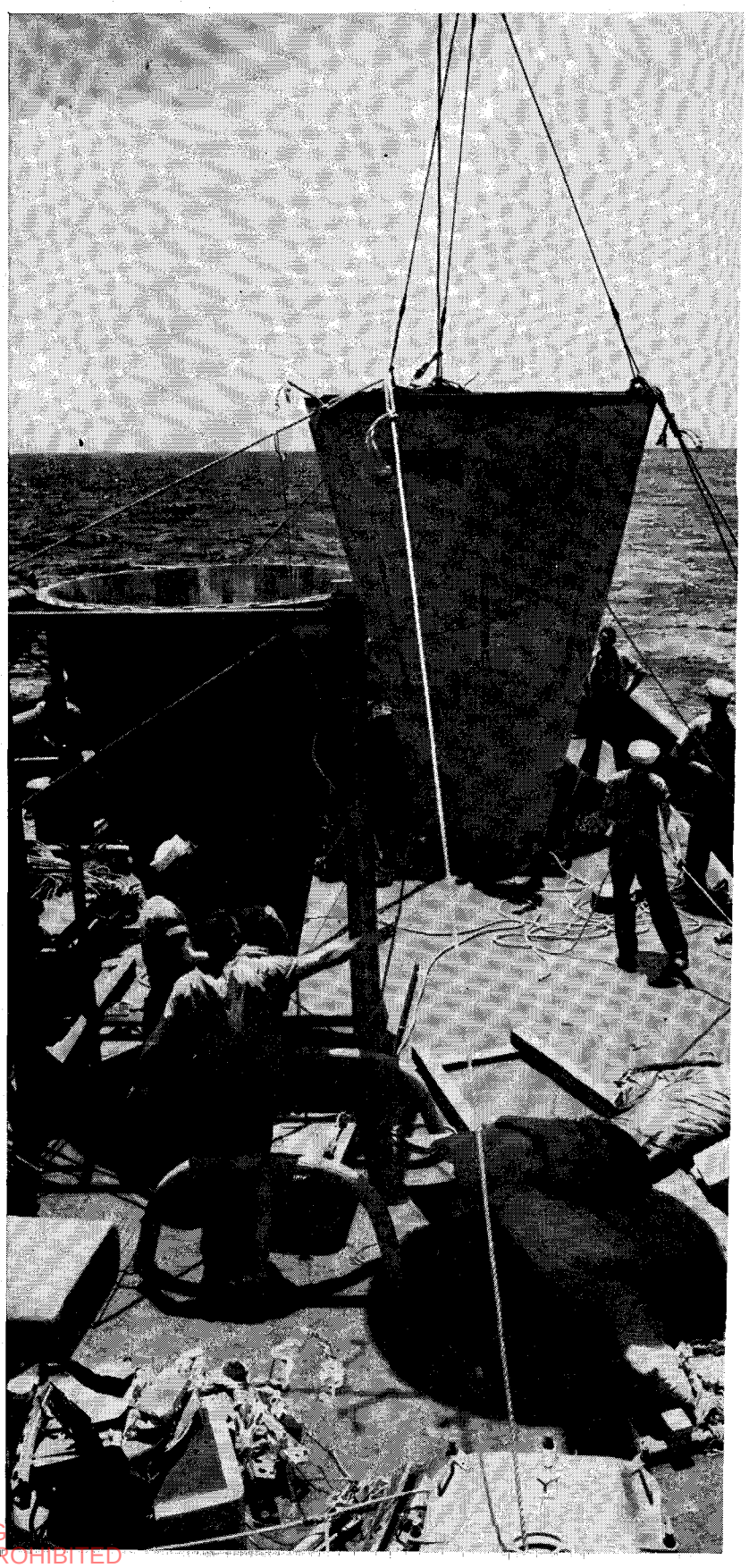
Since all our long-range missile test centers spanned water, recovery would have to take place at sea. The first step, then, was to devise some system of slowing the cone before it struck the water, which at high velocities can be as unyielding and destructive as concrete, and of keeping the cone afloat. From a technical standpoint this was a problem. Nothing like it had ever before been attempted. The Army gave the job to the Cook Research Laboratories, a division of Cook Electric Company of Illinois. Engineers at Cook got to work in a hurry. The system they developed, called the Cook Recovery Package, in my opinion, is ingenious.

The Cook package is fitted snugly in the rear of the nose cone. At a certain point on the cone's fiery path back into the atmosphere the back plate of the cone automatically blows off, ejecting a large metal hemisphere—the Cook Recovery Package. The hemisphere is held fast to the rear of the nose cone by a spider web of extremely strong steel cables,

At left is the monkey-carrying Jupiter missile as it blasted off from Cape Canaveral, Fla. Sixteen minutes and 1500 miles later, the nose cone (center) plummeted into the water and was almost lost in the darkness. At right, crewmen of the fleet tug *Kiowa* haul the cone aboard.







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about three feet long. At a certain altitude a small ribbon parachute pops out of the Cook hemisphere. This chute in turn drags out a larger ribbon parachute. The deployed chutes help slow the cone's descent.

During the descent still another object is ejected from the Cook hemisphere—a large, tough rubber balloon which automatically inflates. The balloon is divided into several compartments, any one of which can keep the nose cone from sinking. The balloon is connected to the Cook hemisphere by a strong nylon harness, which allows the cone to dangle about fifty feet below the surface of the water, beyond the reach of battering waves. The balloon carries a white, blinking light and a radio transmitter, both of which go into operation on impact to guide ships and airplanes to the cone.

After the recovery package had been developed and subjected to prolonged laboratory tests, the Army asked the Navy to help organize a special group to spot and retrieve the floating nose cone. Adm. Jerry Wright, commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet, assigned the job to Rear Adm. Dan Gallery, commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier.

In a manner of speaking, Admiral Gallery was uniquely qualified for the job of snatching half-sunken or sinking objects from the sea. During World War II, after a long engagement with a German sub, the *U-505*, the admiral and his antisubmarine group forced it to the surface. The Germans opened the sea cocks to scuttle the ship and leaped overboard. However, the admiral rushed a United States crew aboard the flooding sub. They closed the valves and captured it intact. Thus, our antisubmarine forces obtained technical data on advanced German sonar and acoustical torpedoes, and highly secret German code books which proved priceless during the remaining months of the war.

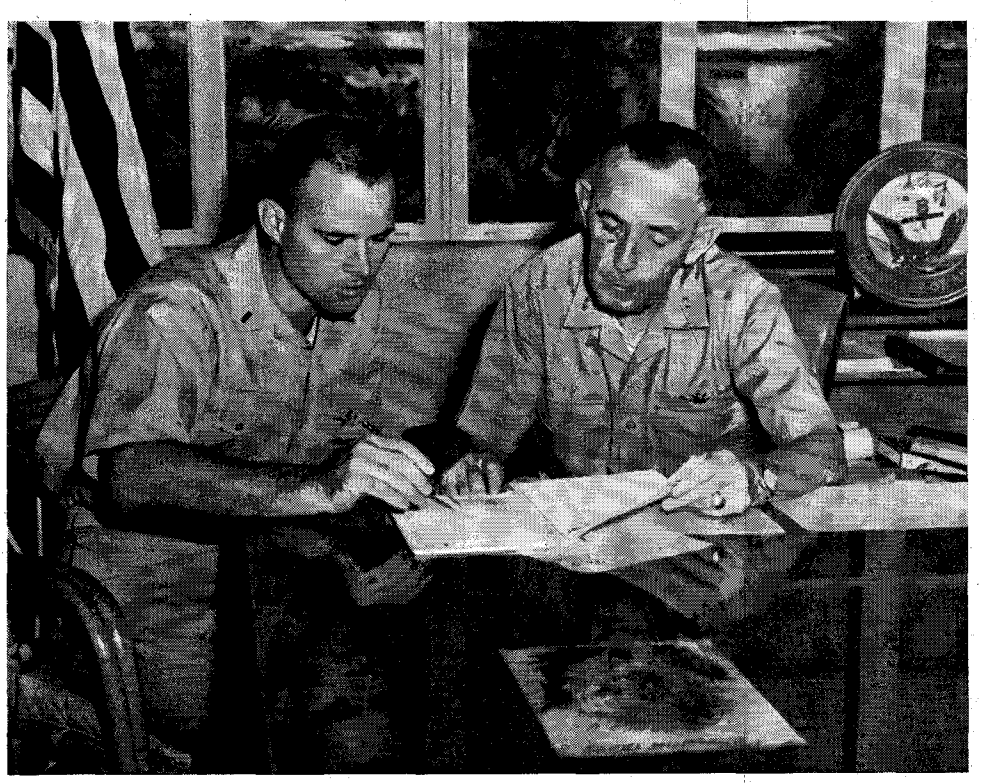
Admiral Gallery formed the Navy recovery team which, because of the nature of its mission and the admiral's interest in baseball, soon became known as "Gallery's Outfielders." It consisted, apart from staff officers, of the salvage vessel *U.S.S. Escape*, equipped with elaborate diving and lifting gear, two destroyer escorts and the three hurricane-hunter airplanes. Each of the three vessels carried a large metal buoy and divers. Once the nose cone had been spotted, the closest ship would steam to the cone and attach the large buoy to a fitting on the Cook package—a precaution in case the balloon should rupture completely. That done, the *Escape* would come alongside, send a diver down to attach a heavy hawser to the metal spider straps between the rear of the cone and the Cook hemisphere, and haul the whole works on board.

It sounded simple in concept, but the first test, in August, 1957, proved again that plans can go awry, especially when the unknowns and vagaries of the sea come into play. I was not then attached to Gallery's Outfielders. The officer aboard the *Escape* who was to dive down and attach the hawser to the spider, and whom I later relieved, was Lt. Robert K. Asman. From him and others I learned the details of the first two recoveries.

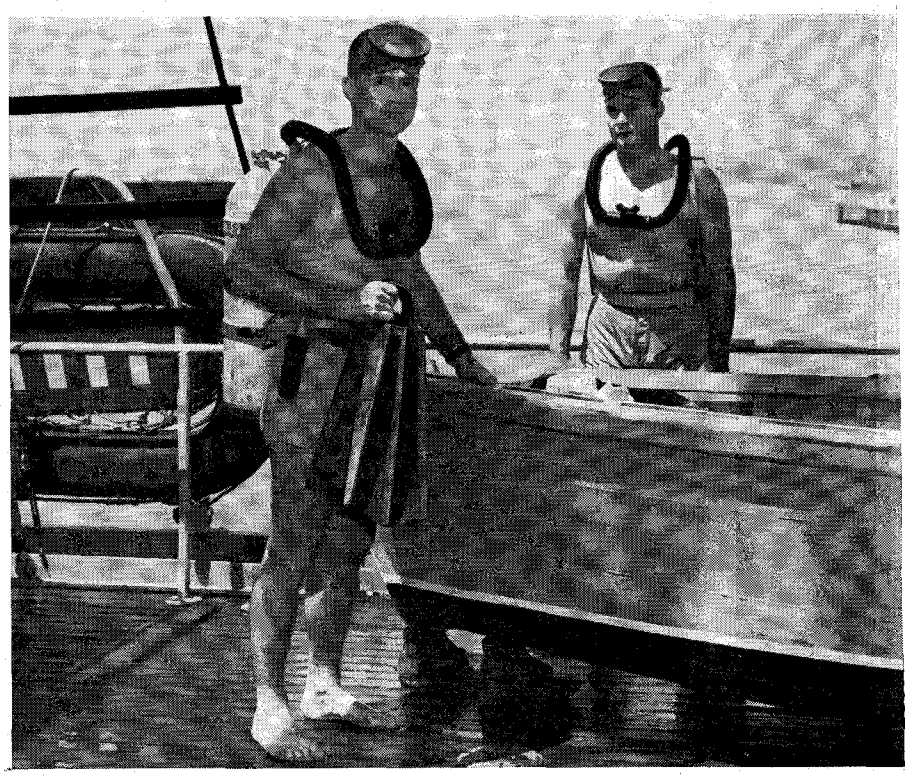
Admiral Gallery stationed his ships and airplanes in a prearranged formation at the predicted impact point. On Cape Canaveral the Army fired a Jupiter C which was fitted with a miniature, 300-pound nose cone. Sixteen minutes after firing, Gallery's Outfielders picked up the white blaze in the sky and followed it until it neared the water. The cone splashed into the (Continued on Page 75)

The two monkeys, Baker (at top) and Able, aboard the *Kiowa* with Army doctors Gerald Champlin (left) and Richard Taylor. Able died afterward.

En route to Washington on an Air Force plane, Baker, the female squirrel monkey, inspected a newspaper account of her outer-space exploit.



The author (left) with Rear Adm. Dan Gallery, whose command includes the recovery operation. The admiral is a baseball fan, so his team was dubbed "Gallery's Outfielders."



Foy and Navy diver Rodman Priestley. They usually work together under the "buddy system," but Foy dived for the monkey missile alone.

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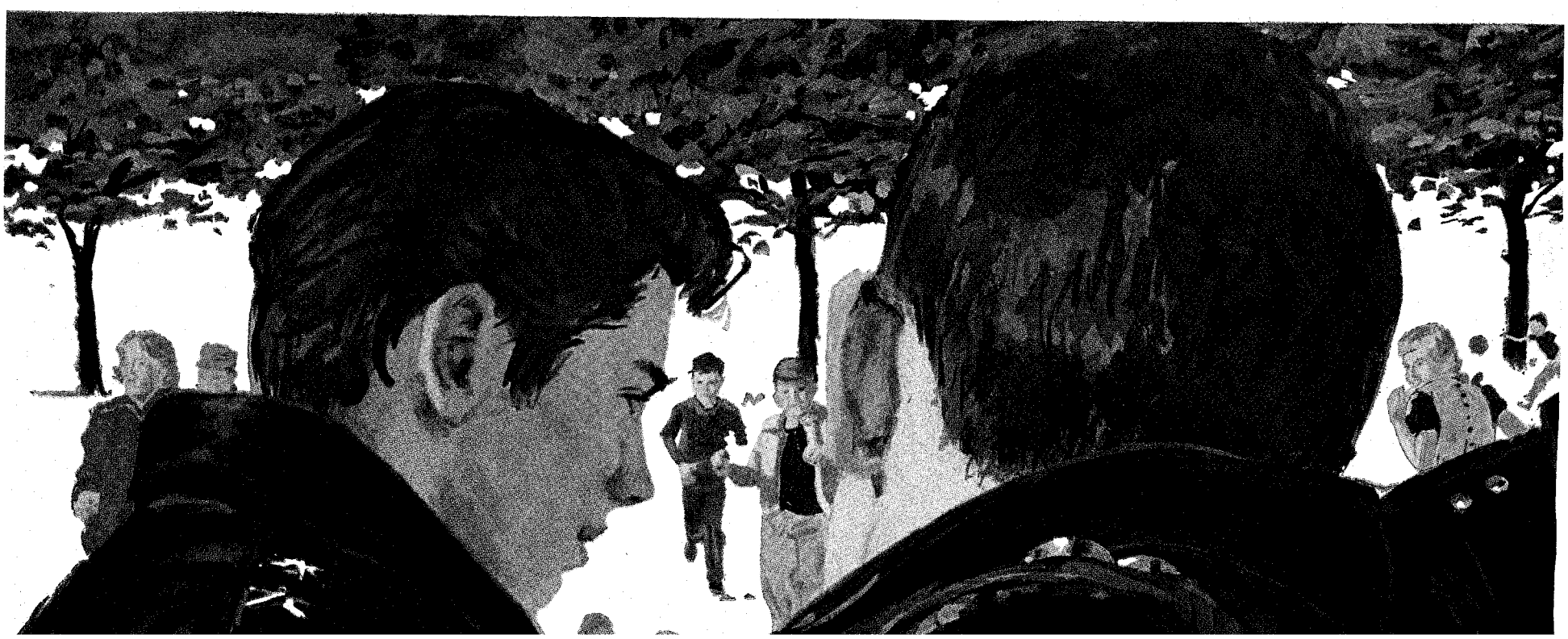
The Gang in Black Jackets

Just because he was little didn't mean he was afraid.

By HUGH B. CAVE



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He had made up his mind not to go to the playground that afternoon. *Face it, Carter*, he told himself: *the neighborhood kids are no real answer. They're not yours, and if you go on living in this house, eating your heart out, you never will have any to call your own.*

What was done was done, he told himself. There was no bringing Jeannie back. The thing for him to do was to move out of here.

When from the front-room window he saw the kids looking toward the house, waiting for him, he didn't change his mind. It wasn't until he saw three of the wise-guy crowd from Grove Street slouching across the playground, leather jackets gleaming like coats of armor in the two-o'clock sun, that he opened the door. His kids were no match for fifteen-year-old toughs who went almost six feet.

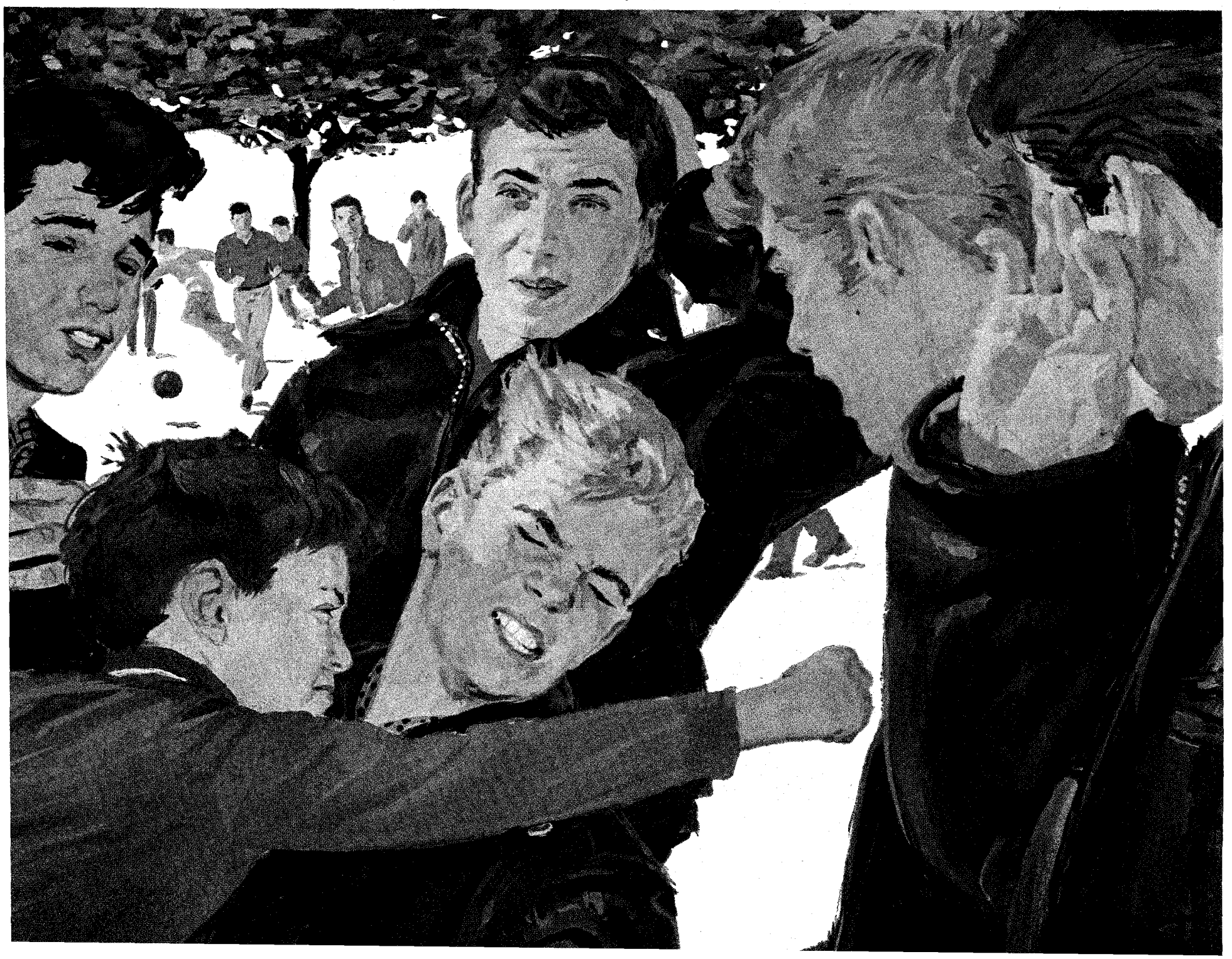
He was three inches taller than six feet himself, and at twenty-seven he still owned the solid shoulders and flat stomach he'd acquired in college football. Without haste he went down the porch steps, down the flagstone walk between Jeannie's little barberry hedges, and across the road.

His kids didn't see him coming, nor did the Grove Street trio. The youngsters were tossing a softball around with grim concentration, trying to will the threat of trouble out of existence by ignoring it. The coat-of-mail boys had eyes and thoughts only for their intended victims.

He had the length of the playground to walk. Before he had covered half the distance, the ball belonged to the Grove Street bullies and they were blazing it over the little kids' heads—just over their heads—poker-faced to the soprano cries of outrage. Without breaking stride, Carter reached out to pluck a glove from one of his boys' hands.

Now they saw him, but the ball continued to whistle through (Continued on Page 56)

Jeff's small fist rocked the big boy backward.



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Photographs by Mike Shea

WE TELL OUR CHILDREN . . .

A noted Negro journalist tells how he answers the questions his children ask when they come face to face with race prejudice.

By CARL T. ROWAN

One evening almost two years ago our two boys rushed to the television set, as they had done many evenings before, eager to watch the dinner-hour newscast. It had become a sort of game with them to see if they could greet me with the announcement of some late news development of which I was not aware. That evening, however, long before I got home, my wife, Vivien, was disturbed to see Carl, Jr., then five, walk into the kitchen with tears and a look of bewilderment on his face.

"Vivi, am I really a Negro?" he asked his mother.

"Of course you are, darling. Why do you ask?"

"On TV"—and he wiped the tears away with a shirt sleeve—"on TV the white people are kicking a Negro in the stomach."

Vivien rushed to the TV too late to see the scenes of mob violence outside Central High School in Little Rock, or to hear the hisses and jeers and the angry interviews that were part of that telecast. Later, as we discussed ways of explaining this situation, we were thoroughly confused.

Less than a week earlier, as we rode through a Negro slum area, Carl, Jr., had said to us, "Why don't the brown children have any pretty clothes like the white children?"—almost as if unaware that he was a brown child too.

Why, then, on this evening, should he identify himself so emotionally with a Negro newspaperman being kicked in the stomach in Little Rock? Surely one TV kicking was no traumatic experience for a youngster accustomed to seeing a dozen shootings and twice as many fist fights on TV every Saturday morning. Had the fact that the kicked Negro was a reporter caused my boy to associate the victim with his father?

We never learned the answer, but we did reach one conclusion—in these times of racial strife, American parents have a grave responsibility to explain honestly and meaningfully to their children this thing called "race."

This conclusion was reinforced weeks later when our daughter, Barbara, then thirteen, came home agitated by the fact that some of her chums were discussing a newspaper advertisement charging that Negroes are inferior in terms of character and intelligence. We realized that this burden to explain race is particularly great on Negro parents, for the emotional stability of virtually every Negro youngster depends on the extent to which parents can produce a sense of security and well-being that will rule out bitterness and frustration.

Race had never been a hush-hush subject in our house, for our three children knew that as a writer and lecturer I dealt with the subject frequently. They had traveled with me across Southeast Asia at a time when Barbara, at least, was old enough to understand the importance of race to millions on that continent. But now we realized the necessity to explain race to our children in terms of their own problems and their own place in society.

As we have thought out the questions imposed by our youngsters, however, we have seen that the burden of explanation is heavy on all American parents who want to prepare their children to grow up with even a slim chance to live at peace in our turbulent, changing world. Our country—in fact, our world—is more conscious of race nowadays than perhaps ever before in history. Our newspapers are sprinkled with stories of racial conflict in Little Rock, Virginia, London, South Africa and Nyasaland. Our mass-circulation magazines carry ten times as many articles on racial matters as they did thirty years ago. Television is bringing the visual drama and impact of racial troubles into our living rooms, where millions of youngsters are caught up in the confusion and frustrations long before they are able to understand the issues at stake.

It seems obvious that unless parents help their children to understand the basic issues, millions of Americans will grow up believing that racial conflict is inevitable—and masses of Americans, white and Negro, will approach maturity with a warped sense of what America and democracy are all about, or with a defeatist notion of what a civilized, educated and religious society can do.

But how could we explain to our youngsters the tragedy that was unfolding in Arkansas without having their minds scarred with the notion that the desire of every white man is to kick some Negro in the stomach? Must we bar them from television news programs in order to protect them from the scorn and derision being faced by other colored youngsters involved in the school-integration crisis? Much as we would prefer to have them gain a gradual understanding of the role race plays in our society, we know that it has become absolutely essential that we try to give them an early, fundamental understanding of what a Negro is and what it means to be one in the United States today.

This sense of necessity had been growing in us since the boys entered nursery school and kindergarten, and we became aware of—and amazed by—the racial curiosity, the little prejudices displayed by four- and five-year-olds.

For example, one cute blonde liked Carl, Jr., so much that she would sneak up occasionally and plant a kiss on his cheek—much to the disgust of our son, who already boasted that he was the toughest gunslinger west of the Mississippi. And no self-respecting gunslinger—at age five, anyhow—would kiss a girl.

One morning Carl's favorite playmate watched the girl deliver her surprise kiss.

"Why do you always kiss Carl?" asked the white boy. "He can't marry you 'cause he's brown."

(Continued on Page 65)

Fifteen-year-old Barbara Rowan (center) with school friends. She once asked her father if Negroes were really physically and mentally inferior.

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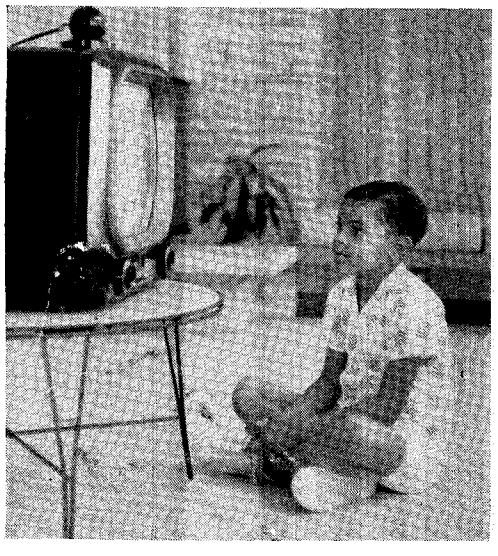
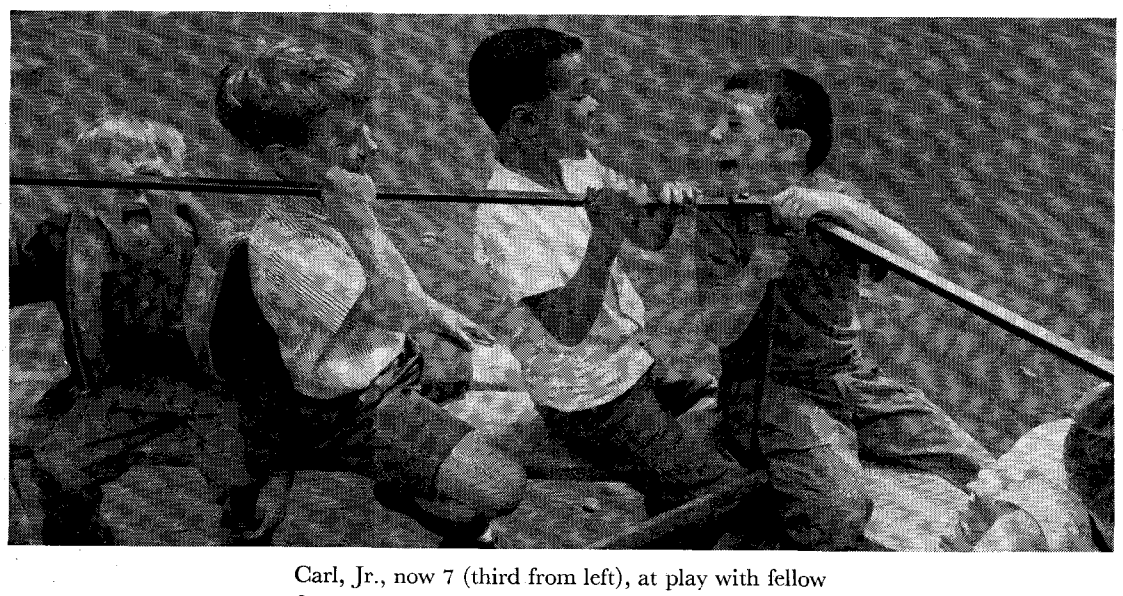
The author, his wife Vivien and their youngsters at the Rowans' home in Minneapolis. "We teach our children about race," the author says, "in the hope that their generation will not bear the emotional shackles which plague ours."



Six-year-old Geoffrey. His parents tell him that the scenes of racial strife he sometimes sees on television are the exception, not the rule.



Carl, Jr., now 7 (third from left), at play with fellow first graders. Even before this age, says Rowan, children display "racial curiosity and little prejudices."

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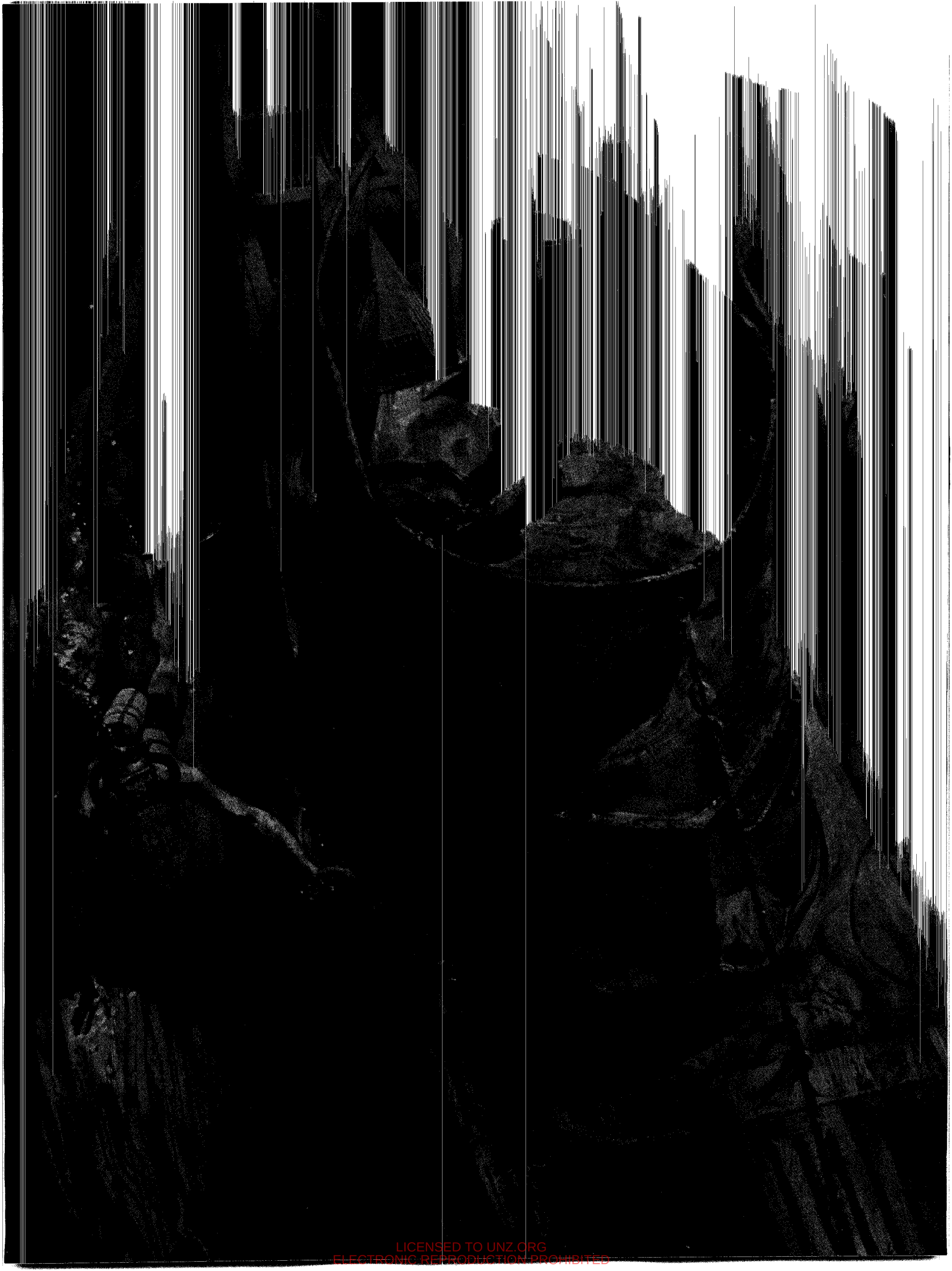

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Now he saw it—the moss-encrusted conning tower of the sunken sub.

The U-19's Last Kill

In eighteen fathoms lay an ancient submarine, waiting for the crew that would take her on the most daring cruise ever conceived. Beginning a novel of twentieth-century piracy.

By JACK FINNEY

From the lobby of the little resort hotel on Fire Island, New York, a man in blue swimming trunks walked out onto the big veranda. Under one arm he carried a large, cylindrical metal tank wrapped in a tangle of canvas webbing and rubber tubing; dangling from his fingers by their straps was a pair of green, froglike flippers. In his other hand, held by the heavy cord which bound it, was a bundle of rubber—a small, deflated one-man raft, wrapped around a short paddle. Strapped to a strong, hairless wrist, beside his watch, was a pressure gauge. For a moment he stood at the head of the brief flight of stairs leading down to the sand, looking out over the wide beach at the green-white Atlantic ahead; then he glanced up at the sun, narrowing his eyes. It was nearly noon, the sun almost overhead in a clear sky, and he welcomed the warmth of it on his untanned white skin. He was a short man in vigorous middle age, his straight brown hair thick and ungrayed; his body thin and paunchless; his calf muscles bulging strong but corded with varicose veins; his feet, on the sand-gritted wooden floor of the porch, were very flat.

"Nice day for it, Mr. Lauffnauer." Behind him the hotel clerk had appeared in the doorway, and as Frank Lauffnauer turned, the clerk nodded at the diving equipment under his arms.

"Yes, very good visibility." Lauffnauer smiled, and instantly the clerk's polite friendliness became genuine, for Lauffnauer smiled with his eyes, pleasurably and responsively; all of his life people had liked him for it. Unlike his pale body, his face and neck were tanned, the skin rough and masculine. A forbidding man, people usually thought—until he smiled.

Now he smiled again, his long white teeth flashing, then he walked down the steps and began to plod through the fine ankle-deep sand toward the beach ahead. The beach was almost deserted now; several hundred yards to Lauffnauer's right a young woman in a yellow bathing suit sat reading, a small child in a sun suit digging in the sand beside her. There was no one else in sight; this was a Monday early in April, all weekend guests having gone late yesterday or early this morning.

Reaching the water's edge, he turned to look back, studying the shore through several long seconds. Then he walked on beside the water to the north, moving briskly now on the firm-packed sand. Back of the sparsely weeded dunes into which the beach rose stood an irregular line of summer cottages, all more or less alike and typical of Fire Island in their drab, gray-shingled, weathered exteriors. He was counting these as he passed them—all of them, that is, which seemed old. The newer ones, however, he omitted from his count.

When he had counted twenty-six houses to the north of the hotel he stopped at the water's edge, more than a mile from the hotel now, and lowered to the sand the things he had carried. The water was very placid today, waveless and undisturbed except for a slow, gentle swell which broke in less than foot-high waves into a thin froth running up to his feet. He had expected calm today.

Kneeling in the sand now, he inflated the little raft from a tube of compressed gas which had been wrapped in it, and it quickly popped into shape; a sausage-sided, flat-bottomed, wedge-nosed little raft just big enough for one man. In addition to the short paddle and the gas bottle, there had been wrapped in it a weight belt, two coils of rope, one of them attached to a

(Continued on Page 40)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"You'll never marry me," Alice said. "Me or anyone else just now."

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The Secrets of Long Life

How much do tobacco and alcohol affect the length of your life? And food and exercise? Here are the answers as given by the oldest living Americans.

By DR. GEORGE GALLUP and Evan Hill

Part Two

Both Mrs. Lulu H. Williams of Quitman, Georgia, and Mrs. G. B. Mounger of McKinney, Texas, are 103 years old. They were born in 1856, the year the first railroad train crossed the Mississippi River.

Both lived through the Civil War as little girls, Aunt Lu Williams as a slave, and Granny Mounger as the daughter of a slaveowner. Both have outlived their contemporaries by more than half a century, subsisting for more than 100 years on a diet that would confound most dietitians and perplex medical researchers seeking the cause of heart disease.

They have lived mainly on proteins and carbohydrates—terms not in their vocabularies—feeding themselves almost exclusively on potatoes, corn bread and fried pork. They have boiled their vegetables for hours with a piece of fat pork that coated each mouthful with a thin film of animal grease.

They have never heard of cholesterol, produced by fatty diets—a probable cause of heart disease, the nation's No. 1 killer; and Gayelord Hauser is a name as strange to them as that of Sylvester Graham, an earlier food faddist who died at fifty-seven in 1851, leaving his name to the graham cracker.

Today in the rest home where she has lived for the last five years, white-haired Granny Mounger is not exactly happy with the food she is being served. "I tell you, hon," she says, her eyes twinkling and her hands smoothing the apron she always wears, "they don't put enough salt in it. And it would taste much better if they'd plop in a nice fat piece of pork." The rest-home physician, following the tenets of modern medical practice, has prescribed a light-salt, light-fat diet for her, but 103-year-old Granny is not much impressed.

Aunt Lu Williams lives with her daughter in a scrubbed yellow house on a dirt street shaded by oaks with straggly beards of Spanish moss. Quitman is a small Georgia town tied strongly to agriculture, and Aunt Lu, widowed for forty years, is tied strongly to the land and to its products. At the death of her farmer-preacher husband, "Parson T," she took his place to produce the corn and cotton he had raised. Her way of living and her diet have not changed since she was a Florida plantation slave 100 years ago.

She still eats her collard or turnip greens boiled with a piece of side meat. She loves corn bread and corndodgers, sometimes dipped into the pot liquor of the boiled greens, and she eats fried pork when she can afford it. She drinks two or three glasses of buttermilk a day, as she has done much of her life, and she has been drinking coffee since she was old enough to hold a cup. She is not fond of sweet foods, but for eighty-five years has taken an occasional glass of "sweetening water"—cane syrup and water—as an energizing pickup when she is "too tired to eat."

Aunt Lu and Granny Mounger are fairly typical of the 402 persons ninety-five years old or older who have been interviewed for this report on longevity. The work, massive in scope, was commissioned by the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Its object: to discover the secrets of long life—if such secrets exist—using scientific sampling methods and the field organization of the Gallup Poll.

One of our first discoveries was that 50 per cent of our oldsters have eaten fried food regularly all their lives. But there are exceptions. Ninety-five-year-old Walter J. Fenn of Chula Vista, California, calls the frying pan "a devilish instrument" and prefers his food boiled, "not greasy with fats or butter." A lifelong bachelor, he has always done his own cooking, deliberately avoiding greasy foods.

On the other hand, Redwing Beck, a fiery ninety-five-year-old in Bonne Terre, Missouri, says, "Fat meat and corn bread and beans is what I've lived on. The fatter the meat, the better I like it. When it runs down my chin, that's the way it should be." And Uncle Charley Washington, living happily in Cincinnati at 115, was raised on "corn bread, fat meat and milk." He says, "Fat meat is the best part of the hog; I sop up the fat with my corn bread." He still follows the daily diet he started more than a century ago: boiled fat meat and corn bread for breakfast, cabbage and beans for lunch, fried fat meat and corn bread for supper.

There is a large and convincing body of medical evidence indicating that a diet heavy with animal fats causes fatty deposits, such as cholesterol, in the arterial walls. The result is hardening of the arteries and increased danger of heart attack.

According to Dr. John W. Gofman, professor of medical physics at the University of California at Berkeley, carbohydrates—contained in sugar, potatoes, bread, corn and beans—also increase the possibility of arterial hardening.

But the centenarians in this study seem unaffected by cholesterol and carbohydrates. Only 13 per cent have ever had any heart trouble, and of this small percentage the vast majority had no attacks until after they were eighty. Yet 45 per cent of them name pork, ham and bacon as their favorite meats—40 per cent preferred beef. Almost 60 per cent admit they have a sweet tooth, and a typical favorite meal would include pork or beef, potatoes, cabbage and beans or peas and a dessert, most likely apple pie. Of course, a favorite meal is not necessarily a typical meal, but answers to other questions in the survey confirm the almost daily consumption of foods heavy in carbohydrates and fatty proteins.

"I don't want to dig my grave with my teeth," say Henrietta Dull, 95-year-old Atlanta author of *Souther Cooking*. Like many of those surveyed, she eats lightly

Sixty-five per cent of these people have normal blood pressure. Of the rest, those reporting a tendency toward high blood pressure, or low pressure, are about equally divided. How can we explain the low incidence of heart trouble and the comparatively normal blood pressure, in view of their diet? We cannot; the study gives us no indication.

They are meat-and-potato people, plain-food eaters who would blight the soul of a Parisian chef; and they are indifferent to the rules of dietitians. At his 100th birthday dinner two years ago the Rev. Dr. Arthur Judson Brown of New York City said, "I have always liked New England boiled dinners. Dietitians told me such heavy meals were not wise. But I am here, and the dietitians are dead."

Food faddists are about as useful to this group as a Christmas tree on New Year's Eve. They have never (Continued on Page 73)

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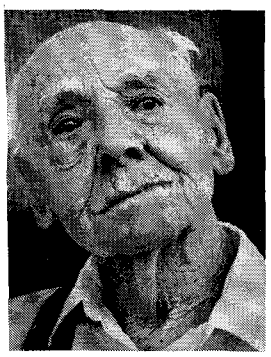
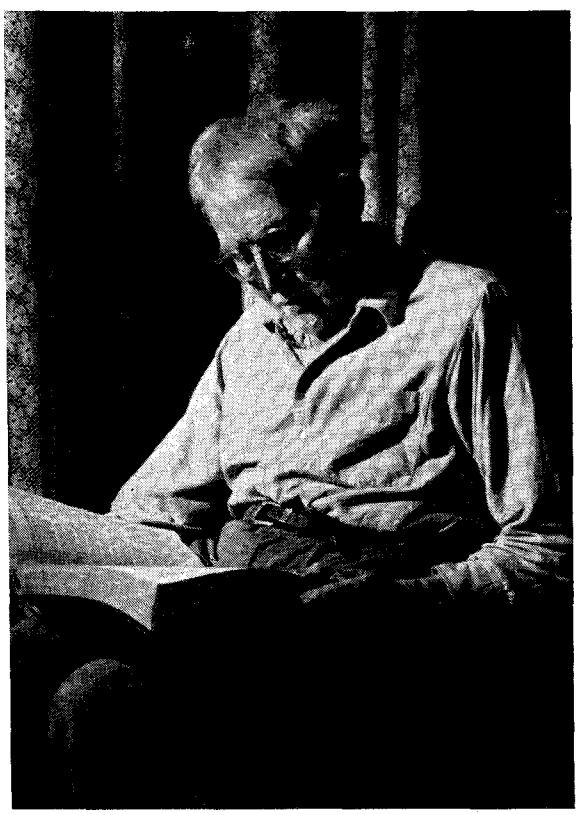
: 106, William Perry (above) of San Francisco still has a ıge appetite. Here he breakfasts on ham and eggs, beans, ed fish and coffee. He says he's never had indigestion.

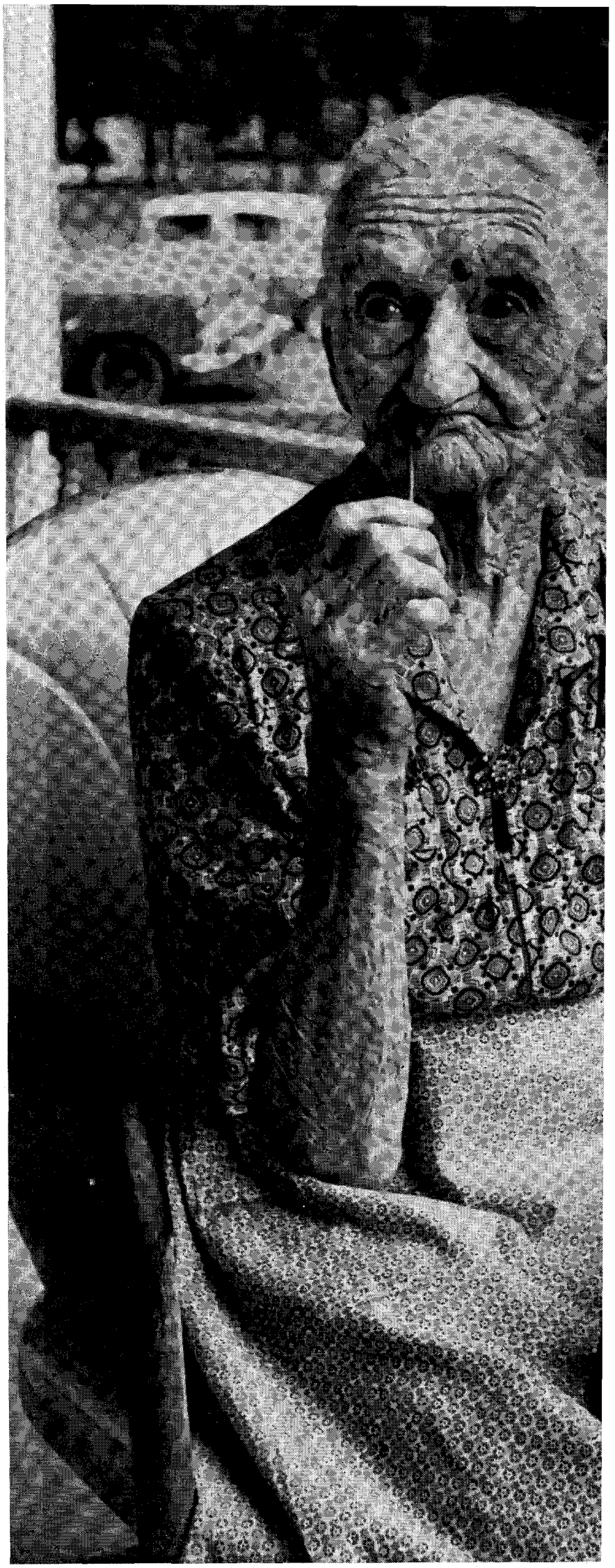


drank whisky," says ex- ıberjack Thomas Murphy,), of Spokane, Wash.

Lulu Williams, 103, of Quitman, Ga., thrives on fried pork and boiled greens.

Redwing Beck of Bonne Terre, Mo., is part Cherokee, loves to argue and has lived 95 years on a high-fat diet. "The fatter the meat," he says, "the better I like it."





Granny Mounger, a 103-year-old, dips snuff on the porch Kinney, Texas. She started using snuff at the age of six and s

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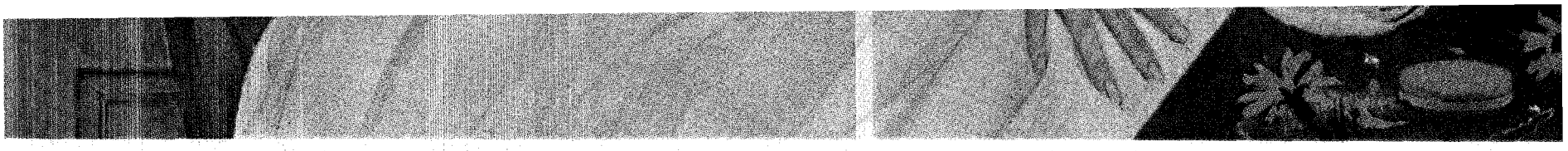

"I had to get it through your thick head that nature's plan is not a course in etiquette," said Jimmy.

THE DON'T-TOUCH GIRL

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

It wasn't that she was shy. She just kept her guard up.

No one ever had pinched Miss Cully Carnahan and got away with it. With her fist, her pocketbook or whatever else was handy she would wheel on her tormentor and, Whap, there would be the end of a long or short or beautiful friendship. She was regularly out of a job and chronically short of suitors, for the male population of New York, to a man, seemed unable to keep its hands to itself.

Only recently did nature begin making girls like Cully Carnahan. There were pretty girls in the 1920's, you hear, and in the 'Thirties and 'Forties, but they were different—Cully was a product of the 'Fifties; she was the new and lovely surprise that had been designed to get the second half of the century off with a bang.

She was not tall and she was thin, but she bulged. Whatever dress she put on was inevitably a little too tight. She walked—if that is the word for it—gloriously. Her face was oval, her nose had a suspicion of a tilt, her eyes were wide and gray, and her pale hair was convincingly disheveled. She was the girl of our time, all right; even her initials, C.C., were in the tradition—M.M., B.B.

But, as has been suggested, Cully had an idiosyncrasy—she was a nice girl. Inside that extraordinary body there burned a vestal fire which operated like a red warning blinker: Hands Off, Don't Touch, Danger!

Her belligerence, it is sad to have to say, was acquired from long and constant experience—Cully was twenty-two. Her trouble was that her private, inside being did not at all correspond to her outward, spectacular appearance. Indeed, whenever she looked in a mirror she was as surprised as anyone else, but not as pleased.

(Continued on Page 48)

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The Cowboy of Fifth Avenue

By GEORGE SCULLIN

As board chairman of Standard Oil, Eugene Holman bosses a world-wide petroleum empire and makes multi-million-dollar decisions with the casual air of "a cowboy on a corral gate."

Back in 1909 the gasoline age was towed into Monahans, Texas, by an awed fourteen-year-old stable boy and a team of horses from Dad Holman's livery barn. The ailing horseless carriage was pushed into an empty stall, the driver was taken to the Holman Hotel, as Ma's boardinghouse was somewhat elegantly called, and the town's male population gathered to ponder the chances of the car ever reaching El Paso, 250 desert miles to the southwest. The stable boy didn't care if the daring trip was ever finished. He was quite content to stare at the brassy, wonderful machine that required no servicing with a manure fork.

Recently that same boy, now the $250,000-a-year chairman of the board of Standard Oil (New Jersey) made one of those profound remarks he usually tries to avoid. "I don't think anyone can really appreciate the gasoline age," said Eugene Holman, "if he never worked as a horse's valet."

He should know. Holman and the gasoline age arrived at the same time and grew up together. Holman was born on May 2, 1895, in San Angelo, Texas. Not far away, Texas was discovering its first oil. In Detroit, Henry Ford was tinkering with a two-cylinder horseless carriage. The Wright brothers were toying with an internal-combustion engine to power their gliders, and Standard Oil was just beginning to see more to the business than kerosene, axle grease and a furiously scented hair pomade.

For one destined to seek new horizons for the petroleum industry, Holman could not have arrived better equipped. For nearly 150 years his forebears had been on the move—from the British Isles to America, and on across it as the Indians receded. After the Civil War, James R. (Dad) Holman was a member of a band of restless colonists who jumped off from California for the still greener horizon of the Argentine pampas. There the Indians did not recede, and the colonists, minus cattle, horses and all worldly goods, were forced to (Continued on Page 77)

"Petroleum is just starting to get big," says Texas-born Holman, who pioneered the Venezuelan and Arabian oil fields. Here he is at Esso's Bayway, N.J., refinery.

Grandfather and grandmother Holman at home in Manhattan with their daughter Catherine's two children. The Holmans also have a son, Eugene Jr.

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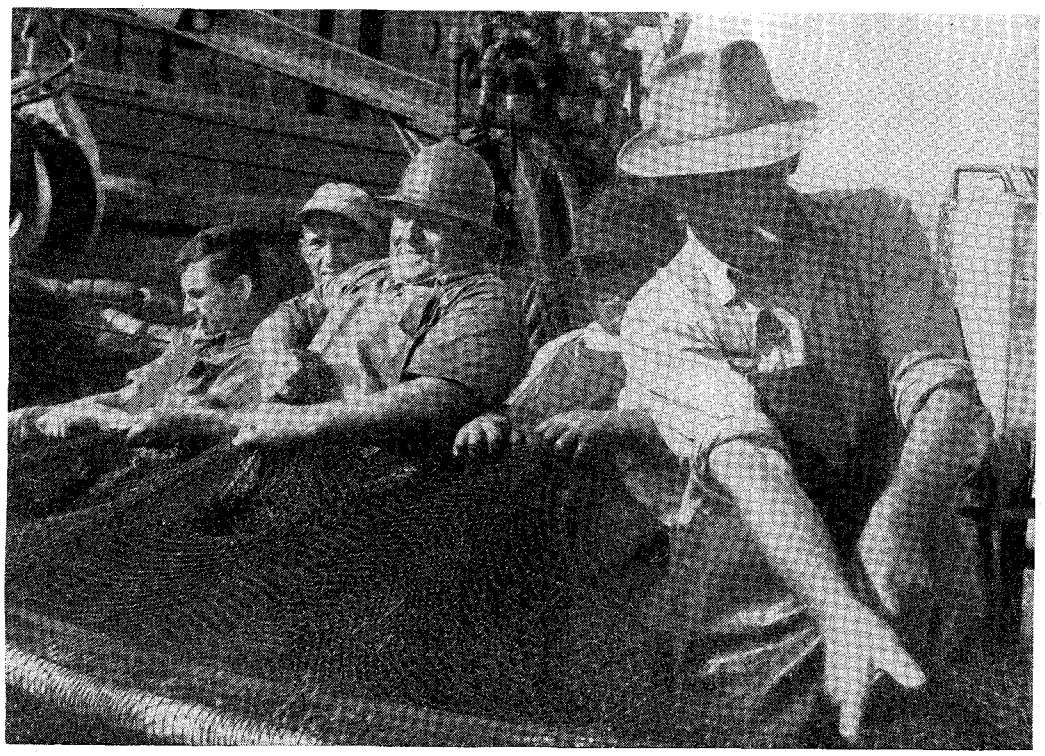
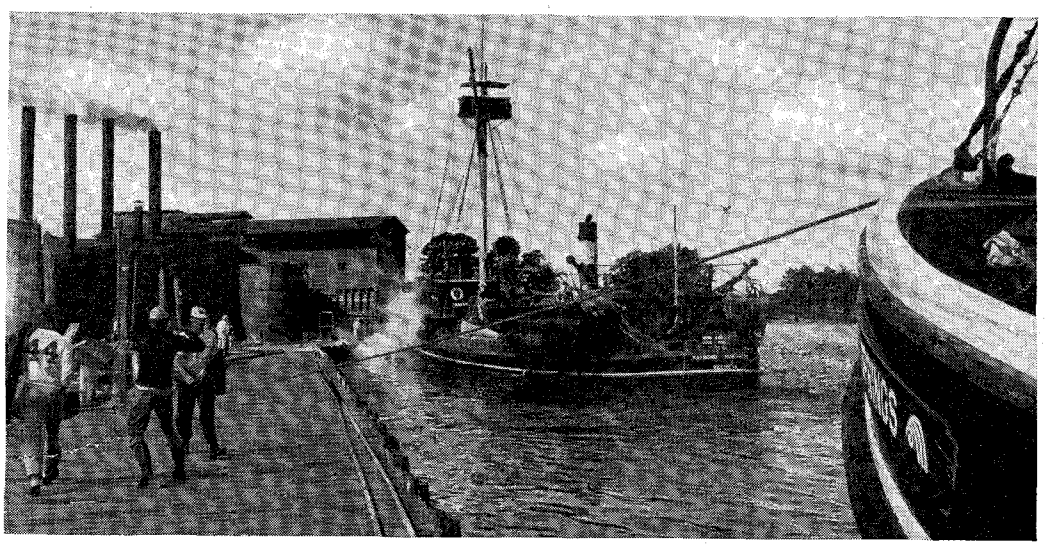
Aircraft pilots Steve Oakley (at left, above) and Dave Lippincott. They locate fish from the air.

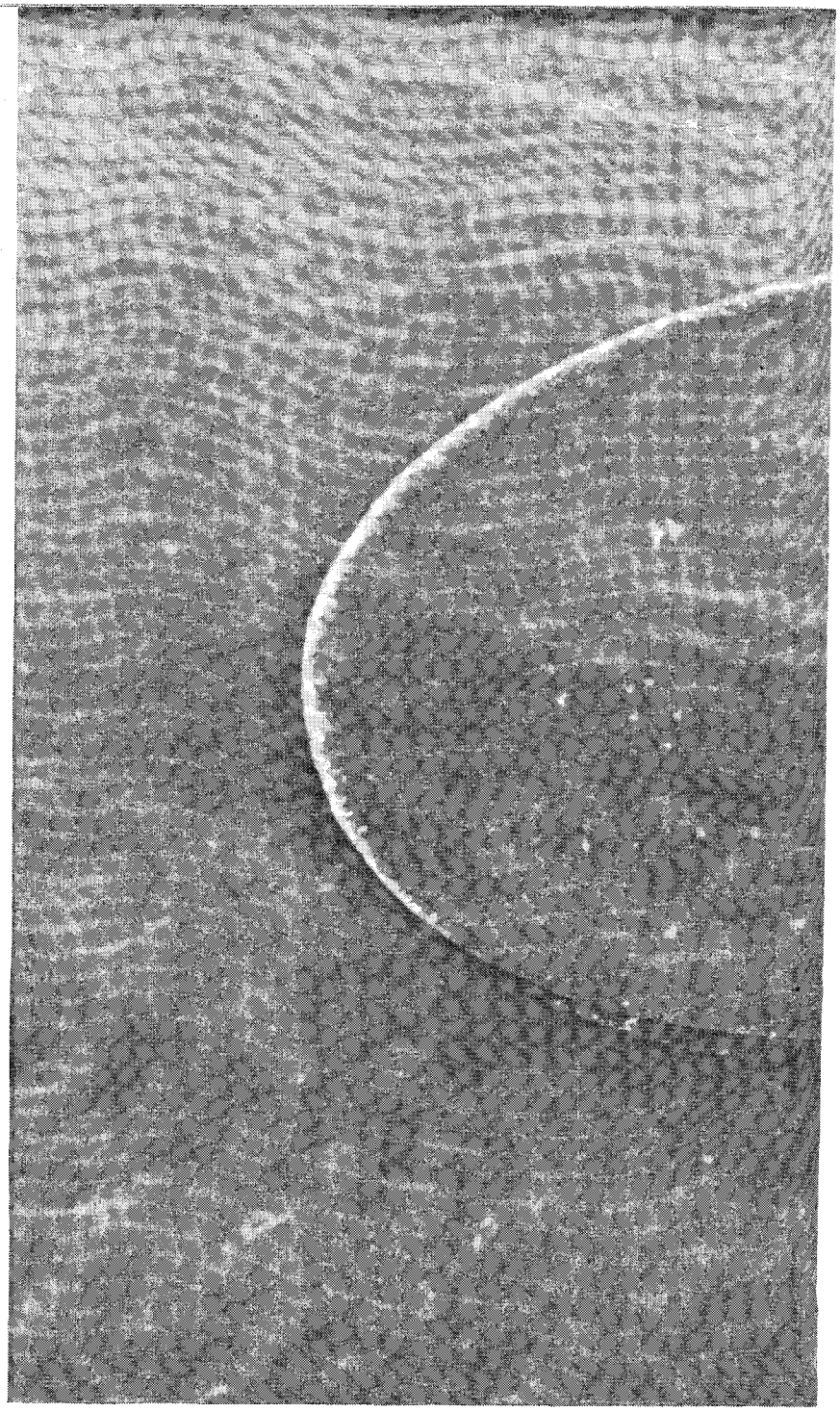


Above, a purse-boat crew hauls in net as the catch is taken aboard the mother vessel.



Laden with fish, the *Raymond Humphreys* comes alongside the company pier at White Stone, Va.

A suction hose (foreground) is used to unload the menhaden. Captain and crew are paid according to the size of the catch.



Photographs by Larry Keigh

They Hunt the Mysterious Menhader

By TOM ALEXANDER

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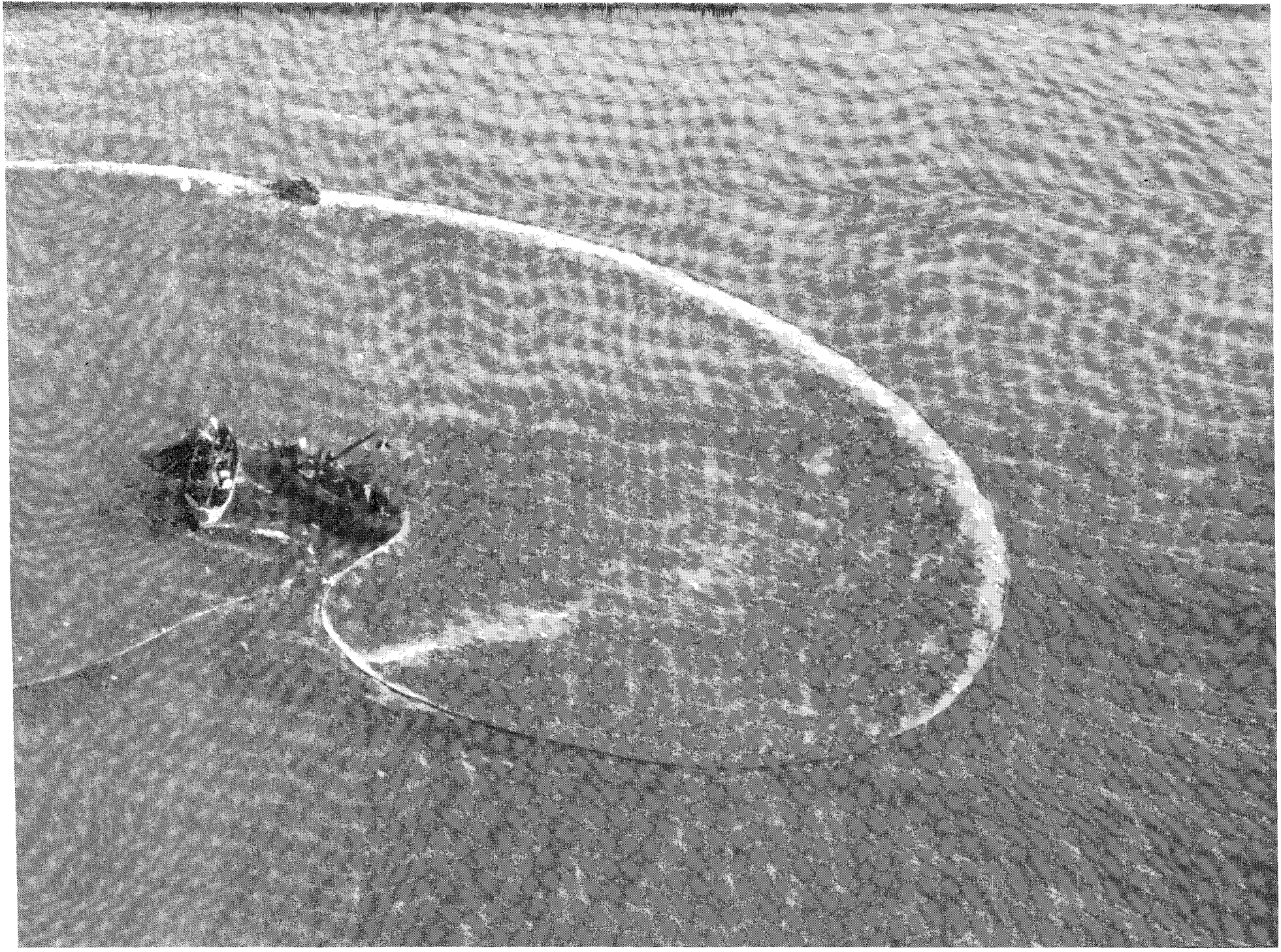

Purse boats meet after surrounding a school of menhaden with 1500 feet of net. At the top of the circle is the striker boat which guided the purse boats to the fish.

Each year off the East Coast rival teams of boats and spotter planes compete frantically for a share in the 2,000,000,000-pound catch of this unpredictable fish.

It is Sunday and a warm night. On the Standard Products Company's docks at Reedville, Virginia, fishing skipper Robin Routt suddenly looks up, grumbles and peers into the darkness. Out in Cockrell Creek a 140-foot fishing steamer thumps by, outward bound.

Routt looks at his watch. "Just ten-thirty," he says, "and there goes the MacNeal Company's *Reed*. She must have a good report of menhaden running somewhere outside the Capes—or else they want us to think they do."

The *Reed* is making the first move in another week's battle on Chesapeake Bay for that elusive, unpalatable but valued fish, the menhaden. In number of pounds caught, menhaden catching is the nation's largest fishing industry and is fiercely competitive. Approximately 2,000,000,000 pounds of this oil-producing fish are caught annually in the United States. Competing for a share of the profits are about 220 vessels scattered all along the Eastern Seaboard and in the Gulf of Mexico, together with seventy-five fish-spotting airplanes.

Routt, a weather-beaten veteran of nearly thirty years of menhaden fishing and well known as a "high" captain, tries to guess why the *Reed* is making this early night run. It could mean that the *Reed* has a good fish report far out. Or it could be a bit of trickery—maybe her captain knows of fish close in, and is going out early to deceive other captains by hiding in the mouth of a river somewhere until morning.

The captains of menhaden boats must match wits not only with one of the most unpredictable fish in the sea but with one another as well. The skippers become cagey. Their code of ethics requires truthfulness in answering one another's questions, but this candor is elastic. One skipper, for instance, when queried by radiophone about fishing conditions at his location, replied, "Well, cap'n, I made a pretty good set a few minutes ago, but I don't see anything where I am now." He neglected to say that he was standing well back in his pilothouse where he could hardly see the horizon, much less the swarms of menhaden beating the water to a froth outside.

Routt says it has always been thus. "Before we got radios, lots of times a boat coming in with a good load would dodge nearly to the other side of the bay to keep an outgoing boat from hailing him and asking where he got the fish."

Routt rereads the latest reports about fish locations, compiled by Standard Products airplane pilots in day-long sweeps over Chesapeake Bay and nearby ocean waters: ". . . Wilkins Beach, fifty or sixty places with 20,000 each; Plantation, (Continued on Page 53)

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MR. LINCOLN'S MYSTERY CAKE

By JOHN PAUL HEFFERNAN

The story of a remarkable confection that no one but the President himself dared to eat.

Grandfather and his famous cake passed into memory on the same day. The old man knew that his hour had come and that was why he had my mother call in a professional photographer to take pictures of the cake for the family records. Then, when the photographer had gone and we were still blear-eyed from flash bulbs, grandfather asked mother to remove the bell-shaped glass top that had covered the cake for more than eighty-six years.

"I hate to see this happen," grandfather said, "but the cake and I have lived out our time."

Mother sniffled a little bit as she unscrewed the things that held the top in place. And the minute air touched the cake it seemed to sigh a little bit and fell apart while we watched.

Grandfather looked very sad, and he died about an hour later, sighing a little just as the cake had. It was his own fault that he died so young. He celebrated his hundredth birthday by going ice skating with us kids on Blodgett's pond and broke a leg when he started showing off by doing figure eights. After that he sort of went into decline and died at the age of a hundred and seven.

Grandfather was a Civil War veteran. He enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment in 1861 and fought with the Army of the Potomac through all its generals and battles from Ball's Bluff to Appomattox.

After Gen. Ambrose Burnside did his best to help the Confederacy by losing the Battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, he took the beaten troops on a long march through the mud and then put them into winter quarters.

"Going into winter quarters," grandfather always reminded us, "was none of this fancy business of moving into steam-heated barracks and living off the fat of the land. It meant that you and several of your friends were allowed to chop down some trees and build a log hut to keep from freezing to death."

Grandfather said that the Army always seemed to be ahead of the supply trains, and food was hard to come by. Most of the time the soldiers lived on bacon, hardtack and coffee. Sometimes they couldn't even get that, with the roads what they were in Virginia and the commissaries siphoning off the palatable stuff for the officers. In addition, he said that the chaplains who took care of the soldiers' mail weren't above sniffing at some of the boxes from home and appropriating a little for themselves when the devil was strong in them. Grandfather said it was a caution how unholy a man could get when his stomach was empty.

It would make mother mad to hear him talk that way about chaplains, and she would tell him to shush because all chaplains were good and holy men. Then grandfather would get mad, too, and start swearing in Latin and Greek, in deference to our tender years—and our big ears. Grandfather was a well-educated man and could swear in long, periodic sentences that sounded like something right out of Livy or Cicero.

To get back to the cake, many of the soldiers had their families send them food to supplement the terrible diet doled out by the Army. But that didn't always work out too well. Cakes and cookies would be stale by the time the soldiers received them, and the jars of jam and preserves would be cracked and leaking sticky syrup all over the new suit of underwear that might be in the same package.

"Even hardtack and salt pork were better than plum preserves mixed with a set of red flannels," grandfather once said.

So, just before they went into the Fredericksburg fight, grandfather got a hankering for some cake and wrote his mother about it. He played it smart and asked her to send him the ingredients and he would bake the cake himself.

Grandfather's mother complied and shipped along the ingredients: flour and sugar, molasses, spices, raisins, dried fruit and various kinds of nuts. Other ingredients grandfather foraged locally, especially eggs, which had to be obtained from unhappy Confederate hens. The package reached him about a month after the battle and just about the time that grandfather and three friends of his had finished building a log hut to live in until spring.

Even after eighty-six years you could tell that it must have been a beautiful cake, with white icing all over it and a colonial flag with thirteen stars to decorate the top. Grandfather said the flag was an afterthought and had been put on there in a final burst of patriotism at a time when things looked pretty bleak for the Union.

Although grandfather was the cake's architect, the other three soldiers helped out. One cut the wood for the fire; another collected the flat stones they used for an oven, and the third man kept the fire going while grandfather did a spell of picket duty, swapping news and insults with Confederates who were also doing picket duty on the other side of a stream.

The cake turned out so beautifully that they all voted not to eat it. Grandfather often repeated with pardonable pride that it had to be an unusual cake to produce such an unheard of reaction among hungry soldiers. He said that the Army of the Potomac was probably the hungriest army that ever wore the uniform of the United States. He said that even a mule had to look pretty sharp when there were soldiers around or he'd get euchred out of his corn.

Grandfather said they made kind of a mantel in their hut by driving two pegs into the wall and then resting a plank on the pegs. They put the cake on the mantel to age and admire. He said they never voted absolutely against eating the cake. They just wanted to admire it for a while, and it boosted their morale to know that they could always have a piece of cake if they wanted it badly enough.

A few weeks later grandfather and his cabin mates got into a little trouble with the soldiers in the next hut by throwing a cartridge down their chimney one night after their neighbors had gone to bed. He said this was a favorite stunt. When the paper cartridge fell down the makeshift chimney and into the fire, it made a lot of popping (Continued on Page 68)

"How should you know what's in the cake when you haven't even tasted it?" Lincoln asked the young soldier.

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

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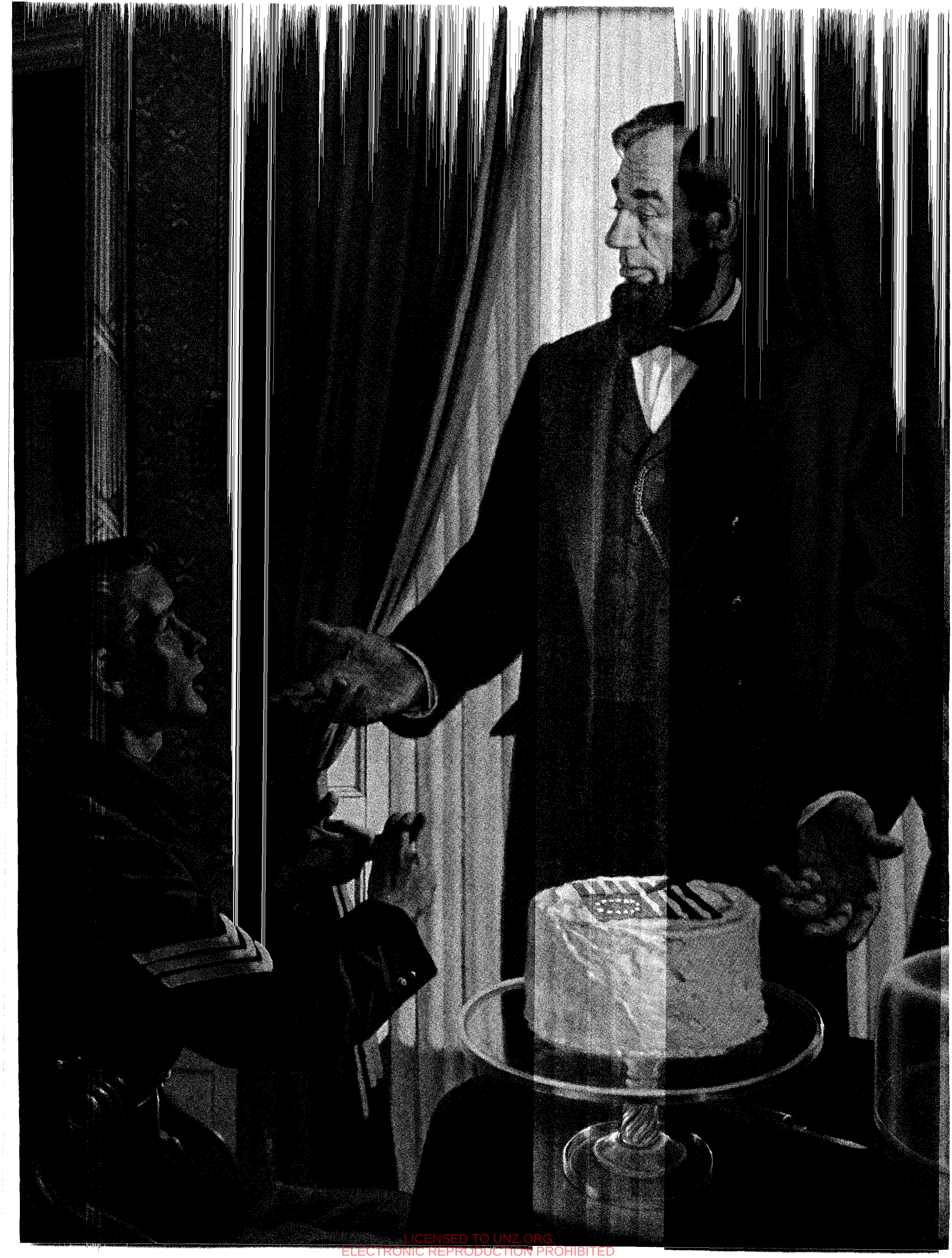

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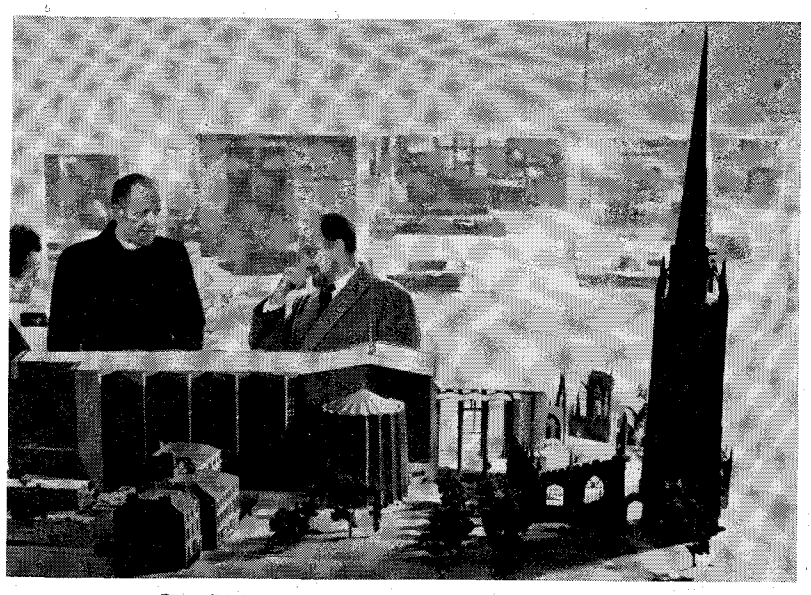
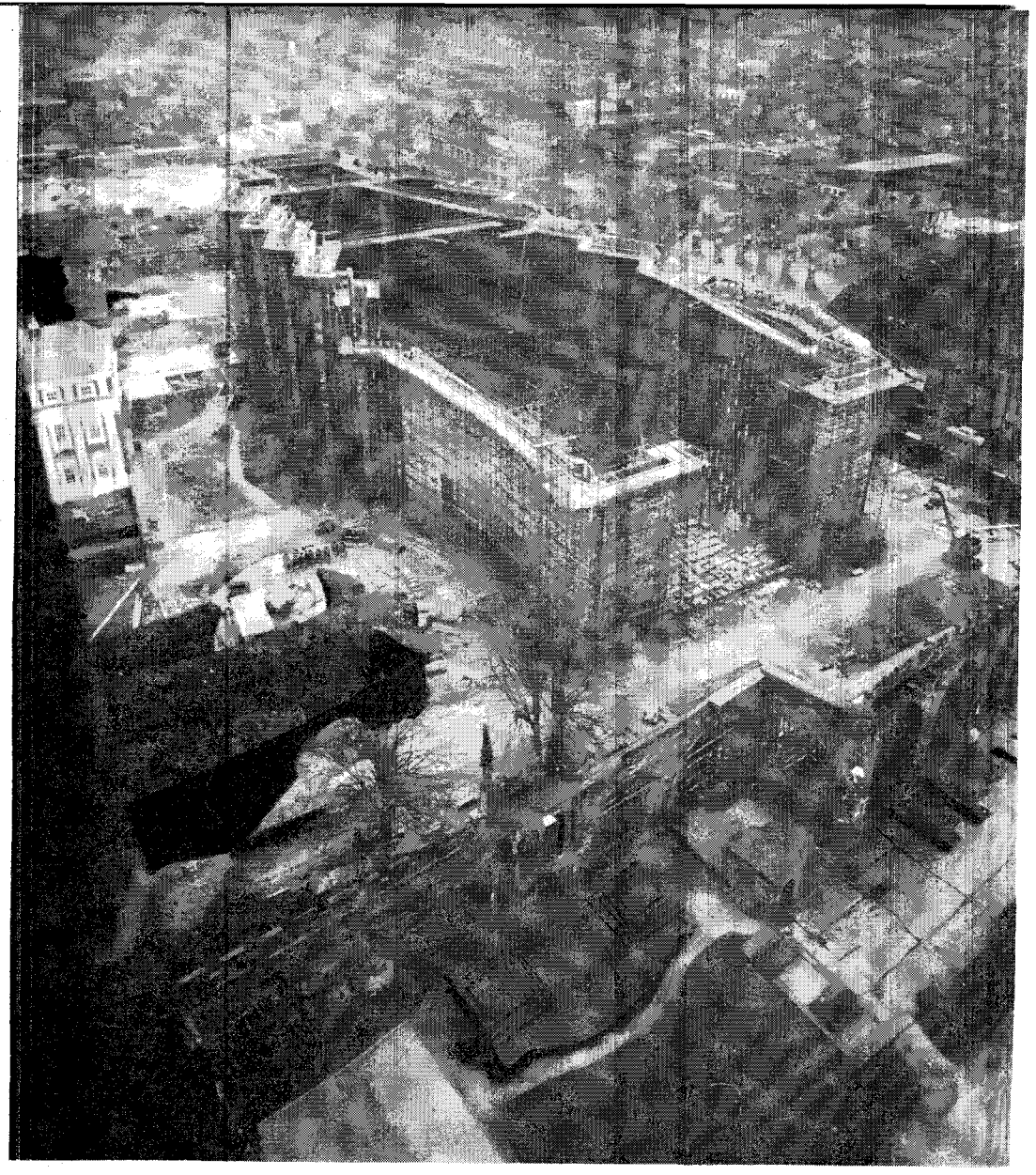


The Bishop of Coventry, Cuthbert Bardsley (second from left, above), with architect Basil Spence. In the foreground is a model of Spence's controversial new cathedral which will spring from the ruins of the old.

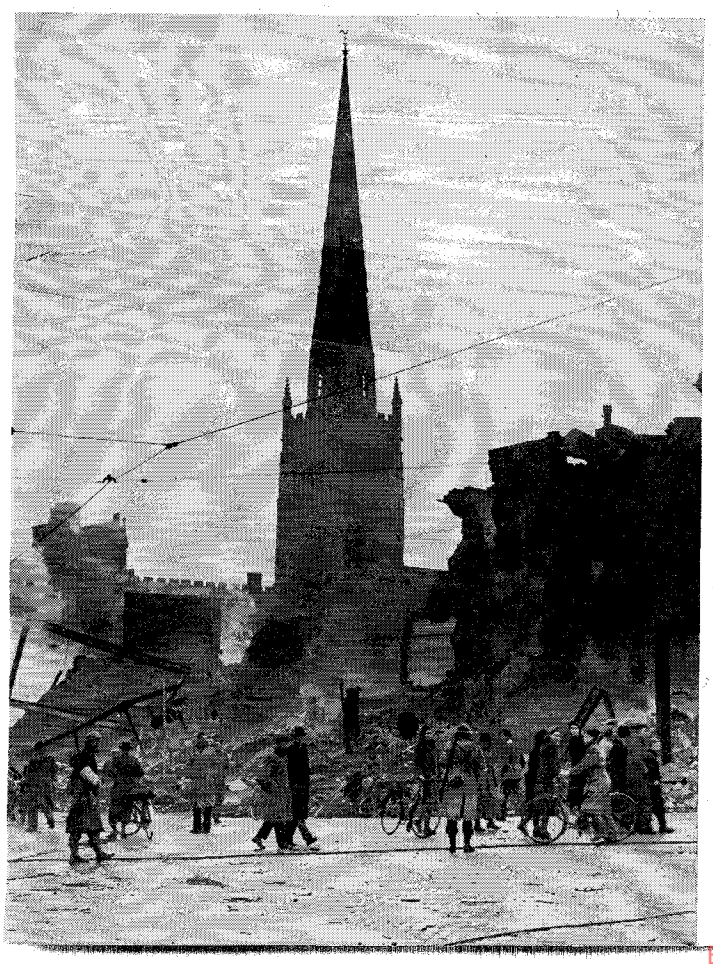


The picture at right, taken from the old spire, shows the zigzag cathedral walls under construction. The building will cost $4,000,000, or, as its architect points out, "less than a bomber."

Rebirth of a Cathedral

One of the most remarkable religious structures of the ages is rising in old Coventry, the city that came back from the dead after Hitler's bombers destroyed it.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER



Left: The spire of St. Michael's as it looked in November, 1940, after German bombers leveled most of Coventry.

COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

Cathedrals are not built every day. The birth of a new Anglican cathedral at Coventry, about a hundred miles northwest of London, would be considered news even if it were not for the dramatic circumstances that form the background of the enterprise. Old Coventry, the reader may remember, was the first British city to be razed by German bombers in World War II. And although other European cities, later in the war, suffered more devastating damage, the word, "to coventrize" was used for a long time on both sides of the line.

The new church, rising by the side of the burnt shell of St. Michael's Cathedral, takes up the story where it was so grimly interrupted. The tragedy that lies behind, the hope that clings to every new stone cemented into place, make the now half-completed edifice a document of faith—a symbol of the Resurrection.

There is no trace of rancor in perpetuating with almost storybook precision the memory of what has happened here. The roofless sandstone walls of the bombed church, with their arched, hollow windows, enshrine a peaceful little garden where you may stroll along the well-kept path up to a simple cross of two charred roof beams. "Father Forgive," says the inscription on the wall behind it. The slender steeple that alone withstood the bombing does sentry duty for both churches, linking with its long shadow the Gothic and the modern—past and present.

Among the foreign visitors you will spot—along with large contingents of sight-seeing Americans—a sprinkling of young Germans. "They come here with a guilt complex," one of the caretakers said. "They look around, they talk with our people. They go home healed."

Although there were a few cries of "Bad taste!" and "What kind of people do they think we are?" in British newspapers last fall when President Heuss of Western Germany presented the cathedral builders with £5000 on behalf of German Christians, Coventry understood—just as it understood, and graciously accepted, the subsequent munificence of the Soviet Ambassador in London who, on behalf of

(Continued on Page 51)

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TOP-SECRET BOONDOGGLE

By JACOB HAY

Only one man could expose the Strategic Research Command for the incredible fraud it was—the general who headed it.

Before I begin, gentlemen, would any of you care for another drop of brandy? . . . Excellent. The club prides itself on its cellar. Charley, if you'll just start the decanter around again——

Now, then. Being responsible newspapermen, you'll understand that anything I say here at this table this evening is absolutely off the record. I'm not to be quoted as a "highly placed senior officer," or even as one of your "normally authoritative sources." I want you to consider this purely as background information because, gentlemen, we're all sitting on a bombshell that's going to need mighty delicate handling.

Tomorrow, as you know, I go before the Heppinshall Subcommittee on Nonessential Defense Installations. They're going to ask me a lot of questions about the Strategic Research Command, of which I happen to be chief, as of this morning. I understand it will be an executive session, with the press excluded. That's why I want you to have the facts now, and have them straight. Otherwise, once I've finished my testimony before that subcommittee, you'll never hear another word about it. The Strategic Research Command will go right on being the greatest military fraud ever perpetrated. Unless you fellows can stop it.

Maybe I'd better begin at the beginning.

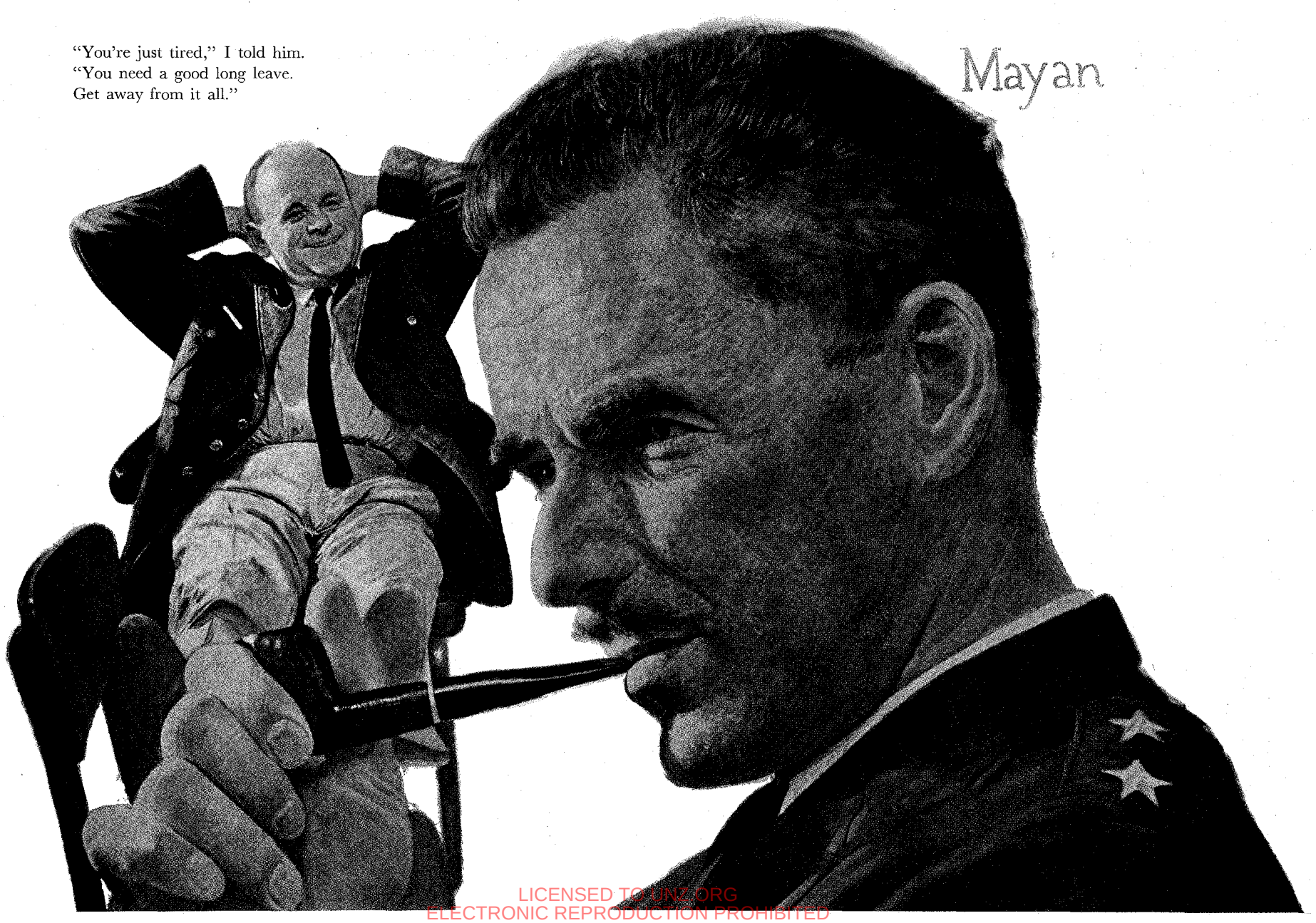
The story of Strategic Research Command is really the story of my predecessor, the first chief of S.R.C., Maj. Gen. Maximilian T. Pontefract, whose retirement became effective today. I do not exaggerate when I call Max Pontefract the most superbly accomplished gold brick in the history of the United States Army. Therein lay his genius, and with luck we shall not look upon his like again. A great man, gentlemen, and my best friend.

My association with Max began just after the close of World War Two, when he was a lieutenant colonel and I but a mere innocent captain of infantry. I was assigned to report to him at Dexter Arsenal, in Dexter, Pennsylvania, as his executive officer on my return from overseas duty in Europe. I shall not easily forget that first meeting.

Nor shall I ever forget the dreary, desolate aspect of Dexter Arsenal on that cold, rainy Monday morning. The gates, already showing signs of rust, sagged wide open. Broken windows and peeling paint betokened the approaching end of the arsenal's career. I drove past great, gaunt shop buildings and empty warehouses to the imposing but shabby entrance of Post Headquarters.

Yellowing bulletins, advertising long-forgotten USO shows, flapped dismally on the bulletin board (Continued on Page 70)

"You're just tired," I told him. "You need a good long leave. Get away from it all."



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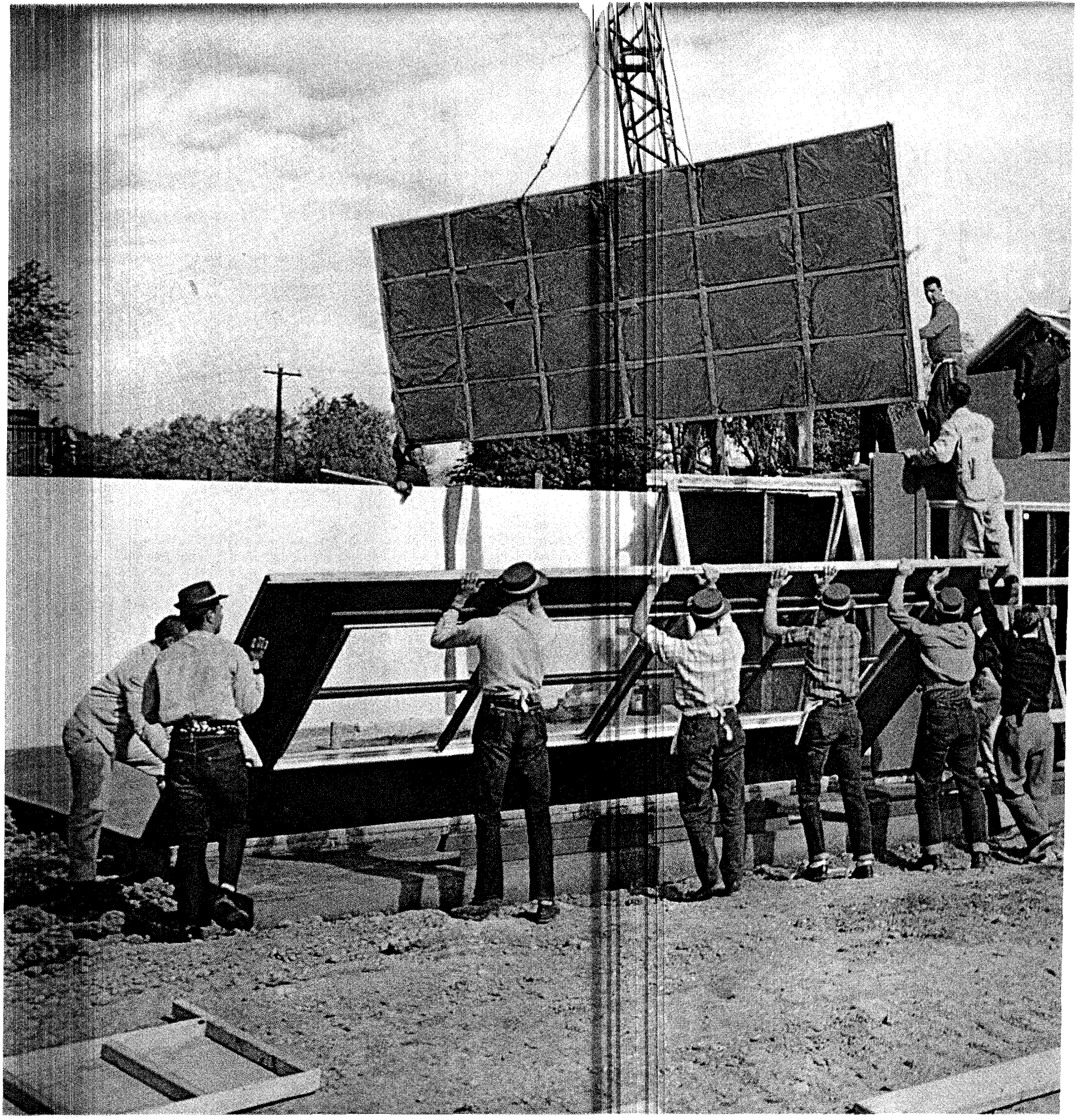

The Face of AMERICA

Built in a Day

In America's earlier times, "school raising" meant a holiday. Men labored together, and their women fed them potluck style; afterward everyone celebrated under the new rafters. Recently at Saint Francis College in Fort Wayne, Indiana, lay trustee William B. F. Hall revived the old custom to meet his school's pressing need for a science hall. As president of General Homes, a prefabricated-

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housing firm, he donated materials and provided construction bosses. At six A.M. on May sixteenth a volunteer crew of ninety students from nearby Indiana Technical College went to work. Assisted by about half of Saint Francis' 285 women students, the youngsters required just eight hours to raise the 1600-square-foot laboratory building—we see them hoist a ceiling panel into place—and to install wiring and plumbing. Local restaurant owners chipped in with a barbecue lunch and supper (small photo). Still energetic after donating $2000 worth of labor, the students then held a square dance in the new schoolhouse, and their caller's old-time chant filled rooms whose air would soon be heavy with the smells of chemicals and Bunsen burners. Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

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Post Scripts

Why Did I Ever Mention It?

"You say you rode the South and Northeastern Railroad up to Keltonville? I used to ride the S.&N.E. back in the old days. In fact, my brother-in-law used to work for the S.&N.E. He had quite an experience one time. It seems that he was deadheading back from ——"

"Thinking of taking a Great Lakes cruise, eh? Sounds wonderful! Come to think of it, I have a cruise folder right here someplace that shows the cruise I took a year or so ago. . . . Here it is. It was a twenty-one-day cruise down to South America. Now, right on this little map here it shows how I went down to Maracaibo, and then ——"

"That's interesting. I mean, about the guy who wrote the book being a good friend of yours. I had a friend once who wrote a book. Actually, it wasn't so much a book, I guess, as it was a pamphlet. It had to do with gardening, and he really made a ton of money out of it. The pamphlets sold for two bits each, so he ran ads in, oh, things like horticulture magazines and ——"

"I agree; that storm last month was a dilly, all right. But you obviously weren't here in *1952* when we had that really bad one. I'm telling you, the streets were like rivers. I'll never forget it as long as I live, because I rode home from work that day on the bus, and when I got to Monarch Street the water was so deep that I had to take off my shoes and socks, roll up my pants legs, wade like an idiot through the ——"

CHARLES MATTESON

"You're going to like mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Quiet Sunday Afternoon

Grandma's in the living room listening to Beethoven's *Fifth* on the hi-fi.

Dad's in the family room watching the football game on TV.

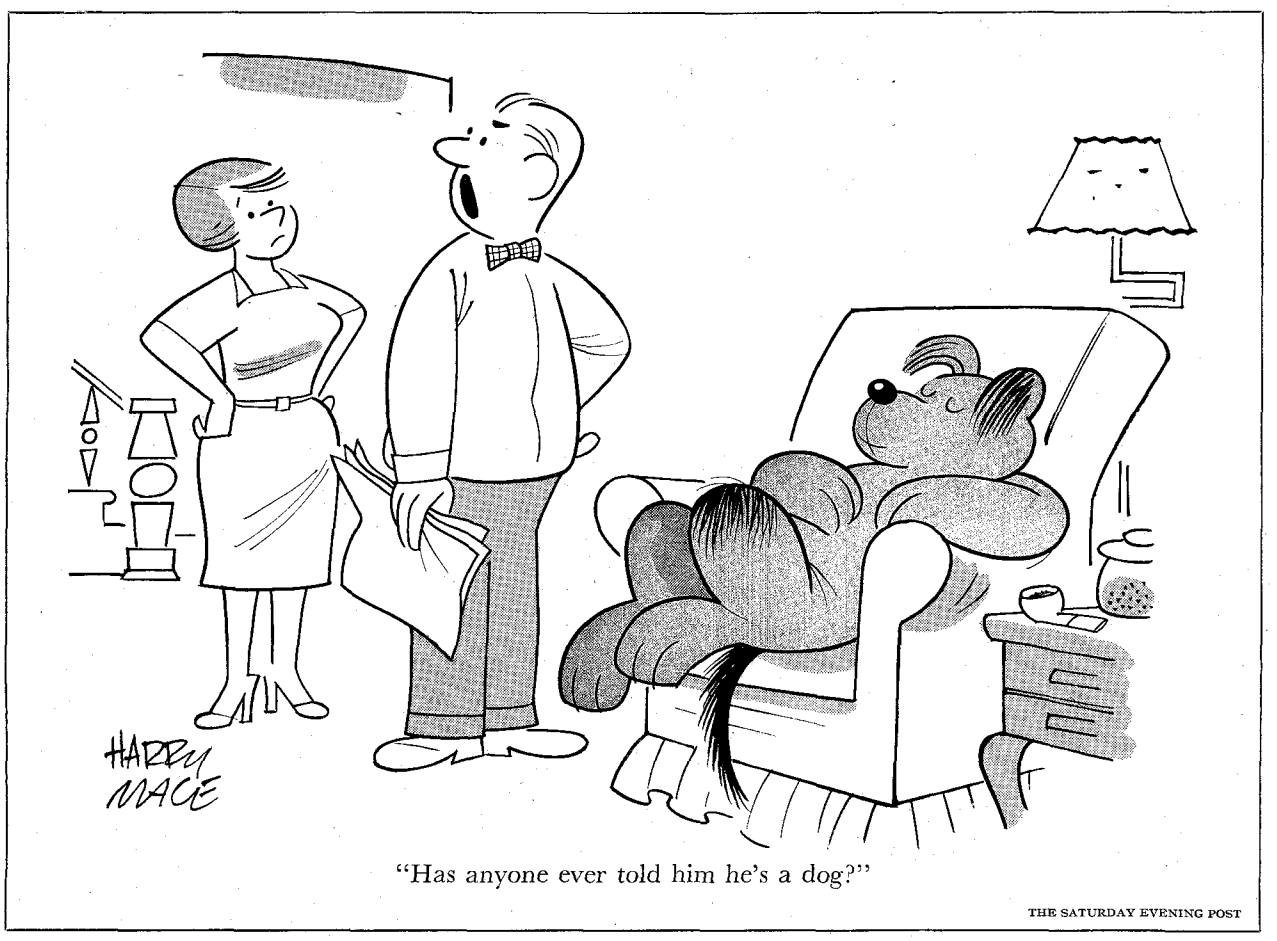
Linda's in the kitchen listening to rock-and-roll over the radio.

Buddy's in his room watching a cowboy movie on the portable.

Sissy's in the den playing *Busy Little Fingers* on the piano.

Mother's in the bedroom with the door shut.

HILARIE BROWN



"Has anyone ever told him he's a dog?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Gentleman Tackles the Music Store

"And what can I do for you, sir?"

"Why, I'd like to look at a phonograph or something. My wife and I are getting tired of ——"

"Tired of pumping the old player piano, right? Ha-ha!"

"Well, no, it's just that we're ——"

"Don't say it, I got it! You're hot for hi-fi, and you're home, man! Here's your rig—fifty-seven components, interlocks in every room, master control panel in the ——"

"But I ——"

"Right! You want a listen. What'll it be? *Kitchy-Koo Rock? The Beatnik Stomp?* Or good old Tosky and the Philly? Now. We line up the tuner, angle the tweeter, phase the woofer ——"

"Yes, but ——"

"Hold it. I'll gun 'er. Catch those highs on the conical? No rumble, no flutter, no wow, no ——"

"Listen, you can take your woofers and tweeters and—I mean, what I want is ——"

"Stereo, right? This way, man! Here's a dreamerooney, the Apco Pre-Amp CP-Twenty. We'll just put on the old test record and—catch it? How's that for a jet plane in your pocket?"

"But I don't want a jet plane in my ——"

"And here's your band. You're sitting on the bass drum, boy, you're inside the tromb——"

"Look, that's the trouble right now. Our kids are way out on stereo, and I mean our house is wild! Piccolos in the pantry, bull fiddles in the basement, freight trains all over the place, and now my wife's on tranquilizers, and ——"

"Or how about ——"

"And I thought if you had some old phonograph so we could get the music in a lump, instead of coming every which way ——"

"But look, man, you—tranquilizers? You said tranquilizers? Man, you're getting through! How do you think I make it, down here all day? Look, I tell you what the wife and I did. There's a fellow down on Third Street that's got these old wind-up phonographs, real jim-dandies. You get down there, see? Tell him Shorty sent you, see? Then come on back here—with any luck I can get you a box of bamboo needles. . . . Right! You're welcome! . . . Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

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Another high-visibility concrete highway—the Connecticut Turnpike

"Day or night . . . driving always seems so extra safe to me on new-type concrete!"

Says **WILL ROGERS JR.,**
movie actor,
former U.S. Congressman
and newspaper publisher

Jet age pavement! Concrete won't soften under searing blasts of jet airliners . . . or rut under their 150-ton loads. It's dramatic proof of concrete's strength on runways—and on modern highways.

NEW-TYPE
Concrete

"I'm for all the highway safety we can get. New-type concrete really helps. It's *flat* . . . so you have tighter car control. For fast stops I like that grainy surface. The light color lets me see better at night, too. I'm glad to note this concrete is getting such big use on our new Interstate System!"

You feel so secure, so relaxed on new-type concrete. And your ride couldn't be *smoother*.

See for yourself on some of today's new Interstate routes. Drive North Dakota's Interstate 94 for example. Or *South*—there's Interstate 75 in Georgia. *East*—New York's Interstate 81 is a beautiful stretch. Out *West*—Interstate 80 is just one of many new-type concrete highways in California.

Dozens of routes, thousands of miles of new-type concrete await your pleasure. This pavement is really flat . . . no ruts or ripples. Quiet, too . . . no thumps. Laid continuously, it's sound-conditioned with tiny cushion spaces sawed into the surface.

And no pavement is more permanent. Specially designed subbases help give new-type concrete a life expectancy of *50 years and longer*.

Freeze-ups and de-icing chemicals can't roughen this beautiful riding surface. It's weatherproofed with billions of microscopic bubbles put right into the concrete by a process called "air entrainment."

Concrete does taxpayers a favor. It saves money! First cost is moderate . . . with upkeep costs as much as 60% less than for asphalt.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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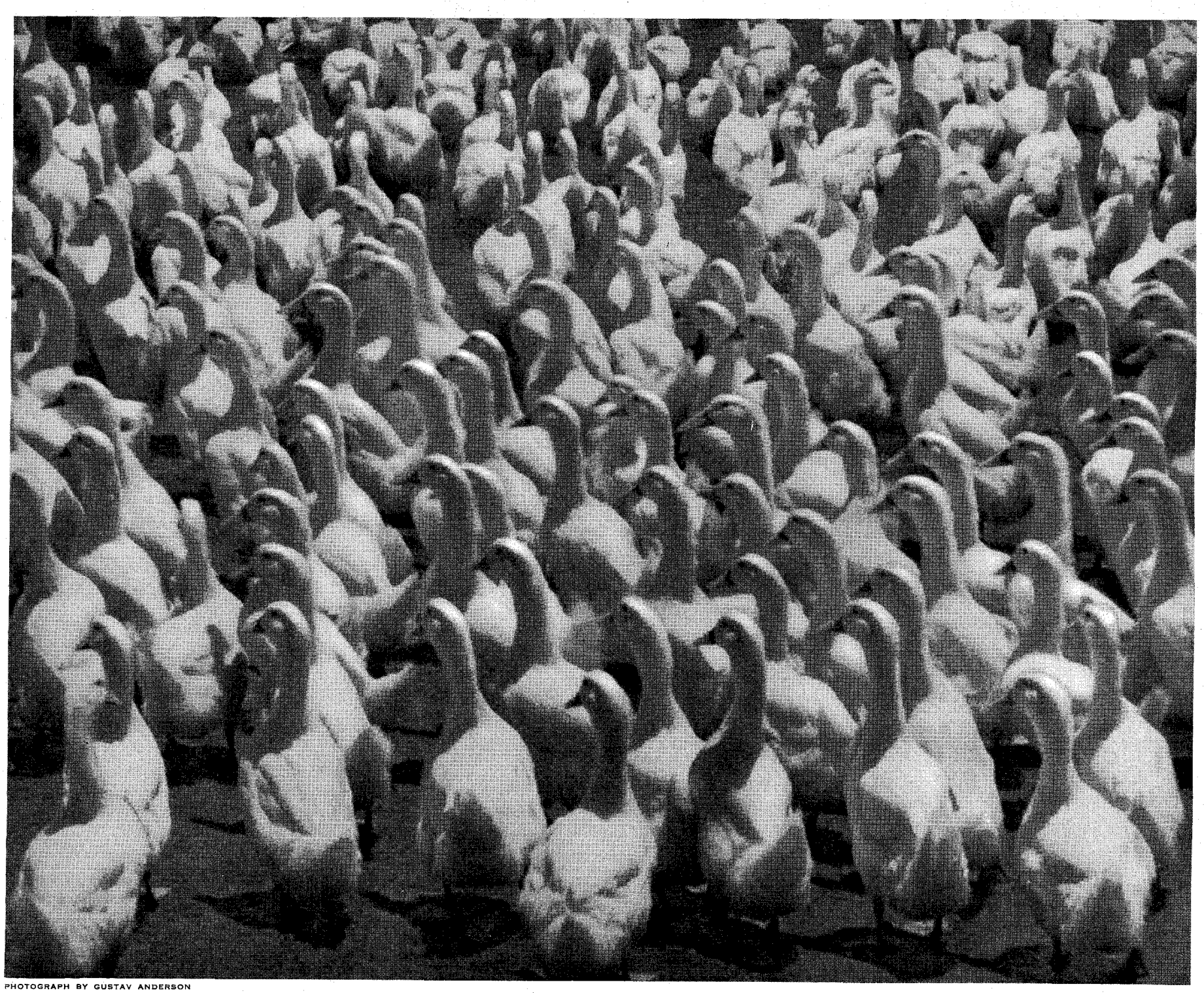
You're not just one of the flock when you have the policy with the P.S.*

Certainly you're different. You're an individual, and you deserve *personal service,* especially in the strictly personal matter of your insurance program. You get the attention you deserve from Ætna Casualty and its thousands of representatives from coast to coast. Personal service means building your insurance program to fit *you* alone . . . bringing you help in a hurry when you need it . . . giving you fast, fair action when you have a claim. Ætna Casualty people always treat you like an individual — so why not get in touch with your Ætna Casualty agent soon? You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory.



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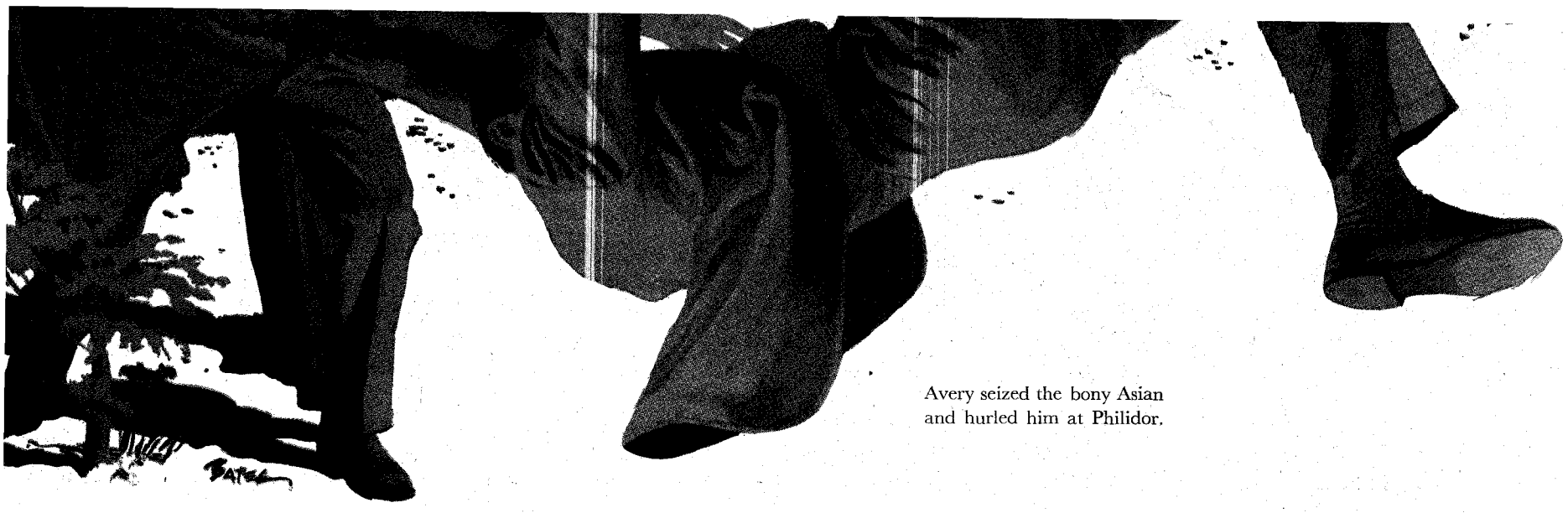

Avery seized the bony Asian and hurled him at Philidor.

Mark of Treachery

Now Avery's enemies had shown their hand. Now he could fight back.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Twice Avery Truslow had been the target of physical violence since he had come to Van Buren to take over HARP-TV. Now the station's office boy, Footsy Bundle, was lying in the hospital, badly beaten when he had surprised someone sabotaging a TV program.

"I can give you the names of the persons causing your trouble," Philidor, the sinister international crook, told Avery.

"And the consideration?" asked Avery.

"Two small sealed packets." He referred to property Felicia Sewell had entrusted to Avery. Avery refused to make a deal.

Later that day Avery was summoned to the bank to attend a meeting with several prominent people who, the eccentric Parsifal Nebo told him, would try to force Avery to sell out his interest in HARP-TV.

"You will be present?" Avery asked.

"Seated among the enemy," said Nebo.

VII

Avery arrived at the bank promptly at the designated hour. He asked for President Coons and was shown into that gentleman's office. Coons greeted him with habitual coldness and motioned to a seat.

"The meeting," he said, "will be in the directors' room. But I wished to see you here first. The gentlemen who will be present are, for the most part, important depositors in this bank. Neither the bank nor myself personally is concerned in what is to transpire. I wished you to have this information before you go in. I have merely loaned the room for the meeting." He paused, and there was a glint of humor in his small gray eyes. "The parties concerned do not know I have seen you nor that I have given you this assurance." He cleared his throat dryly. "It is not inconceivable they may wish you to think otherwise."

"Thank you, Mr. Coons. Will you be present?"

"Certainly not," Coons said emphatically. "The directors' room is at the right."

Thus dismissed, Avery went out into the main banking room and entered the next room as directed. Seven gentlemen already were present. Seated at the head of the table was Mortimer P. Greaves, ex-governor of the state and a man reputed to be of financial adroitness, who had come out of the governor's office somewhat better off than when he had entered it. He was an impressive citizen. There was a prominent lawyer. Next him sat a spare, thin-lipped individual whom Avery did not recognize. On the other side of the table was the eminent television comedian whose face was familiar to everyone in the United States. The three other men were local businessmen—a builder, a real-estate operator and the proprietor of a department store.

Avery stood just inside the door. Governor Greaves arose in his stately way and performed introductions. He motioned Avery to the unoccupied seat opposite him and at the foot of the table. There was silence which threatened to become awkward, but awkwardness was averted by the arrival of the ninth gentleman in the person of Parsifal Nebo, who, immediately upon entering, dominated the room. Sheer bulk rendered him impressive. He took the chair at Avery's right.

"A rare day, gentlemen," he said in his beautifully modulated voice. "What is so rare—eh? I trust I am not tardy. Have I missed anything?"

"Nothing," said the ex-governor, almost pouting, for he felt that the limelight had been snatched from him. "We will open the meeting."

(Continued on Page 60)

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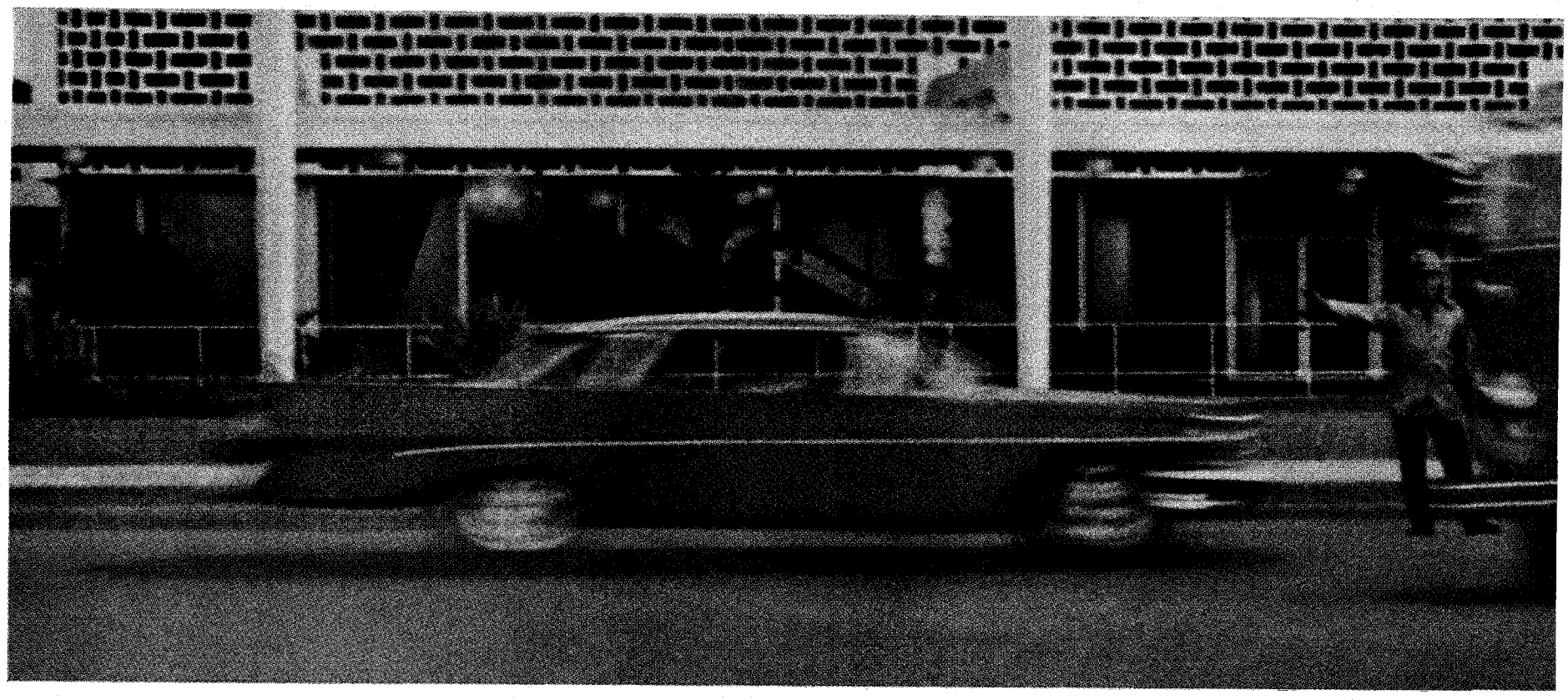
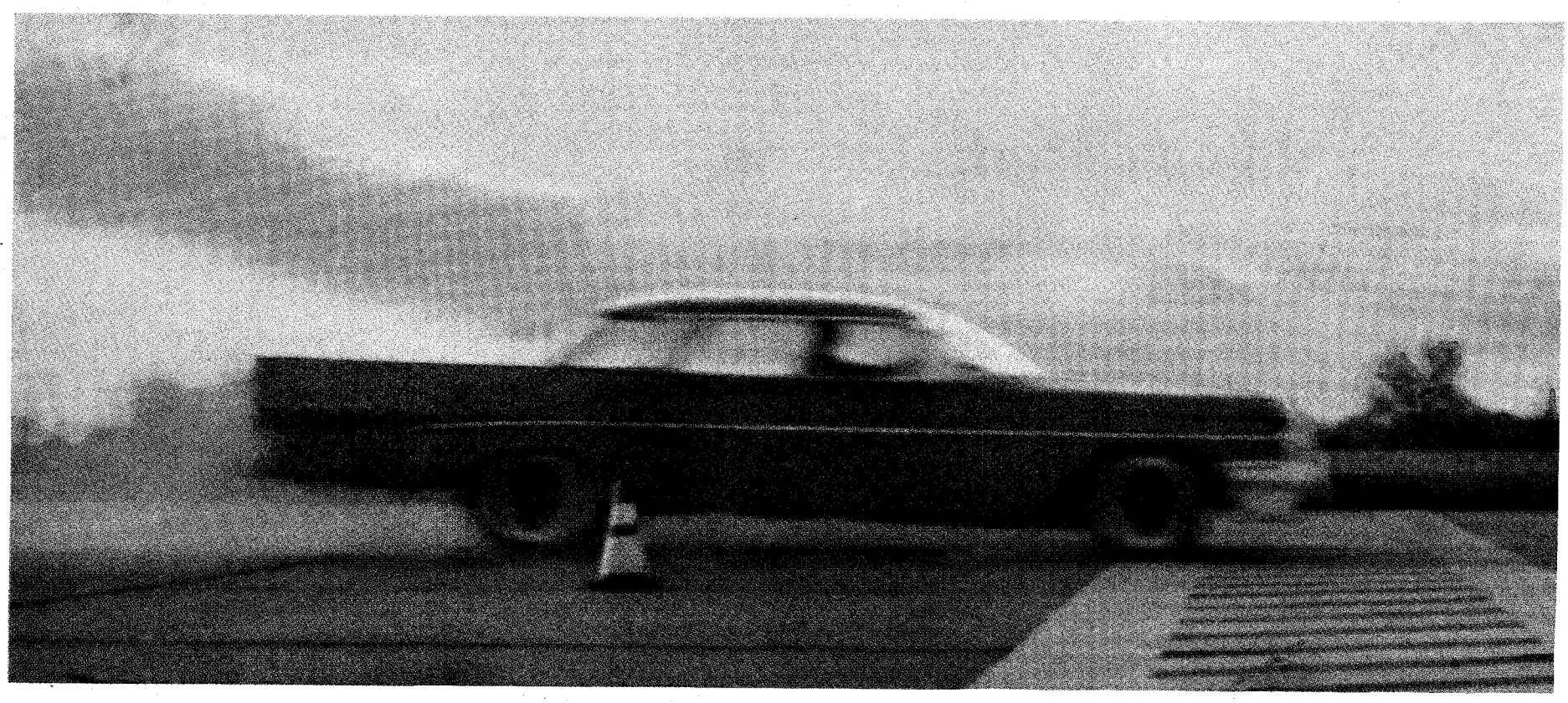


FIRESTONES GIVE YOU NEW STOPPING



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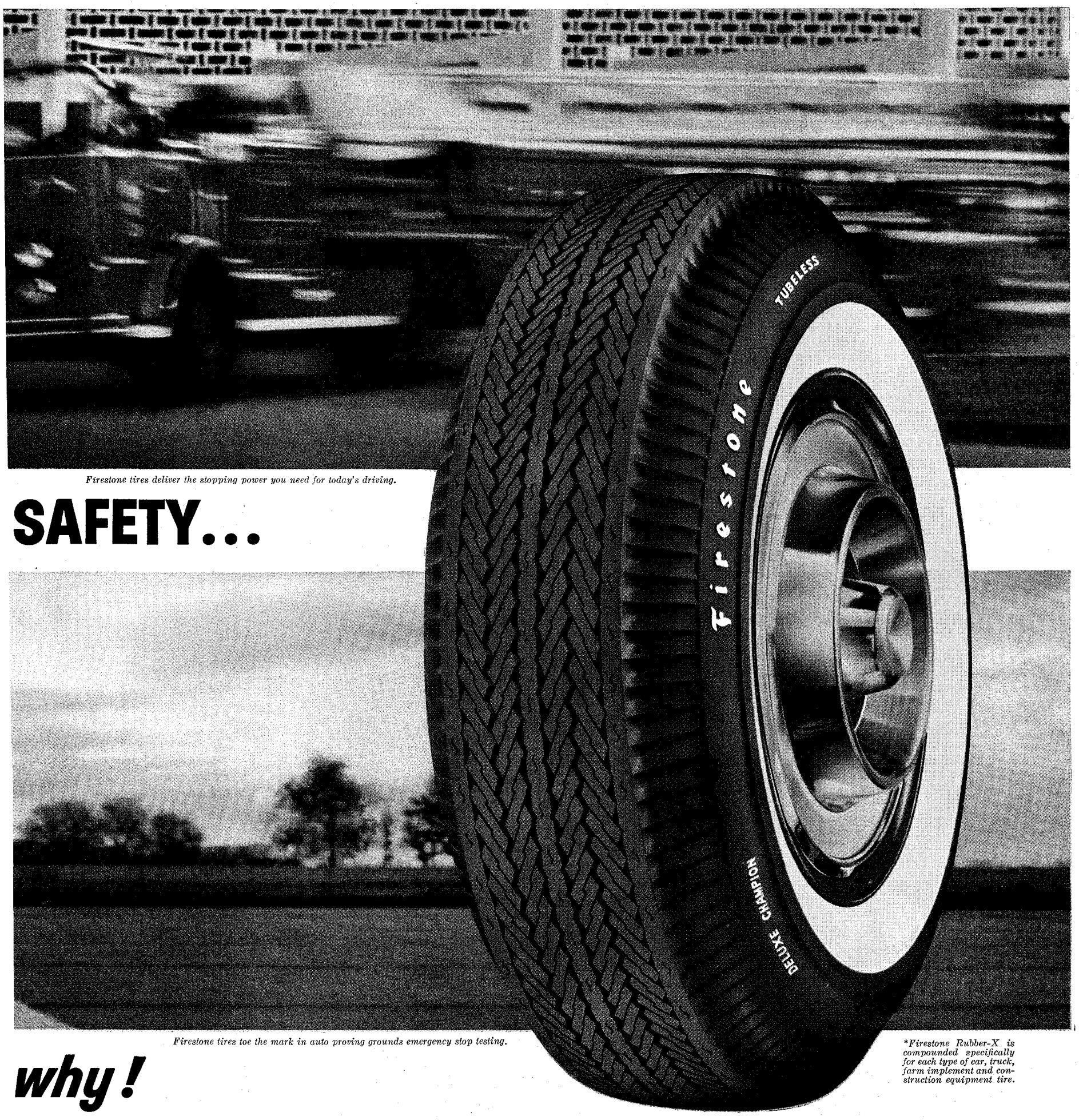

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BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 21)

ten-pound concrete weight, and a square, white-striped red flag on a thin wooden standard. The flag he fitted into a socket at the nose of the raft; then he loaded in his other gear, dragged the raft out into the surf and began walking through the water, pushing it ahead of him.

The bottom slanted very shallowly here, and he walked out into the ocean for a considerable distance; several hundred yards out he was only waist-deep. From time to time he glanced over his shoulder at the shore behind him; sometimes, then, moving to the left or right, keeping the twenty-sixth house directly behind him. Finally, the water chest-high, he climbed carefully into the little raft and began to paddle, again glancing regularly back at the shore to the house which was his landmark. Then, finally, a mile out from shore, he lowered the concrete weight and began sounding the bottom.

He sounded the first time at just over seventy feet—the line was knotted at ten-foot intervals—then snubbed the line to a ring at the prow and paddled ahead. He sounded again at over eighty feet, and the third time at ninety. Once again he glanced back over his shoulder, then shrugged and tied his line, tightly this time, with a double square knot. Anchored now, in just ninety feet of water, he began to put on his diving equipment, kneeling in the raft and working carefully, adjusting the straps to a nicety. He knew it would be cold in the water; it was only April and, not far below the sun-warmed surface, the ocean would retain its winter chill. He would like to have had a rubber suit, but he had rented this equipment, and the expense of this together with the cost of his room at the hotel was all he could afford.

He was afraid of what he was about to do. He was an experienced diver, but he was going under in a hundred feet of water or more, in the ocean, and alone. His equipment on, the lead-weighted canvas belt around his waist, he lowered his mask over his eyes and gripped the rubber mouthpiece of the breathing apparatus in his teeth. Then he stood, his back to the water, and allowed himself to fall backward into the water, the tank on his back cushioning the fall. Face-down in the water, holding onto the anchor rope, the other coil of rope in his hand, he lay just under the surface and tested his diving lung. For half a dozen slow breaths the chains of bubbles purred smoothly from the valve at the back of his neck, bursting to the surface a few inches above.

He raised his masked head for a last look at the far-off shore, orienting himself, then began to descend the anchor rope through the sunlit green water toward the blackness below, his hands moving slowly down the thin white line. Eight or ten feet below the surface the water suddenly lost its warmth, and as the chill enveloped him he was afraid again.

Always, not far below him, was the blackness, but he never reached it; as he descended, his arms moving regularly like slow-moving pistons, clearing his head several times during the descent, the light seemed to move with him. Presently—he had counted the knots and was eighty feet down—the water's color changed to a yellow-green; and then he saw the bottom, of clean sand, six or seven feet below the rubber-encased glass plate strapped to his face, and he grinned. He could see, he estimated, for eighty or a hundred feet in a circle around him, and now he tied the end of the rope coil in his hand to the anchor line. Then, paying out the rope as he moved, he swam just over the bottom until the rope was taut in his hand. Now, guided by the rope, he began to swim in a great circle around the anchor line of his little raft, searching with his eyes as far as he could see, glancing from time to time at his depth gauge.

For ten minutes he swam, soaring dreamlike and effortlessly over the undersea landscape, the lifelong weight of his body gone. He had seen, so far, only fish of many sizes and kinds; crabs; shells; rotting logs; squat, black, kelplike plants or tall green ones; rusting cans; and he knew that presently he must ascend, taking minutes to do so, through the slowly decreasing pressures above him.

But now on the opposite side of his circle he moved into deeper water. The circle of his vision had contracted with the greater depth into which he had moved, its edges a dead, black curtain. But still it was large, and the sand bottom just under his mask was still bright with green sun. Then, once again, he thrust out with his flippered feet, eyes never shifting from the far boundary of his vision, and almost instantly he stopped, braking himself hard with his arms. For this time, finally, on the ninth day of his search, a portion of the blackness ahead had failed to retreat with the rest.

Hanging almost motionless just over the bottom, he stared at it—a narrow swatch of blackness protruding into the yellow-green circle of light of which he was the center. With a thrust of his feet he edged closer, and the section of blackness did not retreat. As always, the remainder of the formless darkness moved ahead as he did, but the narrow black strip remained behind, increasingly solid, taking shape, and protruding, now into the cone of light. And now he was certain; he was staring at a sunken ship.

Suddenly, recklessly, he thrust himself powerfully forward, dropping his rope. As fast as he could move he flashed over the sand toward the sunken ship, then had to reach out quickly to fend himself off from the sharp prow that shot toward him through the sun-slashed green haze. His hand closed on slimed steel, and through the circle of his mask he saw the ship's bowed side curving off into the blackness beyond. Then he released his hold and began to swim slowly and cautiously along the ship's side, keeping a yard or more from it, following its bulge into the darkness ahead. Greenly, but clearly, in the cone of his vision, he saw the ship's side—not rust-reddened, for no reds were visible at this depth, but evenly coated with slime and a whitish moss. He swam clear around the little ship—it was no longer than a hundred feet—inspecting its sides, his excitement and certainty growing. Then he shot his body vertically upward through the green water, his masked face lifted. And now, his mask rising level with the cable-railed deck, he saw it—the tiny moss-crusted conning tower of this sunken submarine.

He knew he had to be careful. Both hands gripping the slimed deck-rail cable, his body parallel with the ocean floor, Frank Lauffnauer lay motionless in the water, staring at the ghostly conning tower before him.

With the palm of one hand he began sweeping the tendriled moss from the side of the little tower. An edge of flaked white paint appeared under his hand and, continuing to sweep aside the furry slime, he worked on down, increasing the arc of his swing, until he could read a portion of what had once been painted there. It was a *U*, followed by a dash, then he cleared the numbers following it and stared at the whole legend. *U–19*, it read; this ancient ship was, or had been, a German submarine. Frank Lauffnauer closed his eyes, and there, a hundred and ten feet under the surface of the ocean, he had forgotten where he was in remembering the last time he had stood on this deck.

He pictured it; he remembered it clearly, in a sense; but he could not really recapture it. He could not even picture the face of the boy—the smooth, unlined face of a fifteen-year-old Frank Lauffnauer—who had stepped off this deck more than forty years ago. He saw this ancient submarine, new then, floating on the surface a mile off the coast of America—off Fire Island, though he did not know that then. It was night, and on this deck stood two sailors—one of them himself, wearing a broad, flat cap with long ribbons dangling from its back. They could no longer sail or fight her; there were too few of them now; he and the other man on deck—Biehler, his name was—and a waiting third man in an inflated life raft were the only able-bodied crewmen left. He had climbed with Biehler into the raft, and they paddled a dozen yards off. Sea water gushed into the ballast tanks then, the air vents roaring—he remembered the sound of it—and they sat watching the deck come awash, the water creeping up the sides of the tower.

The sea closed over it then, and they were paddling, so long ago now, toward the black and unknown coast of *Amerika*—Lauffnauer was thinking in German. He wondered what happened to Biehler and Strang—Strang, Willi Strang, the third man in the raft had been. Whatever had happened to them, they were probably dead now, for Biehler would be over eighty, Strang nearly ninety.

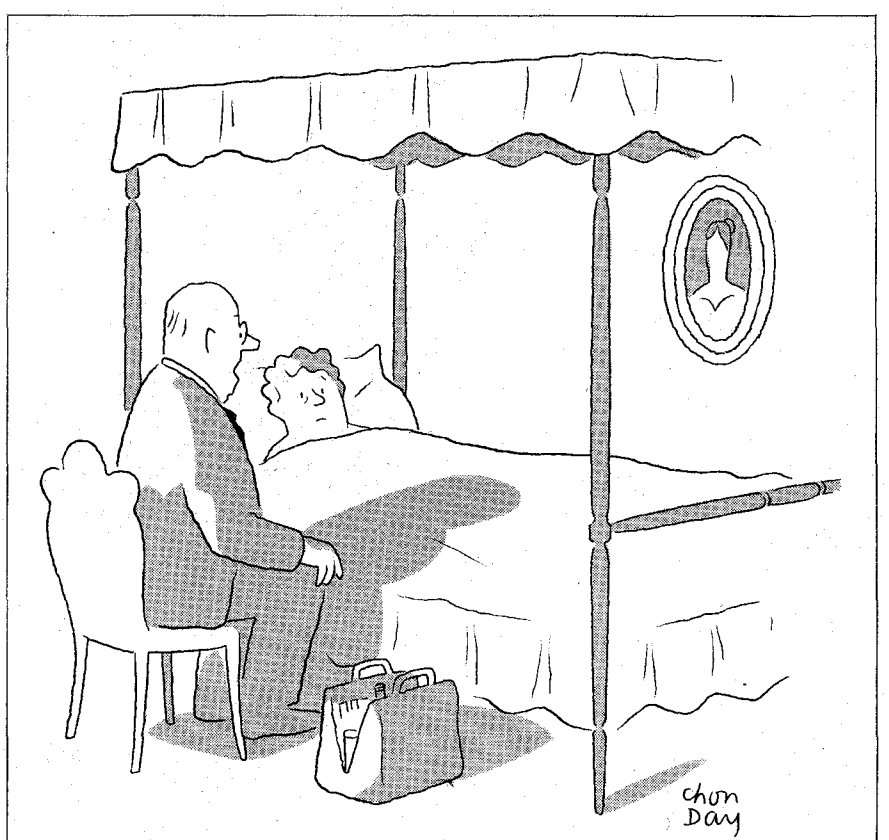
He had to leave now, but he did not want to. His eyes widening behind the glass of his face mask, the past dismissed, he stood for some moments in the grip of a tremendous exultation. He had thought of the *U–19* now and then through the years, wondering about her curiously. He had thought idly of searching for her, as he had today and for more than a week past, but the trouble and expense of doing so to no purpose but old curiosity had never been worth it. Now, forty years later, there was a purpose, a tremendous one, and he had finally found her, and he stood exulting. For the ancient submarine seemed in good condition—as far as he could tell. And if her valves had held—and they might have, they just might—her interior not flooded, it was at least possible, he told himself, that the little sub could be made operable again; no one could now say. If so, it was *his* submarine. No one else in the world, undoubtedly, even dreamed that the *U–19* existed.

He began to climb finally with regular, slow strokes of his flippered feet toward the surface far above. He rose slowly through the decreasing pressures toward the growing brightness overhead, occasionally slowing the speed of his ascent. Presently his masked head broke the surface of the water, and he shoved the mask back, glancing around him, and saw the red flag of his raft. But he did not immediately swim to it. Staring at the shore, he estimated its distance, and, by triangulation, using the big roof of the hotel to the south as one point and a shiny roof glinting in the sun to the north as another, he fixed his position as well as he could. Then, knowing he could find the *U–19* again, this time more easily and quickly, he began to swim toward his raft.

On the beach he lay face-down in the sand, head cradled on his forearms, resting. He was very tired, ravenously hungry and cold to his bones. But he allowed himself only fifteen minutes or so of rest, the spring sun—almost hot now, at midday—gradually warming his body. There was no more time to rest. Beginning immediately—he grinned at the thought, feeling alive again for the first time in years—Frank Lauffnauer had a crew to enlist.

I suppose there are unrecognized moments in everyone's life when enormous events begin with no least hint or indication of it. I thought I was doing no more than walking slowly through the end of one of the first days of last spring, toward Lexington Avenue in New York City, on 47th Street. A girl I'd met at work, Alice Muir, was with me; I'd been seeing her now for the past few months.

We met in the building lobby at five-thirty; now, a few minutes later, we were on our way to have a drink and then dinner some place, we didn't much care



"You are a very sick hypochondriac."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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where, and we took our time—it was Friday night—enjoying the walk and the day. This was the last date I'd have with Alice, almost the last time I'd see her, but I didn't know that, and, strolling toward Lexington just ahead, I kept glancing down at her, enjoying what I saw. I'm six feet one, and she's five feet six at most; under the brim of her hat I could see her blond hair, and below, the slow swing of her striped skirt. She glanced up, saw me looking at her and smiled—a wonderful smile, her intelligent eyes softening affectionately.

I said, "Look, you know the head of my department retired this week?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Well, he's sailing tomorrow on the *Queen Mary*. Most of the department's going down to see him off. How about coming along?"

But she shook her head. "No, I don't know him, Hugh."

"That's all right. Come along with me. Might be fun, if the weather holds. I've never seen a big ship like that, have you?"

"No, but—I don't think so."

I shrugged. "O.K., but why not?"

"Well ——" She hesitated a moment, then said it. "Hugh, I'm not going out with you any more after tonight."

I didn't reply for a few steps, then I said, "Why?"

I waited, walking slowly along beside her toward Third Avenue ahead, and she glanced up at my face and said, "You're the most interesting, attractive man I've ever gone out with; I've had a good time with you this winter, and I'd like to continue. But I don't think I can afford you any more, Hugh. I'm twenty-three years old, and I'll be twenty-four soon; I want to be married and begin having children before too much longer. And you'll never marry me; you won't let yourself fall in love with me or anyone else just now."

We reached Third Avenue and turned uptown toward a little French restaurant I knew. "Who can say when a man will fall in l——"

"No." She was shaking her head, and she smiled a little sadly. "Women are supposed to be more romantic than men on that subject; but they're a lot more realistic too. And I know that a man doesn't fall in love and get married until he's ready for it. And you're not. There's something important still unresolved for you, Hugh; you live in a state of rebellion."

I shrugged. "You seem to know more about me than I do."

"Well, that's not impossible. Tell me, how do you like your job?" I actually paused for a step, grinning down at her at this abrupt change of subject. But she wouldn't smile back. "Go ahead," she said. "Answer me."

"Why, fine," I said, walking on with her. "I like it fine; you know I do." We both worked on the same floor, for one of the big broadcasting networks—Alice in the record library and I in the publicity department, writing publicity of various kinds and even being allowed to originate some of it during the past few months.

"And when are you going to quit?"

"Quit?" I said after a moment. "What do you m——"

"Hugh, stop it!" She swung toward me angrily, stopping on the walk. "Answer me honestly, Hugh; think about it. Right now. And then tell me truthfully; how much longer, at the very most, do you think you'll still be working at this job?" She stood staring up at me for a moment, her pert, good-looking little face angry and set, her eyes snapping; then she turned, and we walked on.

For four or five slow steps I was silent, thinking about what she'd said, and we crossed 48th Street. Then I smiled a little. "I don't suppose I'll last out the summer."

She nodded. "And that's been your history for quite a while, Hugh. You were in the Navy, and you left it."

"I never did plan to stay. I had my time to serve in the military, that's all."

She just glanced at me, shaking her head. "You were in the Forest Service and liked it, but you left that too. And every other job! You quit them all after a while! As you did your last job, and as you will this one. Why, Hugh?"

"Well, last year I wanted to sail, Al; really learn how to sail a boat. And I did; spent the whole summer at it. I was broke toward the end; actually hungry part of the time. But I learned how to sail a boat." She sniffed angrily, and I said softly, "That sounds trivial to you, doesn't it, Alice? You think it isn't important. But it is; there's nothing more important."

"More important than a job you could have had a career at?" She glared at me. "And what about this job? Are you going to quit because you want to learn to play the trombone?"

"No, but if I did, that could be important too. Ah, we're here." I took her arm, and we went into the restaurant.

It's a small place, with half a dozen leather-padded booths along each wall and a tiny bar at the front. We took a table, ordered drinks, then sat awkwardly silent till they came. I tasted mine, then set the glass down and leaned forward toward Alice, across from me. I'd never put this into words before, but now I tried; it seemed necessary, even vital.

"Look, Al," I said gently, "what's important and what isn't? How long does a man live? Except for the lucky ones, seventy-odd years maybe, a terribly short time. And a third of it is already gone for me. And how many of those years are you young? Far fewer; so few it's pitiful. So what's eating me, Al; the freedom to live my life—as much of it anyway as I possibly can. Haven't you ever thought of this? You have to *sell your life*—most of it, the best part of it!—simply in order to stay alive!"

She was staring at me, her glass in hand. "What do you mean?"

"Well, what have I done with the last five days, for example? Warm, sunny, beautiful days, the first we've had in months, and a part of the little handful like it I'll ever have to be alive in. I sold them, Al"—I was leaning toward her, staring into her eyes, trying to make her understand—"each of them for less than a twenty-dollar bill! I spent them sitting at a desk, all six feet and a hundred and ninety pounds of me. And when they were nearly over, I got the last bits of them, the tag ends, for myself. Once a week I get a couple days, or a day and a half, or not even that much, often as not. And once a year a two-week vacation. Is that all I get, Al, of my own life?" I nodded. "Almost! If I give in and accept that, if I keep on selling off my own life—all of it; all my youth and middle age!—why, I'll finally be given the last few years of it that are left, as a sort of refund. Retire on a pension at sixty-five not even knowing any more what else there is to do with a man's life except work it away."

She said, "I happen to know what they think of you at work. That's what makes me furious with you; you're in line for a promotion, and a good one."

I actually brought my clenched fists up and struck them against the sides of my head. "I don't want to argue with you about it any more!" I said. "I know, I know! You're right!" Then I brought my hands down and looked at her, slowly shaking my head. "But there must be some way to beat it, Al; there's got to be." I sighed, then (*Continued on Page 44*)

FLORSHEIM

PRESENTS

Perfecto Brown

The new concept in shoe color..."Brown and Black"

the B and B shade you wear with everything!

Now! for the first time, a sensationally *new* shade of brown—so dark it's almost black—so rich you'll wear it proudly with everything you own—from the new lighter blues and grays to dark browns and charcoal shades! Florsheim calls it "Perfecto" and styles it for Fall in a complete line of completely new patterns for every occasion! It's Florsheim B and B—brown and black, a new concept in shoe color.

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Left: The VIKING, *31661;*
plain toe blucher in Cashmere calf

Right: The KENMOOR, *31312;*
wing tip bal in Cashmere calf

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It's true that some people still buy high-priced cars, but don't you wonder why? This new Chevy's got just about anything anyone could want—a cream-smooth ride, plenty of room to relax in, really fresh style. Plus those ever-present virtues—economy and dependability—that have practically become synonymous with the name Chevrolet.

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Your dealer's waiting now to show you why these advantages are converting the owners of so many other makes—low priced and high priced as well—to the new Chevrolet!

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MORE MILES PER GALLON—a pair of Chevy sixes with Powerglide came in one-two in their class in the Mobilgas Economy Run, ahead of any other full-size car.

ROOMIER BODY BY FISHER—Chevy's seating space is up to 5.9 inches wider than that of the other leading low-priced cars.

UNMISTAKABLY MODERN STYLE—only really fresh lines in the low-price field.

MOST ADVANCED ENGINES—Chevy alone in its field gives you the oil-hushed smoothness of hydraulic valve lifters on *all* standard engines. Every engine also has an automatic choke.

FULL COIL SUSPENSION—no other leading low-priced car coddles you with coil springs at all four wheels.

HIGHER TRADE-IN—consistently the highest of any low-priced car. Last year (based on official Guide Book figures of the National Automobile Dealers Association) Chevy averaged up to $128 more on used car lots than comparable models of the "other two." *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

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(*Continued from Page 41*) my mouth quirked angrily. "You better find yourself a guy who can accept things as they are. I won't; I can't. I'm darned if I will."

"All right." She nodded. "I can and I will; I'll forget all about you, Hugh. It won't be easy, and I won't even try at first; I'll just get through the time somehow. Monday I'll ask for my vacation—just as soon as I can get it. I have three weeks coming, and could take another without pay. I'll probably take a trip, someplace different and far away—South America, Hawaii, Europe. And maybe when I get back you'll already be gone."

"O.K. Now, let's order dinner, then have a little fun," I said, and after a moment she smiled a little and nodded.

As I say, I'd never before put into words what I'd just tried to explain to Alice. But now I had. It was clear and defined in my mind now, and I was ready—ripe—for what happened on Saturday morning.

In a cab Saturday morning—another bright, sun-filled day—I sat watching the between-buildings glimpses of the Hudson River as we moved along the west side of Manhattan Island. On the oil-splotched gray water I saw a couple of tugs, some ferries, a red-bottomed tanker anchored far out in midstream, a barge-load of freight cars. As the cab slowed and stopped, the space between two of the docks slid into view, and I saw a sight that stunned me. Her prow not twenty-five feet from the open cab window, there lay an enormous ship towering over the street and dock beside her, so vast it was hard to take in.

Far up on the ship's bow, my eyes lifting to see it, hung one of her enormous anchors, small with distance; and above it and to the right, on a band of white, I saw her name in great golden letters, QUEEN MARY. I stepped out to pay the driver, onto a sidewalk thronged with people, standing in little groups, milling around, calling to each other over people's heads, pulling luggage out of cabs and car trunks; and I grinned at the driver, feeling suddenly excited. Nodding at the crowd around me as he handed me my change, I said, "It's an ordinary day everywhere else in New York, but this is like a carnival!"

"Yeah," he said as I handed him a tip. "For them, not for me." Then I turned and made my way toward the line of swinging doors leading into the enclosed dock.

I had far less trouble boarding the *Queen Mary* than the passengers did. They had to line up at one of the little wooden buildings on the floor of the pier, waiting their turns to have their tickets, passports and inoculation certificates examined, and their names checked off on the passenger lists. But as a visitor I simply walked aboard—up a canopy-covered gangplank to one of the enclosed decks.

Then I was inside the *Queen Mary*, walking slowly across a wide, brightly lighted, spacious area. Wide corridors floored with thick marbled linoleum led off to other parts of the ship—both fore and aft—and clear down the length of the one nearest me, farther ahead than I could see, it was lined with widely spaced louvered doors, with people moving along it or into and out of the cabins. At the head of each corridor stood a steward in a white uniform, and I walked up to the nearest one and asked for directions to the cabin I was looking for.

It was on the next deck above, he told me, and I walked up the stairs, past the huge photograph of Queen Mary and stepped onto another inside deck—MAIN DECK, it was labeled in black letters set into the cream-colored linoleum—and I was in a shopping area, full of separate little stores. It was a large area, the full width of the enormous ship, and the stores were magnificent, their fronts of polished wood, the showcases of curved glass.

Then I was in a wide corridor lined with cabin doors, a great many of them standing open, the rooms crowded with people laughing, talking, holding glasses.

A dozen steps farther on I found the cabin I was looking for; the door stood open, I heard voices I knew, and I stepped inside. Half the office force and a number of strangers were there, most of them holding champagne glasses, and I began making my way through them and across the room toward my ex-boss, who stood talking to a little group around him. There were maybe two dozen people here, but the room wasn't really crowded; it was big, far bigger than I'd expected. Then I reached the boss, spoke to him and shook hands, and he introduced me to his wife. He turned to a linen-covered table on which stood glasses and several opened bottles of champagne in ice buckets, and poured me a big glassful. I saluted him and his wife with my glass, wishing them a good voyage; then several new people arrived. I didn't know them and, as he spoke to them, I turned away to look around me.

Someone pulled a cord at the far wall, and a set of curtains rolled back to show two large portholes—straight-sided ovals, their heavy inch-and-a-half-thick glass bound in brass frames. Through them I saw the roof of the dock just below us and, off across the roof, the clear blue sky and the Hudson River, and I heard a girl's voice say the obvious, "It's like looking into one world out of another." But it was true. I stood talking to some of the people from the office for a few moments, but I was ready to leave, suddenly eager to see as much of this ship as I could.

Out in the corridor I walked back the way I'd come, then stepped out onto the deck, busy with people just now, their steps sounding incessantly on the scrubbed white planking. I walked to the rail and stood wondering where to go and what to see first. Then just back of my left shoulder a voice said, "How about taking my watch for me tonight, Hugh? I've got a date in port." I turned, and Vic DeRossier—I'd served in the Navy with him—stood grinning up at me.

"You dead beat," I said, "you owe me three watches already." Then I grinned at him. "How are you, Vic?"

"Good, good," he said exuberantly, as we shook hands, and I was sure he was. Vic's a little man with thick, straight, coal-black hair; handsome in a dapper way and full of life and energy. He was holding a pencil and a booklet in his hand, the booklet opened to a printed diagram of the ship, labeled MAIN DECK, the deck we were on.

"What're you doing here, Vic?" I said, and he grinned.

"Come aboard the *Mary* any time she's in New York these days, and you're a cinch to run into me. I'm studying the ship." Gesturing with the booklet, he grinned again. "I got this from the Cunard Line office, along with every other scrap of literature they have on the *Mary*. She's an old hobby of mine; I'm in love with her, and I come on board every chance I get. You seeing someone off, Hugh?"

"Yeah, I just did. Now I'm looking around."

"Well, come on then"—he grabbed my arm eagerly. "I'll show you the ship; I know her better now than half the crew."

"O.K., swell," I said, and we walked forward into the ship.

"Where you been keeping yourself?" Vic said. "I tried to phone you not long ago, but you're not in the book."

"No, I live in a hotel; a little apartment hotel on Fiftieth, the Cliff."

He nodded and, walking along with him, I had time to wonder why Vic had wanted to phone me. It had been nearly three years since we'd finished a hitch in the Navy together, and while Vic DeRossier and I served on the same ship—we were in submarines—and I knew him well and liked him, we'd never been close friends. He'd been the dashing young naval officer when I'd known him last, twenty-two years old and busy every minute of every leave. He wasn't the type to hunt up acquaintances just to sit around chewing over old times.

I was glad I'd run into him now, though, and I glanced down at him—a dark, graceful little man walking briskly along beside me. He hadn't changed, I thought. In a white shirt, dark-blue suit and tie he looked—except for the absence of gold braid on his sleeves—precisely as he had when I'd seen him last. He touched my elbow now—I'd been letting him lead the way as we toured the ship—and, turning into a short passageway, he led me through a set of paneled swinging doors, each inset with an oval pane of glass.

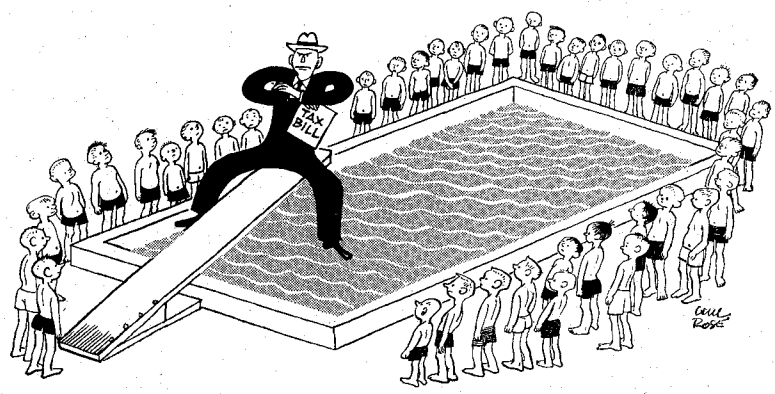
"You're right," I said; we were leaning on a rail looking down at the unbroken green surface of the swimming pool. "You know your way around the ship."

"Yeah." Vic nodded. "I've read all the literature, studied the photographs, the deck plans, and been aboard her as often as I could. Every once in a while I've dropped into a travel agency and discussed sailing dates and cabins as though I were thinking of sailing on her." He smiled. "As I was—thinking about it, that is. And someday I will actually sail on a ship like this. First class. In a suite. And on the promenade deck, the best there is." He glanced at his watch. "Let's go," he said, pushing himself erect from the rail. "You've got to see the promenade deck before it's time to leave."

We walked completely around the ship on that deck, a distance of more than an eighth of a mile, Vic said, and I didn't doubt him. To a Navy man, a submarine man especially, a ship is the most utilitarian of almost anything human beings build. Every last inch and fractional inch is jealously apportioned, and the human beings on board get only what space is left over after the machinery and equipment are in place. And especially on a submarine you may share a cramped bed with piping, electrical cables, even torpedoes. But here was a ship, the largest I'd ever even been near by thousands of tons, and it was utterly outside all my experience. Nearly every foot of all the enormous space we'd been through was designed and given over to human comfort—more than comfort, to absolute luxury. And even the decks, as we walked around them in the warm spring sunshine, were spacious.

We heard chimes, and far ahead on the deck I saw a steward in white approaching, a set of hand chimes suspended from around his neck by a strap, and we heard him chant, "All ashore that's going ashore." We were a hundred yards or so from a covered gangplank, and we walked slowly toward it.

We stepped off the gangplank presently, and as our feet touched the dock and New York again, Vic stopped, and I saw his fists clench. Looking up at my face, he said quietly, "Hugh, I want to be on a ship like that—not looking, but having; sailing on her first class!—more than anything else (*Continued on Page 46*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Because the town lacked recreational facilities, several hundred enterprising parents chipped in to provide a community swimming pool for their children. While they beamed with delight at this bulwark against juvenile delinquency, the tax collector presented them with a bill. Ignored, he sued.

"This pool-owning organization is a private social and athletic club," he contended. "Therefore its facilities should be taxed like those of any other club. What makes this pool different?"

"We built the pool as a community project to prevent juvenile delinquency when the town itself failed to make such a move," the parents' lawyer replied. "It is nonprofit and serves a civic need."

If you were the judge, would you tax the pool?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The pool was taxed. The court said that while the project might help to prevent juvenile delinquency, the parents sponsored it primarily for their own children "and taking care of one's children is not charity, but a natural obligation."

Based upon a 1958 Federal decision.

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Crispin waited long, expecting the water to burst open with visions of the big fish
Unable to see anything but flying white water, he fell for
Riddles
1. What is the difference between a fisherman and a bad student?
2. Why is the sun like a good loaf of bread?
3. Can you tell about a baseball game that was played in the Bible?
4. What is the difference between an elephant and a pound of butter?
Doll designed in 1928 by Sheila Young and published first in the Ladies Home Journal.
RABBITVILLE GAZETTE
MAYPOLE EDITION
FINAL
Weather for Merry Air Conditioned
WISEY RABBIT'S NEW RIDDLES
WHAT HAS FEATHERS AND WEARS A WHITE SLIP?
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN AUTO AND AN ELEPHANT?
WHAT GAMBLERS?
RETURN OF THE SUN
By Anna E. Rokeby-Thomas
Ekerena was an Eskimo girl, and this was the day she had dreamed of. The sun was tired of resting and would come back.
It had been night all winter long for the Eskimos here in the far north. Last fall the days had gotten shorter and shorter, until the tired sun would set almost right after it had risen. Then one day, and for many days after that, the sun did not rise at all but stayed at home and rested. Now, soon it would come back.
At least, old Sikaik had said so. He knew all the secrets of the sun and weather.
On this wonderful day it didn't even seem like work to roll up the fur sleeping bags and do the other igloo chores. Now she must go find Kituk, her older brother, before joining the celebration. Ekerena soon found him at the dog line. He was busy feeding the dogs. "Let me feed Pingnuk. She eats much better when I feed her," called Ekerena.
50
JACK and JILL

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Your favorite youngsters will find fun and excitement on every bright page of JACK AND JILL. And what a wonderful gift a subscription is for a birthday, for back to school or just "I love you"!

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Town_____ Zone____ State_____

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(*Continued from Page 44*) I've ever wanted in the world." For a moment or so he stood staring at me, then he smiled suddenly, charmingly. "Silly, isn't it?" he said, and I shrugged, not answering—there was nothing to say to that—and we began walking out toward the street.

"What are you doing these days, Hugh?" Vic said then, as we walked on toward the line of doorways ahead. I told him, and he nodded. "Not married, are you?" he said, and I had the sudden feeling that this was more than casual conversation, that my answer was somehow important to Vic, and I glanced at him curiously as I shook my head no. For several steps then we walked along in silence, and I was aware that Vic was eying me speculatively. Then, his voice very casual, he said, "What are you doing right now; got time for a little lunch?"

"Yeah, if you're not too hungry; I had a late breakfast."

He said, "A sandwich will do fine."

We had lunch at a big drugstore on West 42nd Street; the lunch rush hour was just ending and most of the tables still were uncleared. "Quite a contrast," I said, grinning at Vic; I was needling him a little, I don't know why, but he simply nodded, his face abstracted and thoughtful. Glancing around the store, his eye was caught by a floor display a few yards away—a table piled with packaged airplane- and ship-model kits, the kind you put together yourself. Vic got up, walked over to it, and I watched him then, looking through the kits. Presently he came back, a package in his hand, and he smiled and shrugged as he sat down again. "I kind of like these things," he said. "I get a kick out of putting them together," and I didn't believe him.

I was certain, somehow, that it was a lie, and I looked at the colored illustration on the package in his hands; it showed a surfaced submarine, one of the later S types, her decks awash, plowing through a very blue sea. "Look good to you, Hugh?" Vic said, and I didn't answer, wondering what he was getting at, and he pulled open a flap at one end of the package. "Let's see what it looks like," he said, sliding the plastic parts out onto the table. Then he picked up two long sections of gray plastic and fitted them together to form the slim, tapering hull of a miniature submarine. "Beautifully made little thing," he murmured, holding it up, and I nodded.

"Looks like a sub in dry dock," I said.

"Yeah," Vic answered, smiling, "stripped down for repairs and refitting in a main yard." He glanced up at me. "Like to be sailing on her, Hugh?"

"Oh"—I smiled—"I wouldn't mind; but for a few days, not a three-year hitch."

The waitress brought menus then, smiling down at the little sub as she cleared the table and swabbed it off, and while we studied the menus I had time to wonder what Vic was up to. He was staging something, I felt; I was sure that if I hadn't been with him he'd never have given the model display a second glance, let alone hunt out a submarine kit. Again I wondered why Vic DeRossier had tried to phone me, and, after I gave the waitress my order, I sat back in the booth, waiting for whatever he had to say.

He lounged back and said idly, conversationally, "Be fun, wouldn't it, if half a dozen guys, say, all ex-submarine men, got hold of an old sub?" He smiled thoughtfully. "I think I'd be tempted to take a little cruise some night. When there was no moon and no Coast Guard in sight. Just for old times' sake, and not far—nice and slow and taking it easy." He took a sip of water, glancing up at me over the rim of the glass as he swallowed. "And if that worked out"—he set the glass down—"I could even see us taking her down a little way." My face must have shown something because Vic said softly, "I thought that might get you; and it does, doesn't it, Hughie-boy?"

I smiled a little and didn't deny it. No one serves in a United States submarine unless that's where he wants to be. Some men are there simply because they don't mind the service and like belonging to an elite group; the extra pay is no objection either. But others are there because they love submarines. Most civilians—and plenty of Navy men—can see nothing pleasant, nothing that isn't at least a little horrifying about a handful of men deliberately submerging a ship under the surface of the ocean, and continuing on down into the dark, silent cold. But I loved it when I was in the service, and now I smiled and said, "Beats weekend sailing, all right."

"Yeah," he said softly, leaning forward over the table top toward me, "it will."

"Will?" I said after a moment.

He nodded slowly—grinning, enjoying this—his narrowed eyes exuberant and alive again. "Yeah, Hugh," he said gently. "We've got a sub—five of us. A little one—less than five hundred tons and the oldest you ever saw. But we think it's just possible we might get her operating again, and then six men could man her."

For several seconds I sat studying his face and eyes, then I knew he was serious. "All right, Vic," I said quietly, "cut out the build-up; I don't need it. What the devil are you talking about?"

He leaned still farther toward me and spoke almost in a whisper. "About one and a half million dollars, Hugh; two hundred and fifty thousand apiece, tax-free. More money than you'll ever get your hands on in any other way."

Again I watched him, studying his eyes; then I sat back in the booth. "And what way is that?"

He shook his head, sitting back too. "I can't tell you now; not till we know you're pretty well interested."

"Then we've run out of conversation, Vic, because I'm not."

"Why?"

"A million and a half dollars"—I smiled—"that you need a submarine to get, and it's all a big secret. Whatever you're doing, Vic, it's illegal, isn't it? A crime."

"Sure." He nodded. "Technically, anyway. I don't think it's really a crime, and I don't think you or anyone else would either. But legally it is; get caught, and you'll go to prison, and for a long, long time. You might even get killed; it's dangerous too."

I smiled. "You still selling me, Vic, or you talking me out of it now?"

"Still selling you, Hugh." He smiled back. "We've got four or five possible guys on our list for the sixth man, but you're the one we want. I'm glad I ran into you today, but I'd have located you one way or another; I'm pretty sure you're the guy we want, and I'll tell you why." For several moments he was silent, staring at me, then he said quietly, "There's a word you don't hear much any more, Hugh; not spoken seriously, anyway. It's out of style, and you're supposed to smile when you say it. You know what the word is?" His eyes went somber, and again he leaned forward, his voice dropping. "It's 'adventure,' and you hardly hear or see it any more, except in the titles of books for boys. But myself, I still like the word; I still like what it means. Why, hell"—he threw himself back in the booth—"today even college boys talk security!" Vic leaned closer to me, his voice a murmur. "But you're not like that, Hugh, and that's why I'm talking to you now. I don't think you're willing to grow up into a man and then settle for life in the suburbs. I'm not!" He glared at me.

For several moments, his nostrils flaring, his eyes bright, Vic sat staring at me. Then he sat back and said quietly, "And that's all I can tell you now, Hugh. All I can promise you, now or ever, is this: Decide to come in with us, and you'll be scared to death, and with darned good reason. And you may end up dead—or regretting it forever." His eyes wide, he was staring past me. "But you'll have a good time," he murmured, "the kind you were made for." His hand suddenly clenched to a fist, and now his eyes focused on me again. "You'll have a good time," he repeated more loudly, "the best there is. With a chance of making a quarter of a million dollars to boot!"

I looked up at Vic again, and he said softly, "What do you say, Hugh? Are you interested?"

I smiled at him sardonically. "No," I said and leaned toward him. "Because you know what this sounds like to me? Whatever it is? Like something four or five guys sitting around over a few drinks might have dreamed up and got all excited about. Sunken treasure maybe, or something of that sort, which sounds like fun; adventure maybe, but it sounds unreal, even childish; and if you say different, you've got to convince me."

"And if we did, what then?" I didn't answer immediately, and Vic said softly, "You'd be interested then, wouldn't you, Hugh? You like money, don't you? You'd like a lot of it, wouldn't you? How'd you like to sail on the *Queen Mary* first class?"

I was irritated—I don't like to be sold anything; I don't like being handled or managed, the way Vic had been trying to; and I spoke the truth besides. "I wouldn't give a damn for it," I said. "I don't care if I never sailed on the *Mary* or any other ship, first class or tenth."

For the first time Vic looked defeated, puzzled. I leaned forward, grinning. "But I'd like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," I said gently. "Boy, how I'd like it. And do you know what I'd do with it, Vic?" He sat staring at me and shook his head. "Nothing," I said. "I wouldn't spend a lousy dime of it."

The waitress brought our sandwiches and coffee then, and we each sat back, watching her set them, with the silverware, on the table. Then I picked up my sandwich and leaned toward Vic again. "A lot of people think this and say this, Vic, but they wouldn't really do it. I would, though; I wouldn't spend that money. I'd buy Government bonds with it, at banks and post offices here and there. And at only three per cent interest, it would give me seventy-five hundred dollars a year for the rest of my life, and my family'd have it after me—I wouldn't even need life insurance. For that, Vic, I'd do almost anything—not for the lousy two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but for the seventy-five hundred it would bring me each year."

I was silent for a moment, then I took a sip of coffee and said, "That's all I want, Vic; that's all money means to me. But I'd give plenty for that; I'd do almost anything. Now, what's it all about?"

"Come and see for yourself," he said, grinning and exuberant again. "Meet the others, size them up, and let them size you up, those who don't already know you. And if they suit you and you suit them, you'll find out all about it."

"And when would that be?"

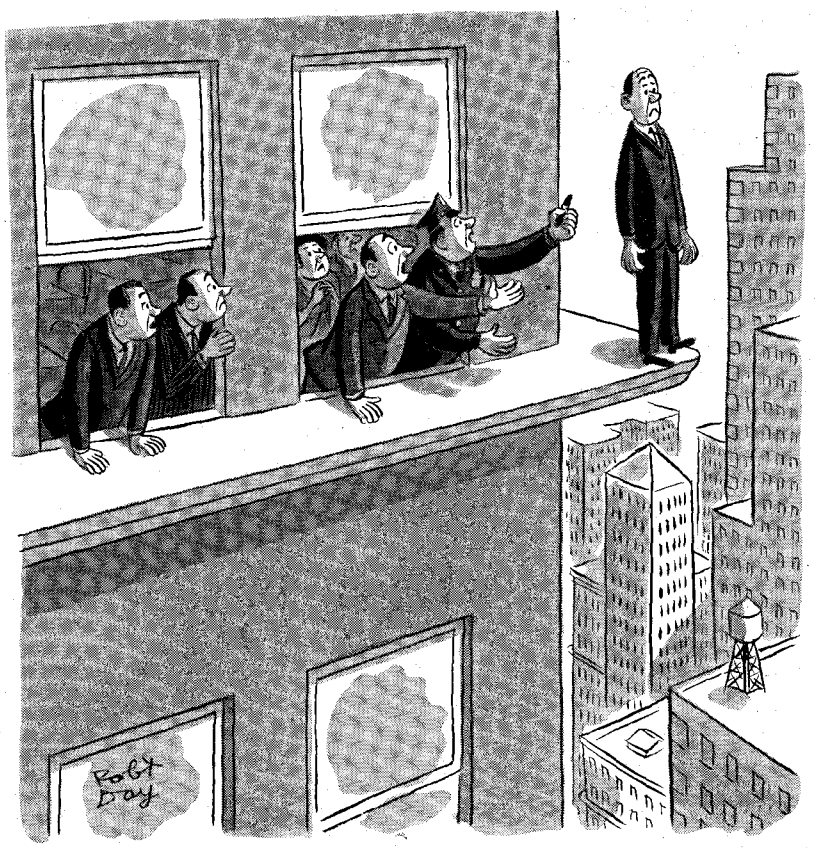
"Tomorrow; we're ready to start, Hugh, and we're pressed for time."

I took another sip of coffee, then said, "If I do, Vic, I'll decide for myself just how technical this crime is and how much sense your scheme makes. And if I don't like the sound of it, I'm out."

"Sure." Vic put down his sandwich and dusted the crumbs from his palms. "One thing, though; if you didn't come in with us, we'd have to trust you to keep your mouth shut. We could do that, couldn't we, Hugh? You'd better be sure we could." After a moment I nodded, and Vic said, "Well, then. Tomorrow's Sunday. Can you meet me in Penn Station around ten o'clock, at the main information booth?"

"Sure," I said to Vic. "I'll be there."

TO BE CONTINUED



"It's been an accumulation of many things, I understand. Drawing the Phillies in the office baseball pool merely proved the final straw."

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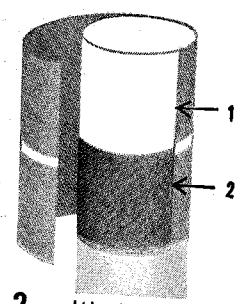

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The Don't-Touch Girl (Continued from Page 24)

Cully was a cozy, friendly girl. She wanted desperately to be liked for herself, and not for her measurements. But from the day she had turned sixteen she had been almost friendless. Girls had fled from her as from the plague; and if men had done just the opposite, their interest in her soul, Cully understood, was minimal.

She had no trouble getting jobs, for actually she could type quite well. She sometimes had as many as fourteen jobs a year; but always, after a month, a week or even only a couple of hours, came that inevitable moment—well, for instance, an attractive young grandfather, a wholesale manufacturer of umbrellas who had led an utterly blameless life up to that moment, would bear to his grave the scars from a ruler Cully happened to be holding when he got too close.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Cully led a tragic life. Far from it. She lived with her sister Rosemary and her sister's husband, Eddie, in their crowded little flat on East Eighty-eighth Street, and there she was completely happy. They loved her and they understood her, and they treated her with the same sort of kindness they would have had she been cross-eyed and knock-kneed.

But they also were used to her. When, therefore, one night at dinner she said that she had found a new job, they accepted the announcement with a calm that was barely polite.

"Oh?" Rosemary said.

"It was kind of funny," Cully said.

"What?"

"The way it happened. The agency sent me over to this place that wanted five hundred circulars sent out."

"Well?"

"Only when I got there the woman took a look at me and asked if I had ever done any acting."

Rosemary very deliberately put her fork on her plate and looked at Cully. "What kind of place was this?"

"Don't get excited," Cully said. "It was the Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny Children's Theater. And this was Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny herself." Rosemary picked up her fork.

"One of the actresses had just left," Cully said. "She got a better job in a bookstore."

"What did you tell the woman?"

"I told her yes. I was in those two plays in school, remember? And I took dancing lessons for a year. And the singing I can fake. After all, a mouse doesn't have to have much of a voice."

This was the first time Eddie had taken any interest in the conversation. "A mouse?" he said.

"Yes," Cully said. "I play a mouse. At least most of the time. The rest I'm a princess."

Eddie reached for a piece of bread. "This I got to see," he said.

Rosemary said, "I don't think I want you mixed up in anything like that."

"Wait," Cully said. "You can trust me. This isn't anything dangerous, like off-Broadway. We play in women's clubs and school auditoriums and we travel by station wagon, and we go all over this area—Long Island, Jersey. Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny is an old established woman. She wears a hat all the time, even indoors."

"There's some trick to it somewhere, I'll bet," Rosemary said.

"No," Cully said. "Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny impressed on me that there was no horseplay in her company. That's one of the reasons I took the job. And the rest of the people are real eager and serious. There are only eight."

"Look," Rosemary said, "if you're a princess, there's sure to be a prince around somewhere. There's trouble right away."

"No," Cully said. "No. That's the wonderful part. The prince is a puppet. A twelve-foot puppet—so I'll look more like a mouse."

"I don't get it," Eddie said.

Cully pushed back her chair. "Well, it's complicated. There's this witch, see, and she has a son that she wants the princess to marry, but the princess won't because she says he looks like a rat. This makes the witch mad."

Eddie nodded. "That I can see."

"So," Cully said, "the witch casts a spell on the princess and turns her into a mouse—that's poetic justice, see—and she says the princess can only return to human form if an eligible prince falls in love with her. O.K.?"

"Um," Eddie said.

"Then the mouse runs far away out into a field where she finds a lot of other mice. That's where they have a lot of dancing and singing."

Eddie frowned. "Children go for this?" he said.

"Certainly," Cully said. "Then one day the prince—that's the puppet—comes out to the field and sits down and watches the mice dance."

"Sits down?" Eddie said, "Puppets can sit down?"

"This one can do anything. Jimmy Cramer, who manipulates him, is really wonderful. He studied in Europe. And he's young."

"Jimmy Cramer," Rosemary said.

"After a while the mouse—that's me—takes pity on the prince because he's so sad, and gives him a flower. He's sad because all the princesses in the neighborhood are ugly."

"Where is this play located?" Eddie said.

"Well, I don't know," Cully said. "Not around here. Anyway, a lot of things happen until finally the prince is so cheered up that one day he says, "Oh, mouse, I love you," and right then and there I return to human form because, remember, that was the spell—an eligible prince had to fall in love with me."

"Then what happens?"

"The prince gets scaled down to human size—Jimmy Cramer plays him—and we get married and live happily ever after."

Eddie leaned back in his chair, picked up a cigarette and lighted it. "One thing bothers me," he said.

"What?" Cully said.

"The end. Where they break the spell. It doesn't sound real."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Eddie said, "how can you call any prince so eligible who would fall in love with a mouse?"

Such concern with reality did not trouble Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny; she knew, under her old established hat, what she was doing. Children, she had found, do not have the same plot requirements as adults. A five-year-old, still trailing clouds of glory—a little shopworn by then, if you will, but still recognizable as glory—and as yet unacquainted with the fearful symmetry of the universe, would as soon have a mouse turn into a man as not. Indeed, after the endless responsibilities of kindergarten, it was a relief to see something come out right. Children had only one requirement for the drama, she had discovered, but it was a basic and terrible requirement, and it was this: Actors and actresses had to be beautiful. Put an ugly woman on the stage, and the tots began to yawn.

So it happened that whatever talents Cully lacked were largely ignored by Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny. In her gold-and-white dress Cully was breath-taking. Nothing else mattered.

And it isn't to be supposed that Cully was bad. She could dance, and Anna Maria, another mouse, painstakingly gave her the steps; the old witch, a Mrs. Walter Terry, showed her how best to fake her singing; and Jimmy Cramer, the avid perfectionist, rehearsed and rehearsed the scenes she had with the puppet. Cully was a nice girl and a willing girl; in the easy working atmosphere of the studio she relaxed and expanded; for the first time in years she let down her guard and was happy. It showed.

"She'll do," Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny said. "She'll do very well."

And to get down to cases, Jimmy Cramer thought so too. Perfectionist he may have been, but not to the extent that it blunted his perception. From high up in the flies where he stood with his pulleys and strings, he got an extraordinary view of Cully's configuration.

He couldn't immediately do anything about it. In the first place, old horse face, under her hat, had eyes that were everywhere; in the second, rehearsals were so rushed that there wasn't time; and in the third, he was shy. Not shy in the comic way, blushing and stammering, but shy in the sense that he was gentle and humorous.

He did what he could with his opportunities, of course. Jimmy was a master manipulator. He could make his puppet do everything he wished; and not merely the physical things of walking and sitting and dancing, but so great was his mastery that he was able to transmit to the prince by the subtlest of twists and turns and head movements the emotions of joy and sadness and love. Say it was a bag of tricks, say it was a transference of himself to his puppet—both were true. Jimmy lived along the line.

It was just as well Cully did not understand this relation of artist to his art, else she would not have submitted so eagerly to the hand of the prince as it touched her cheek, her hair, her arm. But she did not understand, and so willingly did she give herself to her twelve-foot hero that sometimes, after a touch, Jimmy would make the prince step back and shiver with delight. Then Cully would throw back her head, look up at Jimmy and laugh with joy. And Jimmy, looking down, would imitate the puppet and shiver too.

After weeks of rehearsal, the Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny Children's theater gave its first performance in Crafton, New Jersey. This turned out to be a jolt to Cully and, in a different way, to Jimmy.

It was a mild and opulent October day. Most of the cast piled into the station wagon—besides Jimmy and Cully, there was Anna Maria, Mrs. Walter Terry, the witch, assorted mice and a king. Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny drove as efficiently as she did everything else.

Cully was nervous, of course. There hadn't been a really proper dress rehearsal—everyone else had played his part the year before, so it wasn't thought necessary. She was sure she wouldn't remember a word.

She was wrong. The first scene, before the witch cast her spell, went beautifully. The children, all two hundred and fifty of them, plus assorted mothers and fathers, sat open-mouthed and silent, obviously fascinated. Cully, as every minute passed, gained confidence.

She was the less prepared, therefore, for what happened in the second scene when she came on as the mouse.

Cully had never got a really good look at herself in the mouse's costume. It was made of jersey, skintight, she knew that; but it was dark brown, it covered her up to her neck, all down her arms—her hands were paws—and over her head there was a mask shaped like a mouse's head. She had seen herself only dimly through the mask, in the dusty, badly lighted mirror in the studio; but she had thought she looked really quite like a mouse.

Poor Cully! When she stepped out onto the stage, the blazing lights caught the shimmering jersey and pointed out a

"We'll have eleven ham sandwiches, one cheese; eleven coffees, one tea; eleven jelly rolls, one . . ."

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"I'm afraid there'll be a slight delay—
your prescription just exploded."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

truth—this was no mouse as had ever been seen on land or sea.

"Wow!" said a child with a bass voice.

Oh, it wasn't really a child with a bass voice; it was a young uncle who had thought himself a martyr for being forced to bring his five-year-old niece to this show.

"Sh-h-h!" said a number of mothers.

How Cully got through the rest of the afternoon she never knew, but she did, of course, and at the end, standing taking bows in her gold-and-white dress before a wildly cheering audience, she managed a smile.

No, it wasn't until afterward, on the way home, when she was tucked in the front seat of the station wagon between Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny and Jimmy that she broke down.

"Oh," she said, "I thought I'd die. Really!"

Mrs. Walter Terry, the witch, tried to comfort her. "Well, now, don't worry. The costume can be altered. You can wear sort of a bib, maybe."

"Mice don't wear bibs," Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny said. "It will have to be something else."

"And you know," Cully said, "afterward, it wasn't the children who came back to see me. It was their fathers."

"And their grandfathers," the king said.

Then Jimmy said, "You're shaking," and took his overcoat and wrapped it around her. Cully leaned her head on his shoulder and began to cry.

That was Jimmy's jolt. He had imagined all kinds of things in his wildest dreams, but never that Cully would put her head on his shoulder and cry—for this reason.

"Oh," Cully said, "I wanted to be such a good mouse. But now this again. It's always this."

Is there such a thing as the Fathers' Underground? It would seem so from the number of requests for engagements that suddenly flooded in on the Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny Children's Theater. Do fathers on Wall Street and Madison Avenue say to other fathers on Wall Street and Madison Avenue, "Listen, let me tell you about a show I caught last Saturday"?

If so, certain fathers in Connecticut and on Long Island must have been mildly disappointed, for by the time they saw her, Cully's costume had been fixed. It had been loosened in certain places, and around her neck was hung a heavy garland of artificial flowers. Of course, this did not entirely hide the fact that Cully was Cully—a burnoose would not have hidden Cully—but it did quiet things down.

So everyone was happy—everyone, that is, except Jimmy Cramer. He felt, and rightly, that the crisis had backed him into a false position. For he had become Cully's friend. It is likely, and even sad, that Cully had never known a man as a friend before; it was a new and surprising experience for her. That one kind gesture of his—putting a comforting arm around her in the station wagon, an arm that did not immediately begin to explore the terrain—that had been an eye opener to her. It made him—oh, almost more than a friend, a brother. No man had ever been merely kind to Cully before—except Eddie, of course, and he didn't count. No man had ever treated her simply for what she really was, a human girl with feelings.

To Jimmy it was an intolerable situation. She even took him home to dinner, again something that had never happened with any other man.

"What?" Rosemary said.

"You'll love him," Cully said.

And they did. Rosemary liked him because he was so nice, Eddie liked him because they both, while in the Army, had been stationed at the same place in Germany, though at different times.

If he was at first a curiosity, that feeling soon wore off, and they accepted him at Cully's valuation—a friend. He became, in fact, a regular customer at Eddie and Rosemary's house; and they went out together, the four of them, bowling, to the movies, dancing.

The situation continued for some weeks, because no matter what anyone thought, nobody said anything out loud. This made—or rather continued to make—only Jimmy unhappy. Because the more he saw of Cully the more he found out what a really good girl she was, and the more he longed for her. "Burned" for her would be a better word. But he, too, kept quiet, for by now he had heard all the stories, and he was terrified of what might happen if he spoke up.

Nobody knows, for the most part, how anyone else feels, but sometimes you can make a pretty good guess. It was Eddie, good old sensible, insensitive Eddie, who one night felt moved to hazard the guess.

He was alone with Rosemary; they were getting ready for bed. "Listen," Eddie said, "that guy's going to explode."

"Jimmy?" Rosemary said. "No."

"You wait," Eddie said. "He's going nuts. Nobody can take that stuff Cully's dishing out."

Rosemary frowned. "He seems so friendly."

"My girl," Eddie said, "that look in his eye is something besides friendly."

So Rosemary began to worry, and when next she saw Jimmy she observed him carefully. It was quite a shock. He was, she decided sadly, just like all other men.

She felt she must do something. Cully was so happy for the first time in years. So she decided to speak to Jimmy. Oh, she did not know it, but women have been speaking to men for a long time now, and it has always led to trouble.

"You see," she said to Jimmy the next time she got him alone, "Cully's really just a romantic young girl at heart. Circumstances have been against her. You know. She's always dreamed that a knight in shining armor—or at least someone—would come along and treat her like a lady. Now, you see—well, it's really sort of happened. The prince, I mean. He's kind and polite, and no wolf whistles or anything like that. And she's sort of in love with that puppet. Does that make any sense? Anyway she's happy. You see what I mean? She loves the prince."

Rosemary said to Eddie afterward that she hoped she had done some good and, as a matter of fact, she had. It was out of her little talk that Jimmy got his great idea.

At the next performance Jimmy watched Cully very carefully. He came to the conclusion that no matter what Rosemary's motive had been, she had actually spoken the truth. Cully was in love with the puppet. The way she looked at it, took its hand, the way she moved in front of it—these were the actions of a girl in love.

Well, Jimmy said coldly to himself, *I am on home ground. Puppets have given lessons in the facts of life before this. Let's see——*

In the very next scene the puppet squeezed Cully's arm just a little harder than he had the day before. Cully didn't seem to notice. That same night Jimmy took the prince home and added extra strings to his fingers.

Maybe it was because Cully felt so fundamentally secure with the prince that she showed no sign of change toward him in the first week Jimmy went to work on her. Jimmy was almost discouraged.

Then one day he ran the puppet's fingers down her back. Cully stiffened, turned to the prince and said a line that was not in the script, "You stop that."

It got a laugh. Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny was delighted, and said, "Keep it in."

Cully was confused. Her first impulse had been to suspect the prince, but now, since it had got a laugh and everybody loved it, she didn't know what to think.

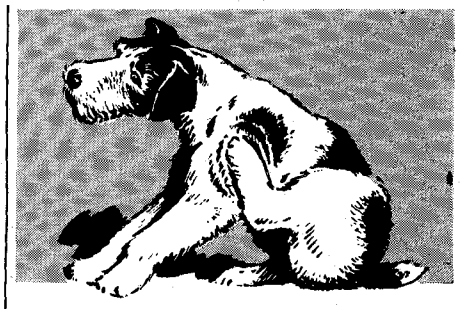
But she began to be aware of things. The puppet's hand lingered on her shoulder, lingered on her arm, and once—again it wasn't in the script—on her knee.

"What's this bit with the knee?" she said to Jimmy afterward.

He shrugged. "I'm trying something out," he said.

"Well, don't," Cully said.

Then, three days later, something happened that she couldn't help noticing. During a black-out, the prince grabbed Cully around the waist and squeezed her. There was no mistaking it. Cully let go with a hand, and the puppet, which weighed hardly anything, went flying



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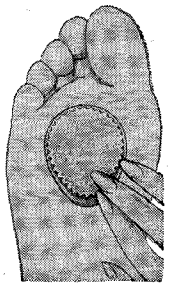

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away from her over into the wings, where Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny herself happened to be standing. His fingers, of course, became entangled in the feathers of Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny's hat and pulled it half off her head before she was able to retrieve it. When the lights went on, she said—the hat still dangling on one ear—she said to Cully, "Don't you ever do that again. Understand?"

Cully didn't say anything to Rosemary for more than a week. Then, "It's making me nervous," she said. "Every performance he grabs at me."

"Really, Cully," Rosemary said.

"I don't like it," Cully said. "It's making me nervous."

One day—oh, it was probably inevitable from the beginning—Jimmy went too far.

At the end of the next to the last scene—just before Cully was turned from the mouse back into the princess—just as she had turned to walk off the stage, the prince deliberately reached out and pinched her.

It was nothing that could be misunderstood. It was no accident. It was a pinch.

"Ouch," Cully said, and she threw back her head and looked up, not at the prince, but at Jimmy.

She walked to her dressing room, tears of rage in her eyes. It was all over, all the fun, all the happiness of the last three months. She was back where she had always been before—she was just a girl somebody wanted to pinch.

Well, there was only one thing for her to do. When the play was over, she found Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny, took her back to the dressing room and shut the door.

Then, standing in her gold-and-white dress, she told Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny what had happened. She told her the beginning, the middle and, as of just ten minutes earlier, the end; told her how she loved the Children's Theater, how she never wanted to leave, but told her finally, "It's just got to the point where I can't stand it any more. I'm too nervous. Either you get rid of Jimmy or you get rid of me."

Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny listened grimly. She was tired, she was old, she had had a hard day and she was in no humor to hear anything like this.

"Cully," she said, "I think you're a very foolish girl. I know Jimmy. He's a good boy. There's been some sort of mistake."

"No there hasn't," Cully said.

"I say there has. Remember my hat. That was a mistake."

She got up and went to the door. "But if you're giving me an ultimatum, I'll give you one back. There are hundreds of pretty girls who can play the princess, but I don't know where I can get another puppeteer as good as Jimmy. If somebody must go, it will have to be you." She opened the door and walked out.

Cully was left with herself. She went over to her chair, sat down, put her head in her arms and began to cry. She was tired, she was young, she had had a hard day, she was in no humor to hear what Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny had just told her. She couldn't believe it; she couldn't believe she never would play the princess and the mouse again.

After a while she was aware that someone else was in the room. She looked in the mirror. It was Jimmy. He had shut the door and was standing with his back against it.

"Aren't you ashamed?" he said. She wheeled toward him, but he held up a hand. "I'll do the talking," he said, and then he shook his head sadly. "After all the trouble I've gone to —— I know. I know what you're going to say," he went on. "You're going to say I don't respect you. But that's nonsense, Cully. Listen. Learning to make a twelve-foot puppet pinch a girl was the most difficult job of manipulation I've ever attempted. Would I do that for someone I didn't respect? It took me weeks and weeks of practice.

"And why? I don't pinch Mrs. Walter Terry or Anna Maria or Grace Hartwell MacIlhenny, do I? Why do you suppose I just pinch you? Well, I'll tell you why. I had to find some way to get it through your thick head that nature's plan is not a course in etiquette. So think it over. And get into your clothes. We have a long drive ahead of us."

"Yes," Cully said.

"Yes, what?"

Cully looked at him and sniffled. "Yes, Jimmy," she said.

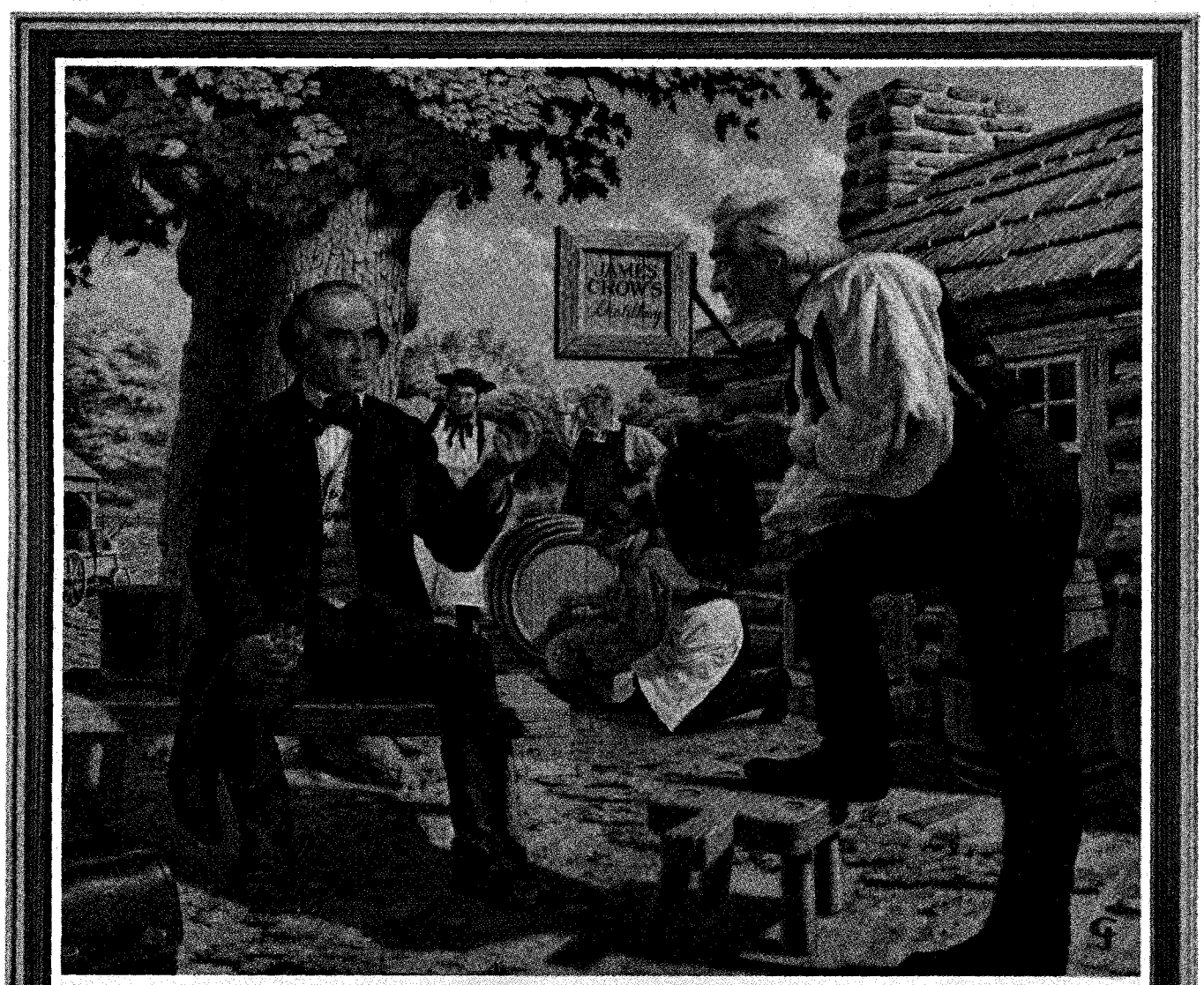
Later—oh, maybe two or three months later—they were sitting around, Cully and Jimmy, in Rosemary and Eddie's apartment. It was after dinner. They all felt well.

"And," Rosemary said, "you mean just because you're married he doesn't pinch you at all any more?"

Cully shook her head. "No," she said, and then she began to giggle. "Not in public, anyway." THE END

A space suit is what you have after a few months of dieting.

VESTA M. KELLY



Daniel Webster visits his friend James Crow

Senator Webster, he of the golden tongue and the good life, thought Old Crow such a work of art, he visited Dr. Crow at the distillery. The great orator ringingly pronounced Crow's whiskey "the finest in the world"—according to historical archives.

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Rebirth of a Cathedral (Continued from Page 30)

Moscow, contributed a precious icon. The more, the merrier! The prospect of possessing within their very walls not only the world's first non-Roman-Catholic cathedral built along modern lines but a religious and artistic landmark of international renown gives 280,000 Coventrians an understandable sense of achievement.

The consecration of the new cathedral, now set for the spring of 1962, will put the finishing touch to a long, tortuous story—a saga of death and rebirth. It started after dark on November 14, 1940, with the appearance over Coventry of the dread German Pathfinder Squadron whose job it was to drop incendiaries which would illuminate the target for the night bombers that followed. About 450 planes converged that night over the city. And when their mission was accomplished some ten hours later the center area of Coventry was gutted.

According to official British records, 568 people were killed that night, 865 severely wounded; 2294 buildings were utterly destroyed and 45,704 damaged. The same records point out that this was not one of the "terror raids" with which the Germans harassed Britain later in the war. As one of England's major industrial cities, Coventry was crammed with military targets, and though the bombs were scattered over a large surface, the purpose of the raid—to strike a blow at Britain's aircraft industry and its ancillary services—was more or less accomplished. Of twenty-one important factories severely damaged, twelve were directly concerned with aircraft production. Had Hitler followed through with one more major raid—which, inexplicably, he did not do—the British aircraft industry would have been crippled.

Today most of the wounds are mended, and a new Coventry has risen from the cinders. The visitor who had expected something gray and dreary, finds himself in a hustling boom town, a prosperous new world where life pulsates with a fresh, rapid beat. Deriving its good fortunes from its manufacturing industries—automobile, aircraft, bicycle, textile, electrical equipment, and machine-tool plants jostle one another in the city—Coventry has doubled its population in the last twenty years, quadrupled it since 1900. At the same time, earnings have risen faster here than anywhere else in the British Isles, and current wage levels are said to be the highest in this country. And you can tell. The shops are filled with fancy goods; the people are well dressed and vigorous and stride around their town with a no-nonsense air about them.

The city fathers, rising to the challenge, have solved the twofold problem of reconstruction and expansion with an eye for the grandiose. Three new peripheral neighborhoods have gone up since the war. And the demolished core, where only a few houses had survived, has been recast on almost futuristic lines, making this one of Europe's most rigorously modern cities. Armed under postwar laws with compulsory-purchase powers, the city corporation has bought up nearly half of the real estate within the city center and used this area for planned development on an impressive scale.

Stand on a slightly elevated vantage point and you will see that the whole inner town is held together by a central axis—running from the cathedral tower spang through the rather nice bronze monument of Coventry's most famous citizen, good Lady Godiva on her horse, to a clean, spacious shopping area built on two levels and closed to all motor traffic. The rest—glass, air, and concrete—is compartmentalized and easily ticked off: a block of modern office buildings, multistory garages, a lecture hall, a supermarket, a block of thirteen-story apartment houses, a new hotel, a theater, a university quarter, a swimming pool, a dance hall, and ample parking space. The whole, with its arcades, and its attempt at emphasizing the outdoors, conveys an almost Mediterranean air, making the reborn town unique among this country's introverted cities. There is even a circular, terraced café inside the shopping area—a temple, as it were, of gossip, where ladies may discuss one another's hats and husbands.

Among the casualties of the big raid was the cathedral of St. Michael. Its heavy oaken ceiling had caught fire when the incendiaries dropping onto the roof ate their way through; and, what with the whole town ablaze, there was no hope of salvaging the structure. The roof fell in, and for a while the proud old church burned like a barn. What the survivors found next day was a decapitated, burnt-out nave—a dead and empty body over which the 295-foot steeple, untouched by the destruction, mounted a lonely watch.

But though you could hear people say, even the morning after, that old St. Michael's church would rise again, it soon was clear that reconstruction would pose some serious problems. For one thing, the elaborate workmanship going into carved tracery, pinnacles, mullions, and other Gothic curlicues, at current wages would have raised the expense beyond all reasonable limits—inasmuch as the old walls themselves were probably too shaky for re-use. For another, the ruined church, although a fine example of the Perpendicular phase of English Gothic, had never ranked, artistically speaking, with England's great cathedrals at York, Ely, Salisbury, to name a few. Why reproduce an edifice that never claimed a place among the nation's great artistic treasures?

The argument that won the day, however, against rebuilding the original was that it had not been conceived as a cathedral church—a church in which the bishop has his cathedra, or seat. True, Coventry was one of England's old cathedral towns; Lady Godiva, pious Catholic she was, had reared a vast and splendid abbey here which had for centuries enjoyed cathedral status until it was demolished in the Reformation. But old St. Michael's was a parish church. Built as a simple house of worship, at an uncertain date; embellished and enlarged by Coventry's rich wool merchants during the fifteenth century, St. Michael's had, in fact, not graduated to cathedral status until 1918, when Coventry became a full-blown Anglican diocese. And what the Coventry Cathedral Council—the governing body of the church, composed of clerical and lay members—decided on, after a few false starts, was a cathedral worthy of the name.

The difference, its members argued, was one of character rather than size. Belonging not to a sole parish but to the diocese, a cathedral should impress by grandeur—the more so, in this case, as it would have to be a mother-church to parishes with such world-famous names as Kenilworth, Stratford on Avon, Warwick, Rugby. Moreover, as a bastion of the Church of England, it also belonged to the nation as a whole, and therefore should be an outstanding edifice, appealing to the viewer's sense of beauty and imagination. Last but not least, although the clerical tradition here was not High Church, the new cathedral should provide the kind of frame for liturgical movement, choral music, religious plays, and special ceremonial functions that had been missing in the old St. Michael's.

Once this was clearly understood, things picked up speed. An eight-member reconstruction committee, composed almost entirely of influential businessmen, was set up to push on with the big job, administer the £1,000,000 that was available in war-damage funds, and raise more cash, if need be, by subscription. An architectural competition was opened in October, 1950. From among 219 entries submitted, in line with the rules, anonymously, and ranging from the Gothic to the Romanesque—featuring spires, domes, and Oriental-looking beehives—the jury of three well-known architects picked the design turned in by Basil Spence, himself an architect of no great fame.

Spence, curiously enough, was not greatly surprised. Once, pinned down by enemy fire during the Allied landings of June, 1944, he had heard fellow soldiers down the line play, "What'll you do when this is over?" He still recalls how his own contribution, "Build a cathedral," had sent great peals of merriment into the air. But when he read the terms of the Coventry competition, he saw in them his call, and he drove up to Coventry, where he had never been, to take a look at the site. Standing inside the ruined nave, and gazing through a hollow window at the adjoining bombed-out area which the Cathedral Council had acquired, he went into a trance.

"I was profoundly moved," he says. "Staring out of that broken window, I suddenly saw straight ahead the nave of a new church. I could see all the way to the high altar which seemed illuminated by the colored beams of stained-glass windows hidden in recesses along the walls. To me all this had a deep Christian meaning: Sacrifice symbolized by the burnt ruin and, straight ahead, Redemption."

Spence does not claim he had a vision. A sober Scot, born in Bombay, the son of a distinguished civil servant, he has his wits about him at all times. What hit him then and there may have been no more than a bolt of intuition—the kind of thing that the true artist feels when the creative force takes over. And though he was convinced that he could never match on paper what he had "seen," he tried to, anyway—and won the prize. "In selecting this design," the jury stated, "we feel that it is . . . one which shows that the author has qualities of spirit and imagination of the highest order."

What kind of cathedral, then, is it going to be? Externally it will achieve its impact through simplicity of line, resembling nothing more than a large piece of sculpture hewn from a single block. Even those who are, by temperament and breeding, wary of modern architecture, are apt to marvel at the ingenious way in which a modern formula has been applied to an old, venerable pattern. The scale model of Spence's church, exposed in the large hall of the old steeple, shows that the new cathedral follows in its ground plan the concept of the early-Christian basilica. It is an oblong box, without a transept, with the main entrance at one end, the altar near the other. A copper-plated concrete shell will serve as roof, and there will be the bare suggestion of a spire.

Though its dimensions—298 feet by 108—make the new church larger than old St. Michael's, which measured 293 by 84 feet, it is not big by international cathedral standards—seating, as it will, a congregation of no more than 1500. However, Spence lends the interior added size by leaving out the choir screen, so typical of British cathedrals, thus turning the whole church into a single room, with the high altar visible from every corner.

But what gives the new church its personality is what the layman might refer to as "accordion" or "zigzag" walls. Both side walls have sharp, vertical folds in them, creating in the viewer's mind the vague impression that the edifice had just collided with another, similarly massive, object. The purpose of this curious and original arrangement will become clear as soon as, in the finished church, you start advancing toward the high altar. Walking past five deep recesses on either hand, you will find that every zag is solid concrete, while every zig forms a large window reaching clear up to the cathedral roof.

Although they are completed, these ten tall stained-glass windows—created by a team of three outstanding British craftsmen headed by master glass-designer Lawrence Lee—will not be put in place until the solid parts of the cathedral are all there. And there is reason to believe that they will give the building its peculiar, "churchlike" quality. Set back in such a way that none of them are visible to you as you first enter, and facing south, they will focus their great shafts of green, red, gold and purple light on the high altar, filling the nave with a translucent haze. Each right-hand window matches its companion on the left-hand wall; and every pair, with its variety of colors and symbolic figures, stands for a human age. Hence, as the worshiper progresses up the aisle, advancing from his youth on to maturity and ripe old age, he cannot "read his future." But, turning round near the high altar, flanked by the last two windows, which celebrate the after life with joyous bursts of gold, he can review his past, back to the hopeful green of early youth.

As for the ruined walls of old St. Michael's, the framers of the competition had left their fate up to the architect; he was completely free to do with them as he saw fit, even demolish them if they were in his way. Spence, following his intuition, decided to incorporate them into his design. What he had "seen" in that first, visionary flash—the nave of a new church growing out of the shattered body of the old cathedral—is now being translated into fact. Placed L-fashion against the east end of the ruined nave, the new cathedral juts out northward from the ruins by way of a connecting porch. And, standing at the very spot where Spence was struck by the creative spark, and gazing out the same arched window, the visitor, one day, will look straight down the nave of the new church, stretching majestically to the altar.

How? It is done with glass. The new St. Michael's is designed without a front. Where the façade should be, there will be nothing but a screen of colorless, transparent glass, engraved with dreamlike

... ...

Surgical Thoughts

How can I tell
If the portion they got o' me
Was a bigectomy
Or a smallotomy?

Paul Armstrong

... ...

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images of saints. Between this glass front and the ruined church, closing the narrow gap between both buildings, Spence puts his porch—a few thin columns upholding a protective baldachin. Thus the old church, lying on slightly higher ground than the new structure, becomes a ready-made, open-air atrium from which you may descend a flight of steps, traverse the porch, and enter the main nave.

So far, so good—all this is well thought out and easy on the eye. However, Christian worship is to many people so intimately bound up with tradition that a contemporary setting comes close to sacrilege. And a cathedral, even more than the simple parish church, is thought of as a guardian of the past. In fact, the only other cathedrals now building in the British Isles—Guildford and Liverpool—are imitative and traditional in style, as is, of course, our own remodeled cathedral church of St. John the Divine in New York City. If Gothic pinnacles were good enough for the cathedral builders of the past, why, many people argue, are they not good enough for us?

Nor was this a mere backwoods town. Because of everything that "Coventry" had stood for during four and a half war years, what was happening here now was of intense, immediate interest to the entire nation. No sooner had Spence's design been chosen, and photographs been published in the press, than it became the center of a stormy controversy. The architect himself received some 700 letters which he describes as "eighty per cent rude and twenty per cent very rude." For months the letter columns of the newspapers were filled with outcries against Coventry's new "biscuit factory." One "old Coventrian" now living overseas observed that "reading, back in 1940, of the cathedral's being bombed was saddening. But now to see the monstrously ugly design selected for its replacement is even more saddening."

Confronting his indignant critics, Spence explained whenever they gave him a chance that his design was far from revolutionary. For one thing, while his walls were to be made of concrete, he would conceal the sheer brutality of that material with a smooth outer facing of red sandstone—the same warm-looking, crumbly stone that built the walls of old St. Michael's. For another, he had made a careful study of the proportions of the ruined church, and he was basing his construction on its module—the unit "x," of which distances between pillars, window mullions, and the like, were multiples. The rhythm of the old cathedral, in other words, would be incorporated in the new; if old St. Michael's was a song in stone, he had no more than written a new verse—the music was the same.

But what should reconcile, he argued, even the die-hards of the Gothic Party was his ceiling—an airy canopy evocative of Gothic stone vaults but made of closely spaced, thin slats of oak set into interlacing ribs of prestressed concrete. Placed underneath the actual cathedral roof, this inner ceiling would rest on two rows of slender pillars—which, like the columns of an ancient church, would separate the nave from the two aisles and draw the attention of the faithful to the altar. At night, the light of hidden fixtures placed between canopy and roof, would filter through the lacy vaulting like sunlight shining through Venetian blinds. Did this sound like a place for making biscuits?

Spence won his battle handsomely. The Queen herself, early in 1956, laid the foundation stone of the cathedral. And Coventry's young bishop, the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Bardsley—a very tall, good-looking man, who spends his leisure hours painting—exclaims, "if we cannot express our Christian faith in terms of our time, we might as well pack up!"

Meanwhile, as architect of what is now undoubtedly the most important building project in this country, Spence has come into fame and wealth. He is swamped with orders, has been elected president of the heretofore stanchly conservative Royal Institute of British Architects, has moved his headquarters from Edinburgh to a splendid London town house, and, as a badge of his new eminence, sports a red beard. As for the controversy over his cathedral, the only criticism one still hears these days comes from the *avant-garde* which calls the new St. Michael's, with its fancy ceiling and its focused stained-glass windows, a "romantic" structure contrived in order to produce a mood—and thus in conflict with the rules of "hard" contemporary architecture. Spence won't deny that he is using his effects for atmosphere and inspiration; but does not this, he wonders, make his church "functional" in the true sense of the word?

Today the glassless "picture window" of the ruined church is thronged every hour of the day with eager and impatient Peeping Toms who have come to see how far the church has still to go until the moment when a helicopter can place the seventy-foot aluminum spire atop its concrete roof. There is no roof yet, to be sure. But what confronts you, here and now, is almost terrifyingly impressive.

Rising from the raw concrete floor like an enormous hulk, the walls of the great nave convey the image of a mighty ship with all its innards taken out. No finished church could look so huge. And only when you have absorbed the impact of that apparition can you start filling in the details: the platform near the end that will serve as a base for the high altar; the square-cut apse behind it; the baptistery "bulge" hard on your right; and the sharp recesses in which the stained-glass windows will be hiding. The two circular outbuildings, annexed at catercorners to the fabric, will be a Christian Service Center—containing guild chapel and meeting rooms—and a Chapel of Unity available for worship to Protestants outside the Church of England.

Talk with the craftsmen working on the site, and you will find yourself, not too surprisingly, back in the Middle Ages. As the great blocks of fresh pink stone are brought in from the quarry, the checker carefully compares the number on each block with tallying numbers on his master chart, to see just where it fits into the giant puzzle. The masons give the block a last once-over, and special workmen hoist it gently, as if it were a case of eggs, up to the place assigned to it for the next thousand years. Like their medieval ancestors, these artisans are migrants, working wherever their specific skill is in demand. And you are wondering whether they, too, will leave behind some private jest—a devil's face in stone, perhaps, peering out from some hidden corner—for a bemused posterity.

At latest estimates, the finished structure, from undercroft to copper roof, including everything in it, will cost about $4,000,000—"less than a bomber," as Mr. Spence is fond of pointing out. A generous portion of the budget has, all along, been earmarked for important works of art. As in the days when a new church meant work for a whole galaxy of famous artists, this new St. Michael's is to be a showcase, aglitter with the best our generation is capable of turning out.

The monumental statue of St. Michael, guarding the eastern entrance to the porch, will bear the thumbprint of Sir Jacob Epstein, the seventy-eight-year-old New York-born genius whose raw, protean sculptures have linked his name with many an artistic scandal in the past. Painter John Piper is responsible for the 196 abstract stained-glass lights of the great baptistery window. And painter Graham Sutherland, remembered for his controversial portrait of Sir Winston Churchill, is the creator of the seventy-four-foot-high tapestry—the largest ever made—which, showing a colossal Christ in Glory, will cover the entire wall behind the altar.

It will be quite a church, you can't help thinking, as your mind jumps ahead three years to the first Easter service to be held in the reborn cathedral. With its gray marble floor inlaid with five black crosses; with its gaunt choir stalls whose wooden spikes form a crown of thorns; with its baptismal font a boulder from the River Jordan; and with the festive strains of its great organ that, thanks to the attention given to acoustics, will turn the nave itself into a single instrument—for all the imperfections of the age that brought it forth, it will be quite a church.

Already, churchmen here talk of the years ahead as if they were about to go on a crusade. Seeing in the rebirth of their cathedral a God-sent opportunity to "Christianize" this busy city, whose headlong plunge into material progress has been achieved at the expense of spiritual values, they are getting ready now, as one of them expressed it, "for the big punch." A light came into his eyes as he went on: "We have three years to go, and we are hard at work with preparations. We'll leave no stone unturned. We'll go into the factories, we'll go into the shops, we'll work with the young people—teddy-boys and all. We will bring in the trade-unions and make their leaders sit down with the bosses right here in our meeting rooms, on hallowed ground. We have an awful lot to do. We have an awful lot to say! And we will win. How can we help it—with this kind of a cathedral as a backing?"

THE END

NEXT WEEK

ATOMIC FALLOUT:
THE SILENT KILLER
The Post Reports on
One of the Most Crucial Problems of Our Age
By Steven M. Spencer

PARSONS-COME-LATELY
Why Successful Laymen Are Becoming
Clergymen in Middle Life

In Color:

MASTER OF THE MOUNTAINS
True Adventures of an Alpine Guide

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 34:

IN PRAISE OF WASTE
By Garrett Hardin

THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE
How Your Religion, Marriage and Job
Affect Your Lifespan

THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH
A Short Story by Robert Nathan

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They Hunt the Mysterious Menhaden

(Continued from Page 27)

twenty places with 15,000 to 20,000 each; Old House, a dozen places with 50,000 each. . . ." There's nothing to indicate where the Reed could have been heading so early; but that may mean only that the Standard Products planes missed something that the MacNeal Company planes spotted.

Robin Routt, concerned about competition from the MacNeal Company, is worried even more by other skippers in the Standard Products fleet, because they receive the same airplane reports he does. When the fishing starts it's every boat for itself. A captain and his crew are paid according to the number of fish their boat can put on the docks.

Having memorized the pilots' reports, Routt goes aboard his boat, the 160-foot *Joseph F. Bellows*, one of the largest in the industry. Built in 1912, she was converted from steam to diesel in 1939; even so, she is still called a "steamer." Her huge hold is big enough to take 750,000 of the average half-pound menhaden. Some captains fill their holds and then pile the decks high with fish, even putting menhaden in the galley and crew's quarters. On a few occasions heavily laden vessels have simply sunk. In December, 1942, the deck-loaded steamer *Parkins*, making for Beaufort, North Carolina, with a southwester blowing, lost eighteen men when she went under.

Routt and his mate, engineer and striker boatman sit down at the galley table to confer over coffee and steamed crabs. Soon after midnight the *Joseph F. Bellows* is moving down the creek in the summer darkness to make the fishing grounds by daybreak. The vessel vibrates heavily under the deliberate pounding of her diesels. She proudly carries her characteristic odor of fish oil.

Before dawn on Monday morning a light airplane engine coughs into life at a pasture landing strip near Weems, Virginia. After a brief warm-up the plane scuttles across the wet grass and takes off. Pilot Dave Lippincott switches to the radio frequency assigned to Standard Products and listens to the early-morning gossip of fishing skippers preparing for the day's work. The captains are discussing weather, wind and tide.

As Lippincott heads for the waters off Wilkins Beach, he chats with several of the skippers, adding new details to the reports he wrote after his Sunday reconnaissance flights. Today he will fly from sunup to sundown, spotting menhaden schools and directing the boats in the intricate process of netting fish. The work is fatiguing and often dangerous. Air traffic in coastal areas is heavy, engine failures over water are a hazard, and thunderstorms can form on shore while the pilot is absorbed in spotting fish—if he's careless, he'll be cut off from land when the time comes to refuel.

The pilots fly nine to twelve hours a day, seven days a week during the five-month menhaden season in the Chesapeake Bay area. After the bay season ends in the fall, many of the boats and planes follow the menhaden south to North Carolina and beyond for another month or so of fishing.

Since airplane spotting had its first real successes in 1945, the planes have increased the yearly catch between 50 and 75 per cent. Before the introduction of air spotting, a "high" boat might have caught 15,000,000 fish in a very good season. Nowadays many boats will average nearly twice that; in 1954 one boat brought in 45,000,000 fish—about 11,250 tons.

Airplane spotting has reduced the difference between "low" boats and "high" boats—the "high" boats being skippered by men who apparently have the ability to think like fish and a mysterious talent for knowing where they are likely to be. Airplanes or no airplanes, "high" captains are still closely watched and followed. The "high" captains, of course, take evasive action when they can.

The sun is rising red through the haze when Lippincott's plane circles over the mastheads of several vessels scattered near Wilkins Beach and drifting with the tide. Lippincott banks his plane and begins a sweeping search. Minutes pass.

From a perch at the masthead of the *Bellows*, Captain Routt has been scanning the swells, looking for the faint reddish spot or the water disturbance that marks the presence of a school of menhaden. They are most easily seen when they are feeding on surface plankton, "whipping" the top of the water into little sprays and sparkles. An inexperienced watcher may see no sign of fish at all, but old hands like Routt and Lippincott can judge the size of the fish and density of the schools, both critical items, by the surface whipping and the shades of color.

Suddenly the radio receivers at the *Bellows*' masthead and pilothouse carry Lippincott's voice: "Robin, got a good bunch north-northeast about six steamer lengths. Looks like fifty thousand, whipping good.'

Captain Routt reaches for a microphone. "O.K., Dave, six steamers north-northeast."

He issues an order to his helmsman, then—"Boats!" he yells.

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TOM SAWYER tailors the slacks of 70% "Orlon", 30% worsted flannel in Continental and traditional styles; the handsome plaid shirts of 65% "Orlon", 35% wool.

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Instantly the steamer's decks are aswarm with fishermen. They scurry toward the stern, where two thirty-two-foot purse boats are hanging. Meanwhile one man jumps into a tiny striker boat. The striker rows off standing up, to try to pinpoint the fish exactly. The steamer shuts down her engines.

Menhaden fishermen must work fast when a school is spotted. The fish are apt to spook and dive, or break up at any moment. "You've got to catch 'em while they're showing," Routt explains. Besides, fishermen have to move fast to beat other boats which may be nearby.

In a well-drilled rush the *Bellows*' purse boats are lowered off the stern. Each boat carries half of the bulky inch-mesh purse seine. Starting their engines, the purse boats set off toward the striker boat, where the striker stands pointing with his oar at a spot on the ocean some distance in front of him. Captain Routt stands at the tiller of one of the pitching purse boats, a radio receiver at his elbow. Dave's voice comes in, mixed with airplane-engine noise. "I'll set you from the northeast, Robin. They're dead ahead now about two steamers."

"Yeah—yeah, Dave. I see 'em now, Dave, between you and me. Looks like good fish."

"Believe so, Robin, believe so." Circling with his left wing pointed down toward the middle of the school, Dave continues to give directions. He watches to see which way the fish are moving, so that he can tell the boats when and where to open their nets.

"They're one steamer dead ahead of you now, Robin. Stand by."

"One steamer, Dave. Standing by."

"Open 'er up now, Robin! Open 'em up quick now!"

The two purse boats veer apart and increase speed, the net unfolding off their sterns. Each begins a half circle that should bring them back together at the other side of the school. This is the "moment of truth": the captain has committed himself irretrievably, and the fish, which can move faster than the boats, might swim away from the opening net. Or they might dive out the bottom of the net and resurface at a distance.

Indeed, the fish have already disappeared—as far as untrained eyes can see—leaving the boats curving gracefully about an empty expanse of Chesapeake Bay.

But the purse-boat receiver crackles: "That's it; open your port boat a little, Robin. . . . Now—now close 'er up. Close 'er up fast, Robin!"

The boats, relieved of much of the net load, sweep around very fast now and suddenly stop side by side, tossing on the heaving sea. There is a splash as the 300-pound "tom," or purse weight, is pitched overboard. From the air the boats appear to have traced a perfect apple shape, outlined by 1500 feet of net, with purse boats at the stem end and the striker boat at the bottom. Buoyed by thousands of cork floats, the net forms a cylinder reaching ninety feet down into the water.

"You've got 'em all, Robin," Lippincott radios. His plane tilts off to find fish for one of the other Standard Products boats.

In the distance steamers from other menhaden companies may be seen approaching. Lippincott's transmitter is set on a frequency assigned to Standard Products, but other menhaden boats can tune in. Eavesdropping on another company's radio transmission is a legally shaky business, since regulations of the Federal Communications Commission prohibit the monitoring of private frequencies for profit. Nevertheless, the conversations broadcast when a boat is working at a good place usually bring other ships and planes swarming in like buzzards. For a time the companies tried using codes and coded maps, but they soon found that some of their fishermen were selling out the codes to competitors. Now they're back to the old "first-come" procedures, with vessels steaming every which way and crews racing to get their nets out when fish are found. Many a time an airplane that has spotted fish and called up one of his company's boats has had to circle helplessly while a competing steamer swooped in and netted the fish.

Now the area off Wilkins Beach became a melee of racing steamers and frantic purse boats. A rival company's spotter plane begins to circle overhead, flying at an assigned altitude higher than Dave Lippincott's. Work has begun in earnest aboard Captain Routt's two purse boats. A power winch reels in the purse line, thus closing the bottom of the net. The tom is hauled in and the ends of the seine are threaded through two hydraulically-driven power blocks that pull the net back into the boats. Before 1957 when power blocks came into wide use in menhaden fishing, the steamers carried thirty-man purse-boat crews. Now the crews have been halved, and the time taken to make a set has been cut too. Thus, while the power block is increasing the catch for each boat and reducing the work, it is viewed with mixed feelings by fishermen.

As the seine comes in, one sees the fish. Crowded into an ever-smaller area, they begin to beat against the net like thrashing silver chips. On a sign from the captain, the helmsman of the *Bellows* brings her up to the purse boats. The three vessels form a tight triangle about the netted fish. The net is hauled in by hand now until the fish are in a compact whirring mass between the boats. The fishermen gloat at the sight and co-ordinate their movements in hauling in the heavy nets by singing chanteys. Neither in their songs nor in conversation do they call the fish "menhaden." Depending on the locality, the fish are known as alewife, bunker, mossbunker, pogy, hairyback, fatback, bughead, bony fish, hardhead or greentail.

Coursing among the netted menhaden are a few small sharks, which the fishermen casually grab by a dorsal fin and fling over the side. A hose twelve inches in diameter is lowered from the *Bellows* into the net, a pump is started, and the whirring menhaden are sucked into the steamer. As the fish pour into the hold, the cook uses a long pole to spear a dozen or so edible strays—butterfish, mackerel, bluefish, flounder—for the crew's dinner. The 50,000 menhaden barely cover the floor of the vessel's hold. But it's a start toward a "heavy jag"—a good day's load—for the *Joseph F. Bellows*.

Lately jags have been running heavier on many Chesapeake Bay and Gulf of Mexico menhaden boats. But fishing-company people, knowing well that the 100-year-old menhaden industry is a gamble, are not jubilant. They recall what happened in New England, once the center of the industry, with dozens of plants supplying menhaden products to the nation. The oil was used mostly for paints, lubricants and tanning, and the meal was the nation's prime source of fertilizer. Then, sometime after the Civil War, the fish mysteriously almost disappeared from New England waters. Most of the plants were forced to close.

Since then, the geographical center of the menhaden industry has been moving slowly south. Until last year New Jersey had for many years caught the largest total of any state, with Lewes, Delaware, being the largest single menhaden port. Last year New Jersey's catch was poor; no one knows why, but fishermen re-

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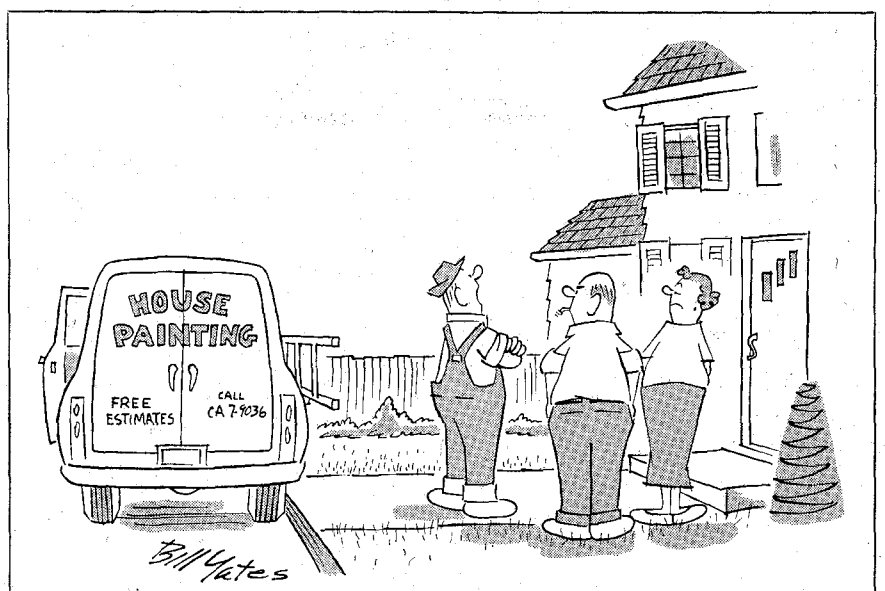
ported that menhaden swimming northward would get about as far as Delaware and then stop, "like meeting a wall in the water."

Despite intensive research, the fish and its habits are not thoroughly understood. No one is sure, for instance, where the Atlantic menhaden go for the winter. In late fall they are seen passing southward off the coast of North Carolina in fantastic numbers. On December 5, 1956, hearing a report of a "lot of fish," a North Carolina pilot went up to spot. But flying over the water at 1000 feet he reported that he could see no fish at all. He flew for a good while longer before it dawned on him that he couldn't detect the fish because the school under him was so large that he couldn't see the edges of it—there was no line of color contrast in the water. That day North Carolina fishermen netted 25,000,000 fish by just nipping corners off the huge school, according to United States Bureau of Commercial Fisheries reports.

The menhaden fishery nets nearly as many pounds of fish as all the nation's other edible and nonedible fisheries combined—well over 2,000,000,000 pounds in 1956 and more than 1,500,000,000 in 1958, even though storms and a scarcity of fish in the North reduced the take. The current season is shaping up into a good one, judging by catches made so far.

Despite the huge catches, Fish and Wildlife Service officials feel that fishing can hardly threaten the menhaden population; predatory fish, disease and other factors probably kill many times as many menhaden as the industry. It is thought that the vicious little bluefish alone kills billions of menhaden every year. In several localities huge schools of menhaden, terrified by bluefish, have piled up nearly knee-deep on Atlantic shores to die. Menhaden also go ashore in great windrows,



"I'd say about $300 —— $400 if you intend to help."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

it is said, after becoming afflicted with a brain tumor that apparently affects their sense of direction. Called "spinners," they are seen swimming in dizzy circles before they drive ashore.

Only a relatively small percentage of the ocean's supply of menhaden come near enough to shore for the fishing boats, which are usually limited by the danger of fish spoilage to a steaming range of twenty-four hours. But now, especially in gulf waters, many boats are being fitted with refrigerated holds and can stay out for a week.

Refrigerated boats, power blocks and airplanes are just the beginning of the technological advances being exploited by American menhaden fishermen. Experiments are also being run in netting fish deep under the surface. The industry must move ahead to survive. Stiff competition in the fish-products market comes from South Africa, South America, Iceland and Norway. Many foreign operators can put fish products on American docks cheaper than our fishermen can.

From the cooked and pressed carcasses of menhaden, forty-one United States plants processed nearly $40,000,000 worth of oils, meals and solubles last year. These products go into more than 400 items, ranging from perfumes and paints to poultry feed and food products.

Fish meal is being used principally as an animal feed at present. Valuable for many uses—margarine, paint, linoleum, cosmetics—fish oil has recently become the subject of intensive research in this country because of some interesting properties, particularly the "unsaturated" nature of the oil's fatty acids. In a series of experiments at the Hormel Institute, miniature pigs are being fed various types of fish-oil fatty acids to test the oil's ability to prevent deposits of cholesterol in the blood vessels—believed to be a villain in heart diseases.

At the University of Minnesota, fish-oil acids are being used in a process for separating iron ore from the worthless quartz and other minerals accompanying the iron oxides. In this method, known as "ore flotation," finely ground ore is mixed with water and a small amount of fish-oil fatty acids. For some reason not fully understood, the worthless material, or gangue, becomes attached to small air bubbles and floats, while the iron oxide sinks. Less than half a pound of oil is required for separation of a ton of ore. In commercial operations, several million gallons of oil could be used for this purpose annually, according to Dr. Strathmore R. B. Cooke, head of the University of Minnesota's School of Mines.

Scientists have long contended that the sea's plankton, rich in vitamins, proteins and minerals, could feed the world. It appears that the foot-long menhaden, tearing through the water with his large mouth agape, straining six to eight gallons of water through his gill rakers each minute, may be the most efficient converter of plankton into usable products.

One difficulty: not many people like to eat the oily, bony menhaden. During World War II thousands of cases of lend-lease menhaden were packed at Beaufort, North Carolina, for shipment to hungry Europeans. Hungry or not, most Europeans wouldn't eat them. But the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization is having success with a scheme to feed protein-deficient nations on a flour

GROWS AND CHANGES WITH THE FAMILY

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made from menhaden or other fish meals. This flour, almost entirely protein, can be produced at a cost of about fifteen cents a pound, compared with three dollars a pound for the protein equivalent in eggs, and $2.50 for beef. In large-scale UN tests less than an ounce of fish flour is mixed with the daily diets of individuals in fourteen nations. For use in many of the test nations, the flour was refined until it was nearly tasteless, colorless and odorless. But the UN researchers often found that foreign nationals preferred the less-refined meal with its good, strong, fishy taste. Chile, Thailand, South Africa and Morocco have already installed plants to refine fish flour on a large scale for human consumption, and others are planned.

Except in the gulf, where fishing goes on the year round, the menhaden season normally lasts through the summer and into the fall. A good many of the nation's menhaden fishermen come from Virginia's Northern Neck or around Beaufort and Morehead City, North Carolina. Many of these men sail northward in spring to fish for the large companies, living all summer long on board their boats.

Captains and crews lead a curious existence, but it can be a profitable one. Good captains may average $20,000 to $40,000 a year from their six months or so of fishing, and the lowest-paid crewmen probably get close to $100 a week—always depending upon the catch. During the off seasons most of the crewmen work at odd jobs or small fishing-and-oystering operations around their home ports. Many of the captains own small farms or chicken ranches. They own their own boats. But captains and crewmen are restless in off-season occupations. Most find it hard to wait for spring, when they can tumble out to the sea—with its hard labor, long hours and lack of home comforts—to match wits with the wily menhaden, and with each other.

The Gang in Black Jackets

(Continued from Page 17)

the air, barely missing him as he stepped inside the triangle.

"All right. Give it back."

They were old hands at this sort of thing. "What did you say, Mr. Carter?"

"Give it back."

The ball just missed him again, creating a breeze that cooled his cheek. They were in motion now, still a triangle, but circling, waiting for him to lunge so they could fire it straight at him and scatter with hoots of derision. They weren't tough enough yet to stand up to a grown man. They soon would be, though, unless something happened to change the pattern of their lives.

He could not watch all three. He watched the ball. As it sailed past him toward the biggest of the trio, he flicked his wrist at his side. Ball and borrowed glove flew together toward Whitey Leonard's out-thrust hands, both straight to the mark, traveling fast.

Momentarily confused, the leather-jacket leader stepped aside. The glove sailed past to fall at the feet of one of Carter's tykes. The ball trickled untouched along the ground and was pursued by another. The three toughs from Grove Street were ominously silent. Then, Whitey Leonard bent to scoop up a rock.

"I wouldn't," Frank Carter said quietly. "For that you could go to jail." Motionless, he returned Whitey's sullen stare until the fifteen-year-old laughed and dropped the stone. To his own kids Carter said, "All right, gang. Choose up sides and we'll have a game."

The Grove Street trio strolled to the bench and sat without comment, speculatively eying him, and for the first time Carter saw someone else there: a youngster who hadn't been on the bench when the trouble started. Small and wiry, with freckles and flame-colored hair, he sat as still and solemn as a minister's son in a front pew at church. Beside him on the bench was a small, shiny alarm clock.

Danny Eldredge, the team captain, was saying, "O.K., Mr. Carter. But my side's one short."

Carter nodded toward the newcomer. "Who's that, Danny?"

"Him? He's the new kid that lives in Sammy Fisher's old house."

"Oh?"

"He moved in four or five days ago. His name's Jeffrey Stillwater."

"What's the clock for?"

"Beats me, Mr. Carter. He lugs it around everywhere."

"Well," Carter said, "if you're short a man, why not see if he wants to play?" And, curious, he walked with Danny to the bench, to hear the answer.

It was quite an answer from a lad that size. Jeffrey Stillwater picked up his clock, studied it solemnly, and rose to his feet. "Thank you," he said. "I would like to play. I won't be able to play for long, though. I must go home at fifteen minutes after three."

"Go home when you like," Carter said, smiling.

Jeffrey Stillwater returned the clock to the bench and faced the three Grove Street leather-jackets, who were gazing at him as though he had just stepped out of a flying saucer. "If you will be sitting here, would you do me a favor and not let anyone touch this, please?" he asked. Then he walked onto the field, and someone tossed the ball at him. He caught it with one hand and flicked it back as though he'd been playing ball since he could walk.

That was only the beginning. Watching those slender legs fly over the dusty playground and those quick hands flash in the sun, Frank Carter decided moments later that the kid was a natural. A born athlete. And at bat, when his turn came, the redhead calmly let two strikes go by while waiting for just the pitch he wanted, then knocked one out to the road.

"How old are you, son?" Carter asked when Jeffrey had finished his stroll of the bases.

"I'll be eight next month, sir."

"In the third grade?"

"I'll be going into the fourth when school starts."

"Good for you."

Next time at bat he tripled, and was at third base, dancing a pretty lead to distract the pitcher, when the alarm clock on the bench began chattering. For a small clock, the chatter was surprisingly imperious. "Sorry," said Jeffrey Stillwater to his teammates, "but I have to go now." And go he did, taking the clock with him, deaf to his teammates' entreaties. The three coat-of-armor boys from Grove Street departed also, obviously having lingered only because of their interest in the freckled redhead and his timepiece.

Soon afterward the game ended and Carter went home—home to a lonely self-made supper in his empty house, before driving the twelve miles to the city and his night-shift job in a newspaper composing room.

He wished he had the courage to keep going—clear through the city, out the other side and on into a new life, leaving the job and the house and the agonizing memories behind. And the bitterness. Sure, he had friends. All up and down the street he had friends. The women sent their youngsters over with pies and cakes, or asked him to dinner. The men wanted him to start playing golf again, and resume his attendance at the church men's club.

They all wanted to help. But after eight months he knew it was no good, would never be any good in that house. When the phone rang he caught himself waiting for Jeannie to answer it. He couldn't drive past the supermarket without seeing her lying in the road and feeling himself shake with stored-up hate for the drunken driver who'd put her there.

Only a year and four months married. Only one anniversary before all the plans were smashed, the joy and wonder of it turned to an endless yearning. But would he find peace by going away?

He didn't know. Maybe if he walked out on the remembered things that hurt so much, the loneliness would be past all bearing. How could a man tell?

He was back on the playground the next day. It was something to keep him busy, after all: it would fill the empty hours while he struggled to reach a decision. Why stop taking a medicine that dulled the pain?

It was more interesting now too. With young Jeffrey Stillwater on the scene, it was bound to be. You just naturally wondered about this kid, what made him the way he was, what made him tick. Every afternoon about two he arrived with the alarm clock, played his head off, had fun. Every day at three-fifteen the clock shrilled its warning and without a word of explanation he departed. The kids said it was the same at other times too. The clock was always with him, set to make certain he got home on schedule. It was as much a part of Jeffrey Stillwater as his hands and feet.

"He sure must have strict parents, Mr. Carter. You think parents ought to be that strict?"

What could he say? "Oh, I don't know. It's none of our business, I guess."

But he too wondered, and even asked a few discreet questions around the neighborhood. No one knew any helpful answers. The Stillwaters had come to Woodvale from outside the state—Connecticut, someone thought. They had bought the modest Fisher cottage on Maple Street and apparently intended to stay. Jeffrey seemed to be an only child. When school opened, folks might get to know more. It was hard in summer with so many people away and most of the neighborhood activities suspended.

He did some guessing, but one day a car stopped at the playground, and when the woman driving it leaned out and called to the boy, and Jeffrey trotted over to talk to her, Carter got a good look at her. She was not a glowering witch, but young and attractive. She had a gentle smile for the boy, and a voice so soft that Carter could not hear it when she spoke.

He was tempted to walk over and introduce himself. A man who directed her son's activities every afternoon certainly

"Oh, come now, Martha."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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had the right. But she drove off before he could shift from thought to action.

Soon afterward the alarm went off, and Jeffrey Stillwater barely turned his head to glance at it. The kids looked at him in bewilderment. "I don't have to go today," he said solemnly, and, shrugging his small shoulders, walked to the bench to silence the summons.

On Thursday of that week the Woodvale Tigers were challenged to a Saturday softball game in another part of town, and the afternoon session at the playground became a solemn assembly to decide what should be done about it.

"We can beat 'em," predicted Danny Eldredge, small face bunched in a scowl, "if the Professor"—their name, now, for Jeffrey—"will play. But they want to play in the morning. Can you get out Saturday morning, Professor?"

Jeffrey, gazing sadly at the ground, shook his head. "I don't think so."

"Make 'em play in the afternoon," Joe Daniels said.

"Can you play in the afternoon, Professor?"

"Well," Jeffrey said, "for a while."

"Yeah, one hour"—glum as measles—"and then that alarm clock goes off. It'll take us half an hour just to get there."

Carter let the discussion simmer awhile before suggesting, "Why not ask your mother, Jeff?" Then, noting the boy's hesitation—or was it fear?—he added against his better judgment, "Would you like me to ask her?"

The freckled face lifted. Something very like adoration surfaced in the widening eyes. "Gee, Mr. Carter—would you?"

That evening, unhappy about his assignment, Carter trudged down Maple Street to the Stillwater house, forced his feet up the walk and reluctantly thumbed the bell. No right to be here, he told himself. No excuse for interfering, except that plea in the kid's eyes. The door was opened by the girl he had seen in the car: taller than he had thought her, but even more attractive. She wore a simple dark-blue dress.

"Mrs. Stillwater?" He tried to appear casual, to hide his nervousness. "I'm Frank Carter. The playground."

"I know. How do you do, Mr. Carter?" She offered her hand. She asked him in. He found himself in a living room much like his own, small, neat— but there was a whisky bottle on a table, an empty glass beside it, and before seating herself she moved the bottle quickly to a small cabinet and shut the doors on it. Then she waited for him to speak.

"I shouldn't be here," he said, "but the kids insisted." He told her how he happened to be Woodvale's unofficial playground director: his observation that the smaller kids would be run off the playground by the Grove Street toughs unless someone stepped in to back them up; and the fact that he lived nearby, had time on his hands, and had worked at boys' camps, summers, while in college. As he talked, he was aware of the books and the sound of a man's voice.

The books, shelf on shelf of them, somehow softened the impact of the whisky bottle. The voice was upstairs, indistinct, not a conversational thing with stops and starts, but an on-and-on sound, adding to Carter's unease. Unable to make out the words, he had a mental picture of young Jeffrey on the receiving end of them, not daring to answer back.

Young Jeff. Where the devil had that flaming hair come from? Hers was deep dark, almost black—and soft as smoke. The man upstairs must be a redhead. . . .

"So you see," he was saying mechanically, "if he could play on the team Saturday morning ——"

"Morning?" She frowned "Oh, dear."

"I realize he probably can't."

"Well, I—I can ask. Excuse me a minute?" She stood up and went into the adjoining room: going upstairs, he supposed, to interrupt the voice, put the question. He, Carter, had the whole thing figured out: a tyrant husband, timid wife, scared small son. But he was wrong. She was dialing a telephone.

He heard only a little of what she said. "Mr. Bucklin? This is Hope Stillwater. I hope you don't mind my calling, but—a problem. . . ." The rest was lost to him. But she talked for several minutes before returning to the living room, and then he knew at once, by her face, what she would say.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Carter. I do wish he could play. I know he wants to."

He was puzzled, but her tone left him no opening. "Well"—he tried to keep it light—"we tried. Thanks for listening to me, Mrs. Stillwater."

Poor kid, he thought, trudging back up Maple Street. What was wrong in that house, anyway?

At home, after some hesitation, he made a phone call.

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"Was it a hot day in the city, dear?"

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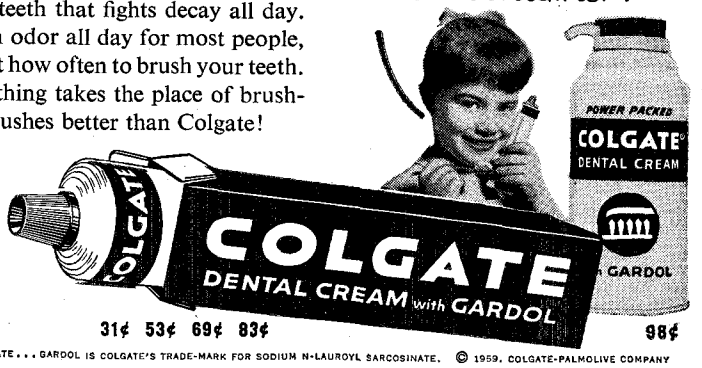

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His kids lost their Saturday game with the Elmdale Eagles, but it was close; with the Professor in the line-up they'd have won easily, and they knew it. Monday afternoon, when Jeffrey Stillwater turned up at the playground with his clock, there was a wall of coolness wherever he turned. Carter watched the boy assault it in vain with hopeful fragments of smile, then beckoned the gang to him.

"This isn't a fair shake, kids. Jeff would have played Saturday if he could."

Silence.

"You hear me? Knock it off now, or I wash my hands of you."

"Well, gee whiz, why couldn't he play?"

"He has responsibilities around the house." It was the best he could think of and might even be true; in fact, probably was. "Don't you, Jeff?"

Gaze on the ground, the redhead nodded.

"He'd have been there if he could," Carter repeated firmly. "Now forget it."

They were good kids; they weighed his command, found it just, and that was that. When a car stopped in the road a short time later, Carter was able to walk to it with no fear that his turned back might be a target for mutterings. At the wheel of the car was the man he had phoned Thursday night after his talk with Jeff's mother: Tom Duart, who ran the Woodvale office of the paper Carter worked for.

Duart, watching the boys on the playground, rubbed a middle-aged jaw and said, "Which one is he, Frank?"

"The little guy. The redhead."

"M'm. I couldn't find out much for you; they've been here such a short time. His father's dead. Mother just recently landed a good job at the Bucklin Ad Agency, in town."

"His father is dead?" It was a possibility Carter hadn't considered. It confused him, left him suddenly in the midst of nothing with an alarm clock and a whisky bottle and the sound of an upstairs voice.

"Killed a couple of years ago in a bus accident," Duart said. "He was a phys-ed teacher—football and baseball coach—some high school in Connecticut."

Carter turned to watch the kids at play, feeling a sudden new sympathy for young Jeffrey Stillwater, a sudden kinship with the woman in that house on Maple Street. He had a mental picture of a man like himself, coming home from a job to a pretty wife and proud young son, being loved, being teased to teach the boy baseball. But the picture faded. He was stuck with the clock and the bottle again, and the voice.

"She must have married again. There's a man."

"I wouldn't know about that," Duart said.

A man who makes the kid toe the line, Carter thought. *A man who has the kid so scared he carries an alarm clock around for fear of getting home a few minutes late.* "Find out for me, Tom." It was suddenly an urgent, all-important thing, and he was gripping the door with both hands, pleading. "I like this kid, and he's in trouble."

"I'll do what I can."

"There may be nothing I can do, but I want to know."

The middle-aged man nodded and drove off, saving his shrug until the car had turned a corner. Carter, deep in thought, walked slowly back to his kids. Two of the Grove Street troublemakers had drifted over, he noticed, and were sitting on the bench where the alarm clock was. He saw one of them reach slyly for the clock, and turned in that direction.

But Jeffrey Stillwater had seen too. His feet left a trail of dust puffs as he tore in from second base. "Leave that alone!"

"Now, Professor, what's to be sore about?" Whitey Leonard, the boy who had almost thrown the rock, made his voice a mocking singsong. "We just wanted to see what time you had to scoot for home."

"What time I have to be home is none of your business!"

Whitey's mouth fell open in astonishment. "Well, whaddaya know! The Professor is really annoyed with us."

"Just leave my clock alone."

"Why, sure, sure." Whitey turned solemnly to his Grove Street pal. "You hear, Sully? You leave the clock alone now." He looked at Carter. "Mr. Carter won't like it if you go fooling around with the Professor's clock."

"I'd like it if you went away," Carter said. He put his hand out to the redhead. "Let's have it, Jeff. I'll look after it."

"Thank you," Jeffrey said, giving him the clock.

"Be real careful of it, Mr. Carter," Whitey Leonard warned. "You let anything happen to it, he'll prob'ly beat you to a pulp."

Until the alarm went off half an hour later, Carter held the timepiece in his hand and kept frowning down at it, strangely feeling he had been entrusted with a small piece of the boy's life and future.

It bothered him a lot, what Tom Duart had said, and he waited impatiently for the newsman to come up with more information. Could he do anything to help if the report confirmed his suspicion that there was a stepfather in the picture—a man who drank too much and abused the boy? He was no man to poke his nose into other people's private affairs. Besides, a whisky bottle was small proof of drunkenness, except that most people wouldn't leave such a bottle prominently displayed on a living-room table. Not people in Woodvale, anyway.

He paced the silent rooms of his silent house, thinking about it, aware that for the first time in months he was thinking of something other than his own problem. The realization brought with it a sense of guilt. *But you'd have liked this boy, Jeannie,* he told her. *You'd be trying to help him yourself if you were here.*

The days passed, with no word from Duart. It was a Friday afternoon, with the kids on the playground again, industriously practicing for a return game with the Elmdale Eagles. Some of the Grove Street gang came over to heckle.

There were six of the toughs this time, led by Whitey Leonard, and they lined themselves up on the bench, three on each side of Jeffrey Stillwater's clock. Carter could not order them to clear out; on a public playground he had no right. He tried to keep a wary eye on them, and for a while did. But his kids were excited and noisy, determined to win tomorrow's game, and he was presently swept up in their enthusiasm. By the time the alarm shrilled its summons he had forgotten the clock completely and was startled.

"Sorry," said Jeffrey Stillwater as usual. "I have to go now." He hurried to the bench, snatched the clock and ran. The six leather-jackets rose as one, shuffling their feet and pumping their arms in mock pursuit, then sat again, grinning at one another in self-satisfaction. Suddenly suspicious, Carter glanced at his wrist watch.

It was nearly four o'clock, nearly an hour later than the little redhead usually left for home. Scowling, he walked over to the bench.

"Did you fellows monkey with that boy's clock?"

"Why, Mr. Carter," Whitey mocked. "What a thing to say!"

As they doubled over with mirth he faced them in silent anger, wishing he were Whitey's age and could wade in to show the rest how wrong they were. They were not real hoodlums yet, just a misguided bunch hero-worshiping a self-appointed leader who thought himself tough. Trim Whitey Leonard down to size and there'd be no more trouble, he told himself. But someone younger would have to do it.

"Heroes," he said bitterly, then turned and gave the little kids his attention again. He half expected a rock, or at least a barrage of insults. But nothing happened. Not then.

It happened twenty minutes later. He was standing behind Danny Eldredge at the plate, showing Danny how to bunt, when the team suddenly lost all interest in softball. He looked up and saw why. Little Jeffrey Stillwater was back, chin out like a ship's figurehead as he came at full steam across the playground. Before Carter could read his intent, he was at the bench.

"You changed the time on my clock!" Legs wide, hands clenched at his sides, the boy threw out his angry challenge. The six from Grove Street stood up.

"Now, Jeffrey," Whitey Leonard said. "We mustn't lose our temper."

"You did it." The redhead wheeled on Whitey. "You made me late!" He shot forward at full charge and rose into the air. One small fist landed flush on Whitey Leonard's mouth and rocked the big boy backward.

Carter, astonished, broke into a run toward the bench. "Jeff, stop it!" But he was too late. In the face of that furious assault the hero of the Grove Street leather-jackets had stumbled backward, fallen over the bench and gone down. Young Jeffrey Stillwater followed over the bench in a headlong dive and was on top of him, fists whaling away like air hammers. The rest of the Grove Streeters were too awed to move.

"Stop it, Jeff." Carter reached the embattled pair just as Whitey, blindly groping, managed to get a grip on the youngster's flaming hair. He broke the grip with a quick side-hand cut to Whitey's wrist, hauled Jeffrey off and held him. The kid had hurt himself diving over the bench, he saw with dismay. The side of his face was skinned and bleeding; his shirt was torn.

"Easy now," Carter said. "Take it easy, Jeff."

Whitey Leonard struggled to his feet and lurched forward. "Why, you little punk ——" He stopped and glared at Carter. "You would have to butt in!"

Carter said grimly, "Leonard, you listen." Then he saw a better way. He had been a target for teen-age humor too often not to know its potential value at a time like this. With the Grove Street bullies awaiting his move, ready to follow their hero's lead, he clucked his tongue and made a face.

"My, my," Carter said. "Look who's calling who a little punk, after being knocked down and almost pulverized in front of witnesses. Why, if I hadn't butted in, all the flags on Grove Street would be at half mast tomorrow."

"Turn him loose!" Whitey snarled. "I'll show you ——" His voice took off into space like a rocket, and became a squeak. His pals looked at him in astonishment.

"Turn him loose to do it again?" Carter said. "Oh, no. You want me put in jail as an accessory to mayhem?" He solemnly shook his head, then laid his hands on Jeffrey Stillwater's small shoulders and frowned into the redhead's face. "Now, Professor," he said, "you listen. You've had your day, but this ends it. Mr. Leonard is a hero, and we have to treat our heroes with respect. See? They don't look so good with bloody noses."

"Yes, sir," Jeffrey said solemnly.

"Come over to my house and get cleaned up."

"I can't, Mr. Carter. I have to go straight home."

The Perfect Squelch

A waspish middle-aged woman pushed her shopping cart through the supermarket with an abandon which would have got a motorist a ticket for reckless driving. She brushed past some customers and bumped others. Approaching the check-out stand heavily loaded, she expertly maneuvered ahead of a man already in line.

Sensing his annoyance, she turned and explained, "I'm doing this shopping for a sick old lady."

"Go right ahead," the man replied. "And let me wish you a speedy recovery."

Harold Coffin

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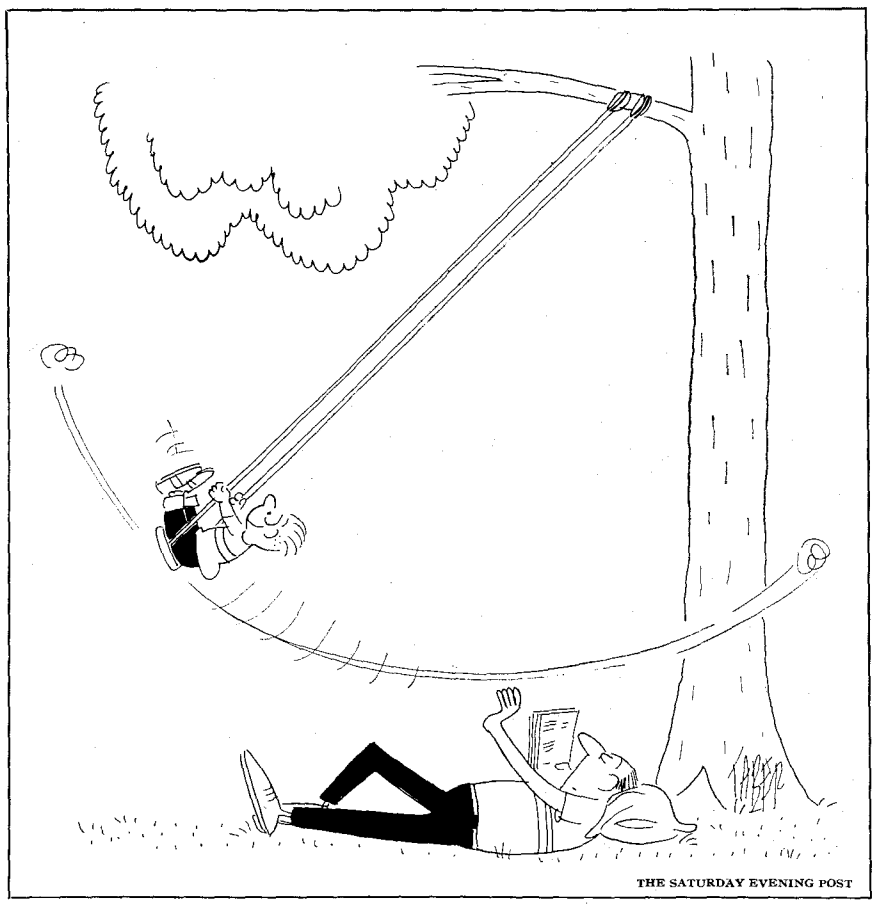


"O.K., then. Your house." Carter took him by the hand and walked him away, and not a sound followed them across the playground. Looking back from the road, Carter saw five of the Grove Street sextet still standing like statues by the bench, gazing after him, while Whitey Leonard, a red-stained handkerchief pressed to his face, trudged away unnoticed.

Hand in hand, he and Jeffrey Stillwater walked down Maple Street to the lad's house, and up the walk to the door. Carter hesitated then. The boy's mother would be working at this hour. He was not sure he wanted to walk into that house to face the stepfather.

But it was too late. Jeffrey already had the door open and was waiting for him.

He entered, closing the door behind him. A voice called down from upstairs, "Is that you, Jeff?"

"Yes, grandpa," the redhead answered. And to Carter: "The bathroom's upstairs, Mr. Carter."

Grandpa? Carter thought, frowning.

The voice came again as he followed the boy up the stairs. "Is someone with you, Jeff?"

"Yes, grandpa. Mr. Carter."

"Bring him in here, please."

The boy turned with a questioning glance and Carter said reluctantly, "All right, Jeff." Trailing that small figure along the upstairs hall, away from the open door of the bathroom, he felt ill at ease, apprehensive. Suddenly he was in a bedroom, being gazed at by a white-haired man propped against pillows on a bed. It seemed a hostile gaze.

"Mr. Carter?"

"Yes. How do you do?" Carter stepped forward, hand outthrust.

"Can't shake your hand," the man said. "Like to, but this darned arthritis—I can't even lift a pill to my mouth any more." The pain-stiffened face turned to Jeffrey. "You were in such a hurry to get out of here just now, you forgot my whisky, boy."

"I'll get it, grandpa."

"He's a good boy," the man on the bed said when Jeffrey had darted from the room. "He tells me they call him 'Professor.'"

"They do sometimes. I'm sure they don't mean——"

"My fault, I suppose. He spends a lot of time in here, keeping me company. We get into some pretty deep discussions. I read to him when I feel up to it."

Carter frowned, remembering the voice he had heard. He had been wrong about it, he realized now. The man on the bed had been reading to Jeffrey, not scolding him. His normal speaking voice was a throaty growl, and when used to breathe life into words from a book, it must be a formidable instrument. Carter's thoughts completed their wild loop-the-loop and settled into a groove again. He liked their direction now and felt strangely at peace in this room, talking to this man. "I'm sure the name 'Professor' doesn't bother him, sir," he said, smiling.

"Hope not. I'm a professor myself, or was. John Stillwater—Yale—retired now, of course." The alert eyes focused on Carter's face. "Mr. Carter, I'm grateful—my daughter and I are both grateful—for the way you've helped Jeff to make friends here. He's a boy with a mind of his own, and it could have been difficult. That confounded alarm clock, for example. He won't wear a wrist watch. Owns one—I gave him one myself, his last birthday—but insists he might break it or forget to look at it. So the clock has to go with him wherever he goes, and to blazes with what people think."

"He'll get along, sir," Carter said.

The redhead was back, clutching a glass and the whisky bottle. Holding the glass at eye level, he poured one inch into it; then he held it to the man's lips.

"Thank you, Jeff," the man said. And to Carter, a ghost of a chuckle in his gravelly voice: "Doctor's orders, twice a day. A reward for taking his confounded pills and swearing to take them on time." His gaze shifted to Jeffrey and his voice softened with affection. "It's the boy he ought to reward, not me. Boy with clock. Boy with conscience. You'd better wash that face, Jeff, before your mother gets home. I trust you gave a good account of yourself."

Young Jeffrey turned accusing eyes on Carter.

"Oh, he didn't tell me," Professor Stillwater said. "You did."

"I did, grandpa?"

"You dashed in here an hour late to stuff me with medicine, and then tore right out again with no explanation. First time you've ever been tardy. Ergo, someone must have tampered with your precious timepiece and you rushed back for an accounting. Teach him what for, did you?"

"He certainly did," Carter said, grinning now.

"Good. While he has this responsibility, he has a right to defend it—you know what I mean? But of course you do." The sharp eyes searched Carter's face. "But don't you go telling anyone why the boy has to be home here at certain hours, Carter. I won't have it! Got troubles enough without having the neighborhood concocting wild stories about me."

"I won't say a word, sir."

"We're new here, so it's doubly important. I can't have the neighbors thinking I'm some sort of ogre, forcing a seven-year-old to wait on me. Wouldn't be fair to my daughter. Jeff hasn't told anyone, has he?"

"Not a soul," Carter said. "Not even to satisfy their curiosity about the clock."

"Good. He gave me his solemn word he wouldn't, and I'm holding him to it. Holding you, too, and if you think I'm an old fool on the subject, to the devil with you. Forcing a youngster to give up his play time to look after a sick old man is—well, never mind; we'll have a housekeeper soon. Then he can throw his blasted clock away and spread his wings."

"No one will ever know he had to look after you, sir," Carter promised.

"That's better." The white-haired man closed his eyes. "Well, run along now, both of you. My daughter will be home soon. Glad to have met you, Carter. A privilege."

Carter walked the boy along to the bathroom and attended to the battle-stained face, then sent him for a clean shirt. When Jeffrey was presentable again, Carter frowned at him, thinking. Tomorrow's return game with the Elmdale Eagles was a morning game like the other, but with a difference. It would take place here at the local playground. "Jeff," Carter said, "I'd like to talk with your mother. I'll wait around, if you don't mind."

They waited downstairs in the living room, and when the woman with the soft dark hair and gentle face opened the door, Carter rose and explained his presence. Then he said, "Jeff could be in the game tomorrow, Mrs. Stillwater, if you'd allow me to come over from the playground to give your father his medicine."

She seemed confused. She sat down, gazing first at her son, then at him. She was a most attractive girl, Carter noticed again. She was something else as well: a girl who had faced the same dark days and nights he was facing. Perhaps she still did.

She said, "I might be able to get the morning off this time. Last time I couldn't; we had a rush of work to look after. Of course, I'm new at Bucklin's and oughtn't to ask special favors, but ——"

"Then don't," Carter said. "I've been talking to your father. I'm sure he won't mind my taking over Jeff's job just once."

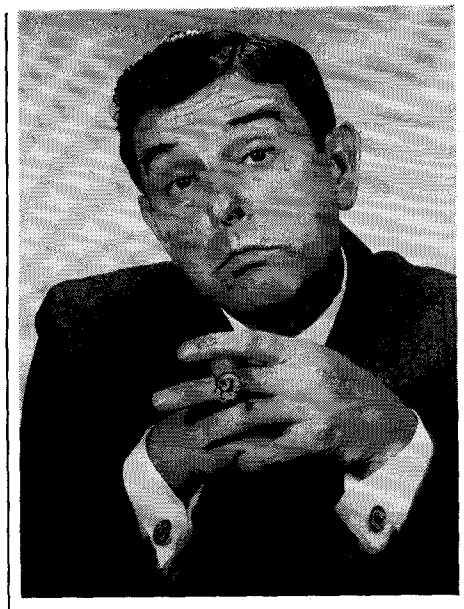
She seemed unable to answer.

"Gosh, mom!" Jeffrey blurted. "It isn't as though Mr. Carter was a stranger! I've told you all about him!"

Carter laughed. Hope Stillwater lifted her head, met his gaze, and laughed with him. Carter rose and held out his hand.

She took it. "Out of the mouths of precocious children," she said, smiling. "Why don't you stay for supper, Mr. Carter? Then we can talk about it."

"Thank you," Carter said. "I'd like that, very much." THE END



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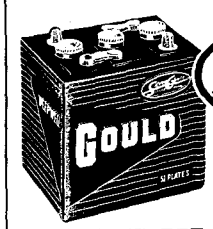

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 37)

Avery leaned forward. "I was invited here by Mr. Coons, who seems not to be present. With no explanation of the purpose of the meeting. May I be enlightened?"

"The gentlemen present," said the ex-governor, "are a syndicate. We have asked you to meet with us to listen to a proposition."

"With reference to what, sir?" asked Avery Truslow III.

"With reference to your television station, HARP-TV."

"The nature of your proposal?" Avery said bleakly.

"We wish to buy a controlling interest in the corporation," said Greaves.

"What," asked Avery, "leads you to suppose that it's for sale?"

"You are in difficulties of various kinds," Greaves said loftily. "Difficulties financial, operational, and with personnel. A situation which you may think it wise to get from under."

Avery raised his brows. "Have you examined the books of the company, governor?"

"Naturally not."

"Then where did you get your information about our financial condition?"

"From a trustworthy source, Mr. Truslow. From, I may say, a financial source."

"This meeting," Avery said, and narrowed his eyes, "is being held in Mr. Coons' bank. Are you insinuating, sir, that your information comes from the president of this institution?"

This was attack. It nonplused the politician. He mumbled. Avery heard a chuckle from Parsifal Nebo. The young man followed up his minor advantage. He got to his feet and moved toward the door. "We can clear up the point by putting it directly to Mr. Coons," he said. "I think it vital to inquire if he discloses the confidences of his depositors."

"No. No," spluttered Greaves. "Such a thing is absurd. Mr. Coons has betrayed no confidence. It is unthinkable he should do so."

"I'm delighted to hear it," Avery said in his most Avery Truslow III voice. "Is Mr. Coons a member of your syndicate or in any way interested in your offer to me?"

Again Parsifal chuckled throatily. Avery chanced to glance down the table at the famous comedian who was so valuable an asset to the network of which HARP-TV was an affiliate. Mr. Ben Hart, his name. His long, comical horse-face was grave and he was leaning forward a little, peering under bent brows at Avery. There was no reply to Avery's question. He turned again to the door.

Ex-governor Greaves, at this hint, replied quickly. "Mr. Coons has nothing—absolutely nothing—to do with our syndicate or our proposal."

"So," Avery observed, "he would not be available to you gentlemen to exert financial influence upon a borrower. Which I am."

The department-store proprietor spoke for the first time. "This Coons would not do," he said. "This we do not hint."

"Then," Avery said, reseating himself, "we have covered that point. Your knowledge of my station's financial condition is based upon hearsay or rumor."

"It is common knowledge," Greaves said blusteringly.

"Many things are common knowledge, sir, which are far from the truth. Once upon a time it was common knowledge that witches existed and could weave spells."

Mr. Ben Hart's lips twitched and he sat back comfortably in his chair.

"Your next argument," said Avery, "is that we are pestered by mechanical troubles. I will take that point up presently. You may have seen some allusion to it in the newspapers. Your third criticism is of difficulties with our personnel. Which may be connected with your point two."

Greaves moved uneasily. Things were not going as he had planned. He had thought to impress a young and inexperienced man with his personality and the eminence of his associates. But young Truslow seemed to be of an adamant character and disposed to belligerence.

"You," he said, less loudly, "have not heard our proposition."

"True, sir. I am listening."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

On Torrance Beach

By Caroline L. Fort

Pale yellow and the sunlight
make her hair
Illusive in this breathiness
of air;
The breeze, the child, the
clouding sky,
She grasping sunbeams as
they filter by;
My child, beat of my heart!

When I was young—or
younger—dreams were days
To come, as luminous with
praise
And promises as this one is
with sun;
Life started when tomorrow
was begun.

My child, beat of my heart,
Those mornings dawned; I
had not guessed
That happiness was sampled,
not possessed.
Though wiser grown, and
seeing as I do,
Child, I grasp at sunbeams
eagerly as you.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"We will," Greaves said, "give you a profit of five dollars a share for each share of stock controlled by you."

"You are willing to buy shares in a business, at a profit to me of five dollars a share, when you know it is in shaky financial condition, and when it is mechanically a failure, and when there are personnel troubles. You have not added mismanagement."

"That, of course, is a point. We feel that under, shall I say, more experienced management the regrettable conditions might disappear."

"Mr. Greaves, you have brought me here and surrounded me by impressive, probably wealthy and influential gentlemen. A display of power. Very good, sir. In case I do not see fit to accept your proposal, what use do you—ah—threaten to make of so much fire power?" He glanced down the table at Ben Hart and smiled faintly. "What use, for instance, do you propose to make of Mr. Hart, a darling of the network with obvious influence?"

Hart's long face hardened and there was no sign of the comical. He turned and stared at Greaves, but did not speak.

"I would like, gentlemen, to know exactly what I should be afraid of," Avery continued. "I would like to know if you are throwing at me an ultimatum. And what happens if I stand firm?"

Greaves was angry. His aplomb was gone. Excellent politician though he had been, he allowed his temper to get the better of him.

"You'll accept our proposition—or else," he said harshly.

"Or else what, sir?" Avery asked.

"Or else," grated Greaves, "this syndicate will put another station in Van Buren and put you out of business."

"Indeed? By fair competition? That will hurt GPHR-TV and Mr. Henry Greet as much as it will hurt HARP-TV and me. And of course there's the hurdle of the Communications Commission to surmount. And then affiliating with some network—and there aren't enough networks to go around."

Greaves smirked. "That phase of the matter doesn't worry us," he said.

Now Avery really looked at Ben Hart. "Van Buren is honored to have you visit us, Mr. Hart," he said. "When did you arrive?"

"By plane. An hour ago."

"So you have not had time nor opportunity to familiarize yourself personally with the situation?"

"I have not, Mr. Truslow."

"And, naturally, have relied upon the information and representations made by these gentlemen—by letter? By wire? Possibly by calls upon you?"

"That," said Hart, "is how I came by my information."

"Which was convincing, sir, or you would not be here—a part of a syndicate threatening to erect a television station which will be a competitor of *my* station, which is an affiliate of *your* network."

"Not a competitor, Mr. Truslow, if we own your station."

"Right. And not a competitor, sir, if the new station which you threaten to build shall be able to take away from me my affiliation with your network." His tone became biting. "You have tremendous influence with the network. You have tremendous value to it. Is it possible, Mr. Hart, that these gentlemen have made the sorry mistake of believing that you are the sort of person who would exert his power to take the network away from me for your personal pecuniary profit? Would that mistaken idea be a part of their ultimatum?"

Hart's face was expressionless. "That," he said softly, "has been suggested."

"The suggestion bolstered by representations that I am inefficient, that my equipment and personnel are inefficient, that the network would benefit if it went away from me and affiliated with your new outlet? Would that be a possibility, sir?"

"Certain representations have been made," Hart answered.

"You have not read the morning papers?"

"I have not."

"Might it, sir, affect your decision as an ethical and honorable gentleman if it were proved to you that the charges against me were false? If it were stated to you that my station was knocked off the air last night by cutting wires in our synchronizing generator to sabotage a new program much advertised to go on the air last night? And further that a boy in my employ who came upon the miscreant was struck down with a heavy weapon and now lies in a hospital between life and death? Would it alter your attitude, sir, if it were proved to you that there has been systematic meddling, garbling our sound, destroying our picture? Would it influence you somewhat to have it proved to you that unrest among employees and resentment against me have been deliberately and skillfully fomented? Would you be interested to know that my own private secretary discloses every plan, every conversation, every confidence to persons who make malicious use of the information? Would these things alter your attitude, could they be proved? . . . The police are now seeking proof. Other proof I can furnish."

"Are you, Mr. Truslow, charging the gentlemen here present with these acts?"

"Not all of them, sir. Some of them. Others have been drawn into the cabal innocently, as I firmly believe is the case with you."

Ben Hart moved his eyes from face to face. There was sadness mixed with sternness in his expression. "Gentlemen," he said, and then hesitated and chose another word. "Men," he substituted. "I propose that we adjourn. I propose that no further action be taken with respect to this matter until Mr. Truslow's charges can be investigated fully." He sat silent a moment staring down at his clenched right hand. There was nothing comical about him now, nothing jocular. "I have been impressed by Mr. Truslow's manner and by his competence in coping with this situation. I have been appalled by what he has charged. If I find that I have been placed in an invidious position by untruths and false representations, I shall not be delighted. If it develops that I have only narrowly escaped being made a part of an ugly scheme, then I advise those who have tried so to make use of me to take to the woods. My reputation as a decent man is precious to me. I shall remain in Van Buren until the truth is made manifest."

There was a babel of voices, of loud disclaimings. Dismay distorted the faces of half the men present who had been brought face to face with the knowledge that their reputations for probity might be smirched. Not yet did they realize that if their honor as businessmen was questioned it was their cupidity that was the cause of it. Their conduct, looked at under the most favorable light, was tainted by sharp practice or by an improper willingness to take unfair advantage of another man's troubles. Even the ex-governor resembled a pricked balloon. Avery did not envy them as they left the board room without raising their eyes to his as they passed his chair.

Ben Hart stopped an instant beside Avery and seemed about to speak, but passed on without opening his lips. Only Avery and Parsifal Nebo remained. The gross man's shoulders quivered.

"Dragging their tails behind them," he said. "It would seem to manifest itself that you stood in no need of intervention by myself." He seemed to bubble with inward chuckling. "Of all the manifold forms a sense of humor may take, the one described as saturnine affords the highest pleasure to a superior mind. . . . Once more I am in your debt."

Avery, feeling empty and weary after the strain of the meeting at the bank, sank into the comfortable chair behind his desk and closed his eyes. A low sound reached his consciousness and he opened his eyes to listen. Someone was sobbing. The sounds of grief came from Gwen Silver's little office. Avery pushed himself erect and walked to the door, which he pushed open. Gwen, face buried in her arms upon her desk top, was crying hysterically. Avery touched her shoulder.

"What's the trouble, Miss Silver?" he asked.

Between sobs she mumbled something that sounded like Clarabel.

"Is your sister ill?" he asked.

She shook her head and only sobbed the louder.

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"Then what?" he asked patiently.

"Ar—arrested," she said chokingly.

He shook her shoulder gently. "Sit up, Miss Silver. Pull yourself together. Why is your sister arrested?"

"S-shoplifting," answered Gwen. She sat erect, dabbled at her eyes and looked up at him piteously. "In Gannert's store. . . . A dozen pairs of stockings."

"When?"

"This noon. . . . I was to meet her there. I —— I —— Just as I got there it happened."

"Has she done such a thing before?"

"Oh, never, never. . . . Clarabel isn't—isn't a klep——"

"Kleptomaniac. You are sure?"

"I'd know, wouldn't I?"

"Possibly. Put on your hat."

"You're discharging me? You're ——"

"Come with me," he said gravely.

"Where?"

"To see Mr. Gannert," he answered.

Meekly, eyes swollen, beauty wiped away by her misery, she followed Avery. He took her arm and guided her the few blocks to Gannert's store. The elevator took them to the proprietor's office and Avery asked for an interview. Mr. Gannert, stout-jowled, iron-jawed, received them.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Truslow?" he asked, frowning at the weeping girl.

"Two hours ago," Avery said, "your store detectives arrested Miss Silver's twin sister. Miss Silver is my secretary. Her twin is also employed at our station."

"A dozen pairs of nylons," said Gannert.

"Mr. Gannert," Avery said, "I feel a definite responsibility for people who work for me. Miss Silver is a young and beautiful girl. You realize, of course, the effect this will have on her life."

"You realize the effect shoplifting has on a retail store."

"Naturally. But, sir, I'm assured this is a first offense. I am quite sure, Mr. Gannert, that, if sympathetically handled, it never will occur again. I, of course, will pay for the stockings. And, if you will, in effect, release her into my custody, I will guarantee future good behavior."

"What's it to you, Truslow? What's your interest?" He narrowed his eyes and jutted his jaw.

"Only the proper interest of an employer. I doubt if I have ever spoken to the child."

"Her sister is your private secretary," insinuated Mr. Gannert.

Avery's eyes were bleak for a moment, but he restrained his anger and smiled. When Avery smiled so, he was an ingratiating young man. He shook his head. "Nothing like that, sir," he said. "On the contrary, I fear Miss Silver dislikes me heartily."

"Will you put up a bond?" Gannert asked.

"If you wish, sir."

Gannert eyed Avery appraisingly. "I am told that you are in some difficulties, Mr. Truslow."

"So it is rumored."

"I was invited to a meeting today—to which I did not go."

"An interesting meeting."

"In the midst of this hullabaloo," Gannert said, "you took time to come here to intercede for this girl. Only because she works for you."

"Mr. Gannert," Avery said gravely, "the future of a girl—possibly a silly girl—can be of greater importance than business worries. Suppose this young woman were convicted of shoplifting and imprisoned. The stigma never could be erased. I would do much more, sir, than neglect my business for an hour to avert such a consequence."

Gannert leaned back in his chair and squinted at Avery through narrowed lids. He pressed a button and his secretary answered. "Ask Mr. Tift to come here at once," he said, and turned his chair so he could stare out of the window.

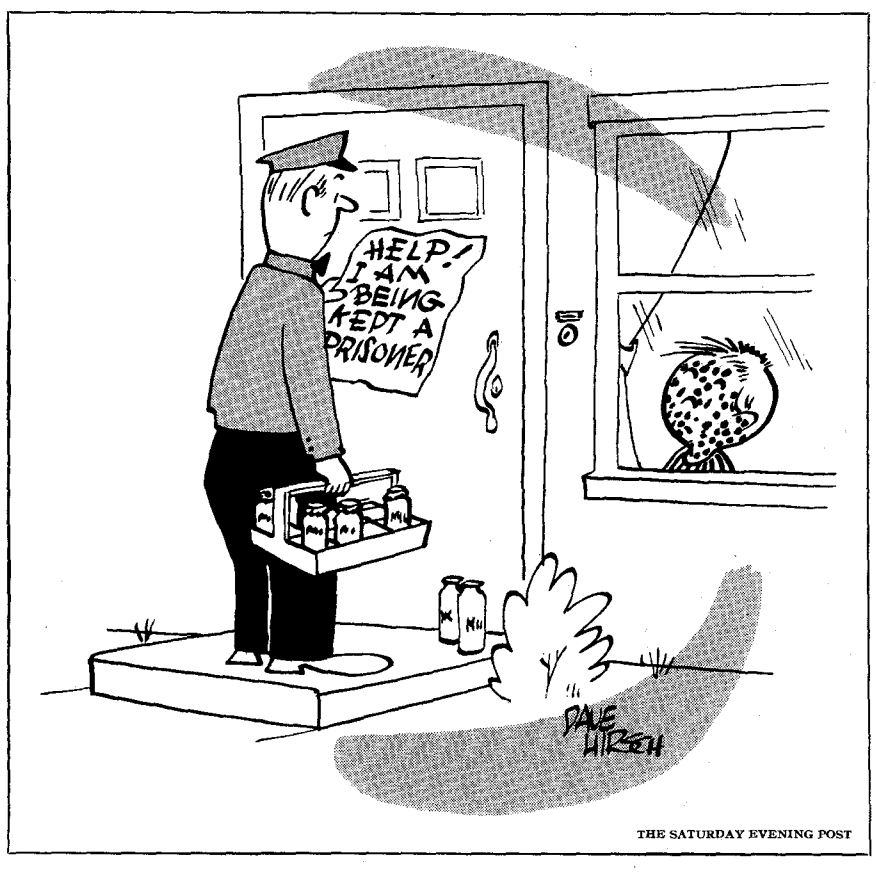
For minutes the only sound was Gwen Silver's sniffling. Then a big man, who could have been nothing but an ex-policeman, came through the door.

"Truslow," Gannert said, "Tift—head of security. Go with Truslow to the station, Tift. Withdraw charges against this Silver girl. Have her released to Truslow's custody."

"Listen, Mr. Gannert ——" the man protested.

"The matter is closed," snapped Gannert. He reached a pudgy hand across the desk. "Truslow," he said, "I got different ideas about you than I had."

"Thank you, sir," said Avery.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lunch with me at the club, eh? Me and a couple other fellers. Day after tomorrow."

"Thank you, sir," Avery accepted.

He went out, following Tift. They, the three of them, walked to the station, where certain formalities were performed. The twins, sobbing, were in each other's arms.

"She may go now?" Avery asked.

"She's lucky," Tift said morosely.

Avery spoke to Gwen. "Take your sister home," he said. "Neither of you will be any good today. Report in the morning, and try to forget this occurrence."

He turned away. Gwen Silver looked after him through tears.

"Mr. Truslow ——" she started to say. Avery shook his head and walked away. He was remembering how the girl had listened in on his conversation with Phryne Morningstar.

An hour or so later, Deke O'Brien dropped in to report that all that was required for a mountaintop picnic had been provided and was in the baggage compartment of Avery's car.

"I hope you can broil steaks," Avery said.

"Me!" Deke exclaimed. "*Cordon bleu* is what I deserve. I run the gamut with the culinary stuff. All the way from fried eggs to singed toast."

"What a husband you'll make some girl," said Avery. "Time to start?"

Deke nodded and they walked to where Avery's car was parked, and drove to the Morningstar residence. The somewhat seedy car came to a stop under the porte-cochere and Deke went up the steps to ring the bell.

Phryne and Felicia were ready, dressed for the outing in blue jeans and shirts open at the throat. Commonly, Avery had an aversion to women in pants. But these two young ladies, even in denim trousers, had not lost their feminine charm, nor, curiously enough, their recognizable class. Had he never seen them before and now came upon them for the first time, Avery would have recognized that they were far, far from being bobby-soxers.

Phryne was at her coolest and most aristocratic.

"We also," she said in her crisp voice, "appear in bikini swim suits. There have been favorable comments."

"Not that we don't trust your catering," Felicia said, "but we baked a cake in case." She handed a box containing this contribution to Avery.

They drove through the city and toward the mountain at the south. At its foot a pickup truck was parked, into which they moved the supplies and themselves and commenced the climb to the transmitter station perched upon the highest point of the hill. It was a primitive road, rutted, rough, jolting. The truck lurched and swayed and the girls gasped as it clung perilously to rocky rims beneath which were sheer drops of hundreds of feet. Deke drove nonchalantly, whisking around hairpin curves, blandly certain that they would meet no car coming from the opposite direction.

"If," said Phryne, "your driving is an indication of your essential inhibitions, then life with you would be a jaunt through jeopardy with a halter around your neck."

"You wouldn't like that?" he asked.

"I'd adore it," she answered promptly.

At last, not without minor bruises, they reached the station with its spidery tower. Deke parked the car debonairly, as if the spot were paved and level ground instead of bare, sloping rock a couple of thousand feet above the plain. They alighted and scrambled up to the platform upon which the station was constructed and stood there looking out and

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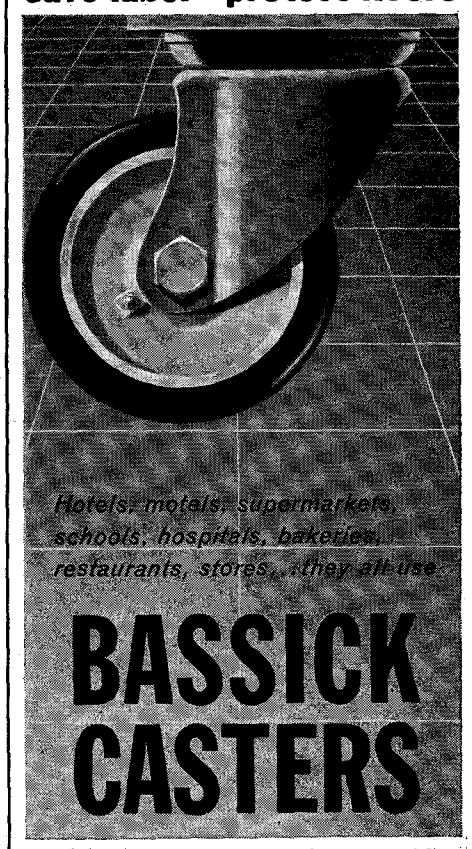

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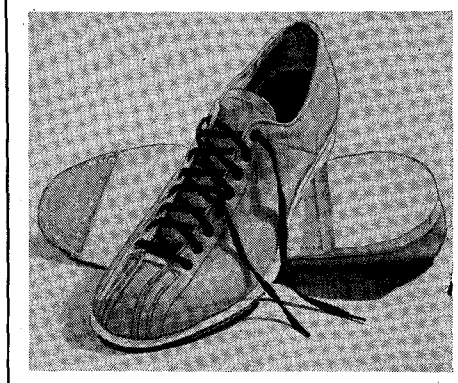

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down upon the city which spread itself below them. From that eminence it was a miniature city with straight threads for streets, green dots for trees and houses, and buildings that could be held in the palm of the hand.

"It's beautiful," Felicia said in a whisper.

"But," said Phryne, "it scares the pants off you."

Deke opened the door and motioned them inside. They entered a room three sides of which were banked with electronic apparatus, hundreds of tiny tubes, what seemed like miles of filmy wire—all essential to the dissemination of sound and picture over the area served by station HARP-TV. Two very young men were in charge, to whom the young ladies were introduced and who, when asked to do so by Deke, burst into a very frenzy of explanatory and completely incomprehensible technicalities. They quite overpowered the girls and Avery himself with their esoteric erudition and their jargon of electronic terms, amid which even the few recognizable words lost all meaning. Synchronizing generators, shouldered resistors and stabilization amplifiers overshadowed microwaves as the young gentlemen displayed their cabalistic knowledge.

Phryne gasped. She held up a slender hand.

"Desist," she said. "Cease and desist. I thank whatever gods there be that I haven't understood a word of it. The possession of such a mass of cockeyed erudition bespeaks a misspent life."

They went outside and into a sort of shed, housing a maze of other gadgets, including, near the top, a dingus shaped like a block-letter J reclining on its back.

"That," said Deke, poking his finger into a hole in the end of this bent pipe, "is our microwave receiver. The picture comes over the air from the station downtown ——"

"And goes round and round and comes out here," Phryne said.

"Something like that," Deke agreed. "Now, pupils, if you were to cram a piece of tinfoil in here you would put the whole kit and boilin' on the blink. . . . Remember how they used to gum up radar during the war by filling the air with ribbons of tinfoil? Well, a low miscreant could do the same with television transmission if he had a way of doing it."

They returned to the principal room of the station and Avery asked information of the two young experts. "Suppose," he said, "you wanted to spoil the picture on the screens of our viewers. How would you go about it?"

They consulted and then pointed to a small box, something like the storage battery of a motor car. "Why," one of them said, "the easiest way would be to plug in this oscillating generator. They have one down at the main station too. It is used for testing, but it will send out interference or distortion waves and make your picture flutter or flicker or the like."

"Isn't there anything connected with the television business that has just a common name, like transubstantiation or eleemosynary or maybe cat or dog?" asked Phryne.

"I can think of three," Avery answered, "all of which are in my department. They are overhead and profit and loss. Anybody can define them, but it takes something besides scientific genius to keep them under control."

They said good-by to the two guardians of the transmitter and scrambled down to the pickup truck. Deke maneuvered it nonchalantly, and succeeded in pointing it downward.

"There's a sort of cove a little way down," he said, "that we can use. You'll have to stoop when you walk around so as not to bump your heads against the stars when they come out. I've arranged for a goodly turnout of planets, satellites, moons and comets this evening."

"And rattlesnakes?" asked Phryne.

"I sent them notice they weren't invited."

Somewhat lower, a hundred feet or so, Deke maneuvered the truck off the thread of a road and managed to park it between two great rocks which formed a gateway into a cove or glade perhaps half an acre in area. The young men bustled out robes to be sat upon, set up a grill for broiling steaks, produced kindling and wood for the fire. Deke proved to be adept at igniting a blaze, and then spread the meat on the grill and put the coffee on to boil. There were paper plates and cups, and knives and forks and spoons. Proudly he displayed crisp buns and cubes of butter and the maki[illegible] of a salad.

"I brought apple pie," he said, "but I suppose your cake will be tastier."

"I'll be able to use both," Phryne said.

Felicia sat serenely quiet, elbows on her knees. Avery, eying her slantwise, considered that she was not a talkative person; that, unlike Phryne, she did not parade wit or humor or dry satire. There was something serene and restful and solid about her. If Phryne scintillated like a diamond, Felicia glowed comfortably like a lovely pearl.

Darkness descended before the victuals were ready for consumption. For a time the only light was from the fire; then the rim of the moon cut its way through the dark sky, growing smaller and smaller as it climbed above the distant ridge. Its color altered to glowing silver and it touched rock and tree and shrub with a cold, eerie, unearthly glow which made the visible earth seem a sector of an uninhabited planet in luminous space.

"If," said Deke, "I had a guitar I'd sing a lilt, if I had a voice."

"There's nothing for dissipating the spectral," said Phryne, "like a slab of steak and a cup of coffee."

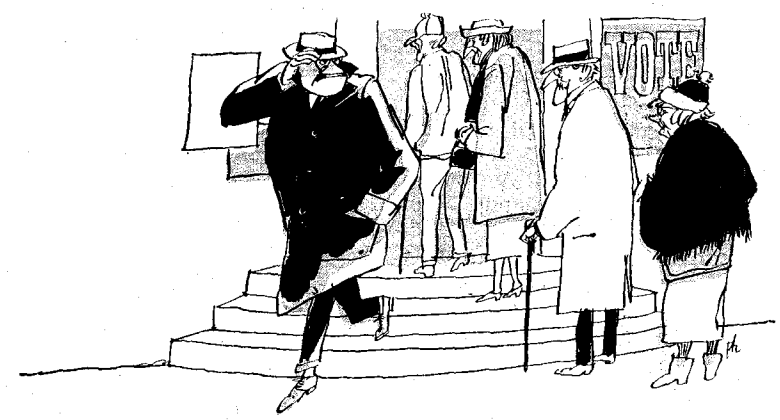
Avery, who faced the gateway between the rocks, leaned forward and peered downward. Far below, the road wound its way, curving, dipping, disappearing, coming into view and vanishing. Down there, rounding a shoulder of rock, appeared the headlights of a car.

"Who," he asked of Deke, "would be driving up here at this time of night?"

"Can't imagine," Deke replied.

They watched for the approaching car as it climbed toward them, now invisible, now coming into view. Avery was conscious of a vague uneasiness. No one could have legitimate business on this height at such an hour. Of course, it might be some amorous swain seeking a secluded spot to pitch woo to his lady friend. But for that, he would not have to climb so high. Avery felt an impulse to kick out the fire and become invisible—why, he could not have said. But he did not heed it. There was no valid reason to alarm the young women. So they proceeded with the picnic.

The sound of a laboring motor became audible. An automobile traveling in low gear passed the entrance to their little cove. It stopped. Evidently it had taken notice of the glow of their fire. It reversed and stopped outside the rocky gateway, and then turned in and came to a halt.



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Quadmore, a rugged individualist, felt irked at seeing hundreds of old folks voting in every election although drawing old-age assistance from the state. He sued election officials to stop it, citing a law that "no person kept in a poorhouse at public expense shall be entitled to register and vote."

"The old-age-assistance handout is the modern equivalent of the poorhouse mentioned in the law," he argued. "The object of the law is clearly that no one living solely at the taxpayers' expense should be allowed to vote."

"The law plainly says 'living in poorhouses,'" the election officials replied. "Quadmore is trying to claim that it says something else."

If you were the judge, would you let the old folks vote?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The old folks won. The court said the law could not be stretched to cover old-age-assistance payments. "To so hold," it added, "would in effect eliminate the words 'kept in a poorhouse.'"

Based upon a 1957 Oklahoma decision.

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Three male figures descended and advanced toward them. And, as they came within the radius of firelight, Avery recognized Philidor and his Hindu thug, and the gorilla who was a brother to the man upon whom Avery had overturned the weighty secretary in that room to which he and Parsifal Nebo had been dragged as prisoners.

The men advanced over the uneven ground three abreast, Philidor in the middle, the Hindu at his right, the gorilla at his left. The scene, with the flickering fire, had somewhat the effect of a badly transmitted picture upon a television screen. It was a surprise to Avery. How had Philidor known they could be found in this remote and lonely spot? What information, and how come by, had directed him to this hilltop where seclusion would be guaranteed; where the man could carry out his intention with no fear of interruption?

Avery's mind clicked. He remembered how he had heard the replacing of a telephone receiver at the end of his conversation with the Morningstar house when plans for this picnic had been made. Gwen Silver! As he knew she had done before, she must have communicated what she had overheard to Tom Skeen. The girl was infatuated with Skeen. She had relayed to him every bit of information she had been able to overhear in her confidential capacity as Avery's secretary.

If Philidor had come by his knowledge by Gwen's disloyalty it indicated another fact. It suggested that there was communication between Skeen and Philidor, for there could be none between Gwen and the man who now advanced upon the little group around the fire.

Both Avery and Deke O'Brien started to get to their feet. But Philidor's musical voice stopped them.

"Remain seated, gentlemen," he said, displaying an automatic. "If anything regrettable happens, it will be your fault, not mine." He smiled sleekly, and Avery thought he had never seen so inhuman a face or such malignant eyes.

"If," Philidor said, advancing another step, "you are co-operative and not stubborn, you will remain in good health. I will even restrain my companion here, Mr. Truslow, who nurses a blood feud against you."

Avery glanced at the scowling gunman, at the Hindu who stood showing white teeth and playing skillfully with a silken scarf, which, in his hands, seemed endowed with malign life. He looked across the waning fire at Deke O'Brien, who leaned forward tensely, ready as a coiled spring to resolve into action. That young man's hand had moved toward Phryne Morningstar and had taken her slender hand into his fingers in a gesture of reassurance.

"You," said Philidor to the Hindu, "will stand behind Miss Sewell. With ready scarf. The art of thuggee, Miss Sewell, causes instant and almost painless death. Just a flick of the scarf. Where are they?"

"I do not have them," Felicia said.

"You had them." Philidor said, as one who states a known fact. "What the police do not know—I know. . . . I know that two packets were in Hubert Aldrich's wall safe on the night he was murdered."

"The night you caused him to be murdered," Felicia said.

Philidor shrugged. "The State Department knew those packets had arrived in America. Some blame, shall we say suspicion, attached to your father. Was it possible, Miss Sewell, those envelopes traveled to America in a diplomatic pouch? And were abstracted from that pouch by someone in your father's department?"

"The State Department," Felicia said, "does not take me into its confidence."

Philidor smiled thinly. He was, thought Avery, displaying a weakness. He was displaying vanity. It pleased his warped soul to be admired, not for virtue, but for shrewd, clever vice. Now he displayed his adroitness and preened himself upon his infallibility. The sound of his own voice was pleasing to him.

This weakness, this urge to boast, made Avery certain of one unpleasant fact—namely, that no matter what assurances or guaranties Philidor might give that they would go away unharmed, they would not leave this place to testify to what the man said or did.

"The State Department," Philidor said, "is hand-in-glove with CIA."

"I wouldn't know," Felicia said.

"Now, Miss Sewell! . . . Now, Miss Sewell!" Philidor said chidingly. "You are not unemployed. You are not a social butterfly. Your father's influence obtained you a job. It was no secret, Miss Sewell. Mr. Allen Dulles' employees in Europe knew those packets were on their way from Moscow to America. But they were circumvented. I could tell you how if I would."

"The man," said Phryne Morningstar, not daunted by their predicament, "is omniscient."

"What it is important for me to know," Philidor said, and there was vanity in his voice, "I discover. The Russians are clever-stupid, a half-Oriental cunning, childish and barbaric. In the end," he said with derision, "it will betray them into disaster."

"They should have your services," said Phryne witheringly.

Philidor moved his shoulders and did not so much as glance at her.

"Two packets containing a million dollars in bearer bonds," he went on, preening his omniscience. "To be used in the United States for propaganda and the expenses of espionage. . . . Reaching safely the hands of this dead Hubert Aldrich, their fiscal agent."

A million dollars! So those envelopes in the glove compartment of his car were worth a million dollars! Avery did not, somehow, doubt the accuracy of what Philidor said.

"The State Department and CIA were not quite asleep," the man went on. "Among other devices, and because of her importunities, a red-haired slattern was finagled into the household of Aldrich as a servant. . . . So, Miss Sewell?"

The girl's face was expressionless, almost stolid. She made no reply.

"So much I know," Philidor said. "Now I surmise. A purposely clumsy and melodramatic method of murder was devised. This girl, Miss Sewell, this employee of CIA had discovered Aldrich's hidden wall safe. So adroit an agent would find the combination. Do I reach accurate conclusions, Miss Sewell?"

"For a double, possibly triple, agent," Felicia said evenly, "you talk much too much."

"I assure you there is no danger in it," Philidor said, and smirked. Avery felt his muscles tighten. He calculated the chances. To try anything would be suicide.

"So this slavey," Philidor continued, "found the body of her employer, opened the safe, and abstracted the bonds. Getting ahead of the people who had planned the murder to possess the fortune for themselves. She absconded. She fled down the roads in the darkness. But somewhere, it is unimportant where, she thumbed a ride." Now his eyes turned upon Avery. "She thumbed a ride with a young gentleman on his way to this city. Here conjecture ceases and fact re-enters."

"More superhuman cleverness," said Phryne.

"Routine investigation," Philidor said. "I know the bonds left Long Island with Miss Sewell, who, in her character as a servant girl, rode across the country in Mr. Truslow's car." He sneered at Avery now. "So adroit a person as Miss Sewell would not have retained the packets. She had at hand a ready dupe, a handy cat's-paw. So, by process of deduction, I arrive at the certainty that she passed on to Mr. Truslow what I want very much. . . . Mr. Truslow, where are the bonds?"

"If I had such valuables," Avery answered, "they would be in a safe-deposit box."

"I am thorough, Mr. Truslow. You have no deposit box, else my approach would have been different." Then the man showed that he really was possessed of shrewdness. "It is possible that you are unaware of the contents of the envelopes Miss Sewell fobbed off on you. . . . Miss Sewell, where are they hidden?"

"I do not know," she said truthfully.

"Must I give orders to Rao Singh?" he asked.

The Hindu moved a pace nearer to Felicia.

"You are thinking, Mr. Truslow, Miss Sewell, that I cannot have you killed, because then no one could tell me where you have secreted the bonds." He smiled thinly. He fondled the automatic in his hand, holding it in readiness. "Rao Singh is apt at causing pain short of death."

If all the steaks that were barbecued by amateur chefs during the summer were laid end to end, we would have the world's longest cinder track.

A. A. FREDRICKSON

Avery saw red. In after days when he thought back about this night and its happenings, he remembered distinctly how, for an instant, everything was tinged with crimson. Always he had thought the expression was a figure of speech. Now he knew that it was a phenomenon induced by rage, perhaps so violent a rush of blood to the brain that it actually tinted the vision. There was no plan, no deliberate volition in what he did. It was reflex. The Hindu was just behind Felicia only a yard from Avery. Blindly he flung himself backward, reached upward, seized the bony Asian by hips and crotch and, before a soul could move he heaved forward, lifting Rao Singh from the ground, and hurled him, arms and legs flailing, at the knees of Philidor. Philidor stepped deftly aside. Rao Singh's head met a rock and he lay prone, twitching.

Avery had acted without thought. Blind rage at the idea of the Hindu's skinny hands touching Felicia's lovely skin had possessed him for an instant. His violence had served no purpose. True, the skeletal man was *hors de combat*, but Philidor remained, and the gunman stood in readiness. Philidor held his automatic steady. "That gained you nothing," he said. "One more foolish caper, Mr. Truslow, and I'll shoot off your kneecap. . . . Now, Miss Sewell ——"

"Philidor," Felicia said, and her voice was controlled, "Miss Morningstar and Mr. O'Brien are not concerned in this business."

"They are here," Philidor said coldly.

"If you will permit them to go, give them five minutes' start down the hill, I will direct Mr. Truslow to tell you where he has hidden the bonds."

"Turn them loose to give the alarm! Nonsense, Miss Sewell."

"They would give their word," Felicia said.

"Again nonsense," Philidor replied.

Phryne stirred and Avery could not but be struck by the serenity of her profile, how it spoke of race, of caste, of something admirable that cannot be present in the mean or vulgar.

"Philidor, or whatever your silly name may be," she said, "you would be a stupid ass to pull a pogrom—to order a massacre. How long do you think you would have to enjoy the proceeds of those bonds? Even if you lasted long enough to hypothecate them. Do you think, for instance, that Avery Truslow III could be killed or even harmed without there being a noise about it in the nation? Do you think the daughter of an official of the State Department can vanish without causing some slight curiosity? I say nothing about myself, but my family is not precisely negligible. The three of us would cause a racket louder than the shot that was heard around the world. So hold your horses and ponder that a minute."

"I've pondered it, Miss Morningstar. It is a calculated risk. A million dollars is worth some hazard. . . . By the time you are found I shall be distant and invisible."

Again Felicia stirred. Avery saw something in her eyes that astounded him, for it was a sort of grim humor as if she anticipated something amusing. He could not credit his eyes, but what he saw was something antic, something prankish.

"Avery," she said, "tell Mr. Philidor where he can find the bonds."

"You mean it?"

"I mean, rather, that you shall lead him to them. . . . I've done my best. Is a million dollars worth the sacrifice of four lives? I doubt it."

"You show common sense," said Philidor. "You have been co-operative, Mr. Truslow. You left your car at the foot of the mountain. We made use of it to come here ——"

"Indeed!" Avery grasped the purpose. The car would indeed be useful, might even spell the complete success of Philidor's endeavor, making it possible for him to vanish, leaving behind him, not murder, but tragic accident. If a car, carrying the bodies of four merry-making young people, should plunge a thousand feet down a rock wall who would ever suspect foul play? Once more he spoke to Felicia Sewell. "You direct me to show this man where I have cached the bonds?"

"If you please," Felicia said.

Avery pushed himself to his feet. "Come along," he said to Philidor, and walked toward the spot where his automobile had been parked. The others trailed after him. Philidor, gun ready, kept just at his back. Avery reached through the open window, found the keys and unlocked the glove compartment. From it he withdrew the two sealed and taped envelopes. A million dollars! So much money did not weigh too heavily in the hand.

"There you are, Mr. Philidor," he said.

Philidor tore away the tape, wrenched open the first of the packets. His breath could be heard as he panted with eagerness. With almost insane avidity he jerked out the contents of the envelope and then uttered an animal sound of astonishment and rage. For what he held in his hand was not a bundle of splendidly engraved bearer bonds, but a handful of sheets of heavy parchment paper folded as it is customary to fold securities. Not a million dollars in negotiable bonds but fifty cents' worth of blank paper.

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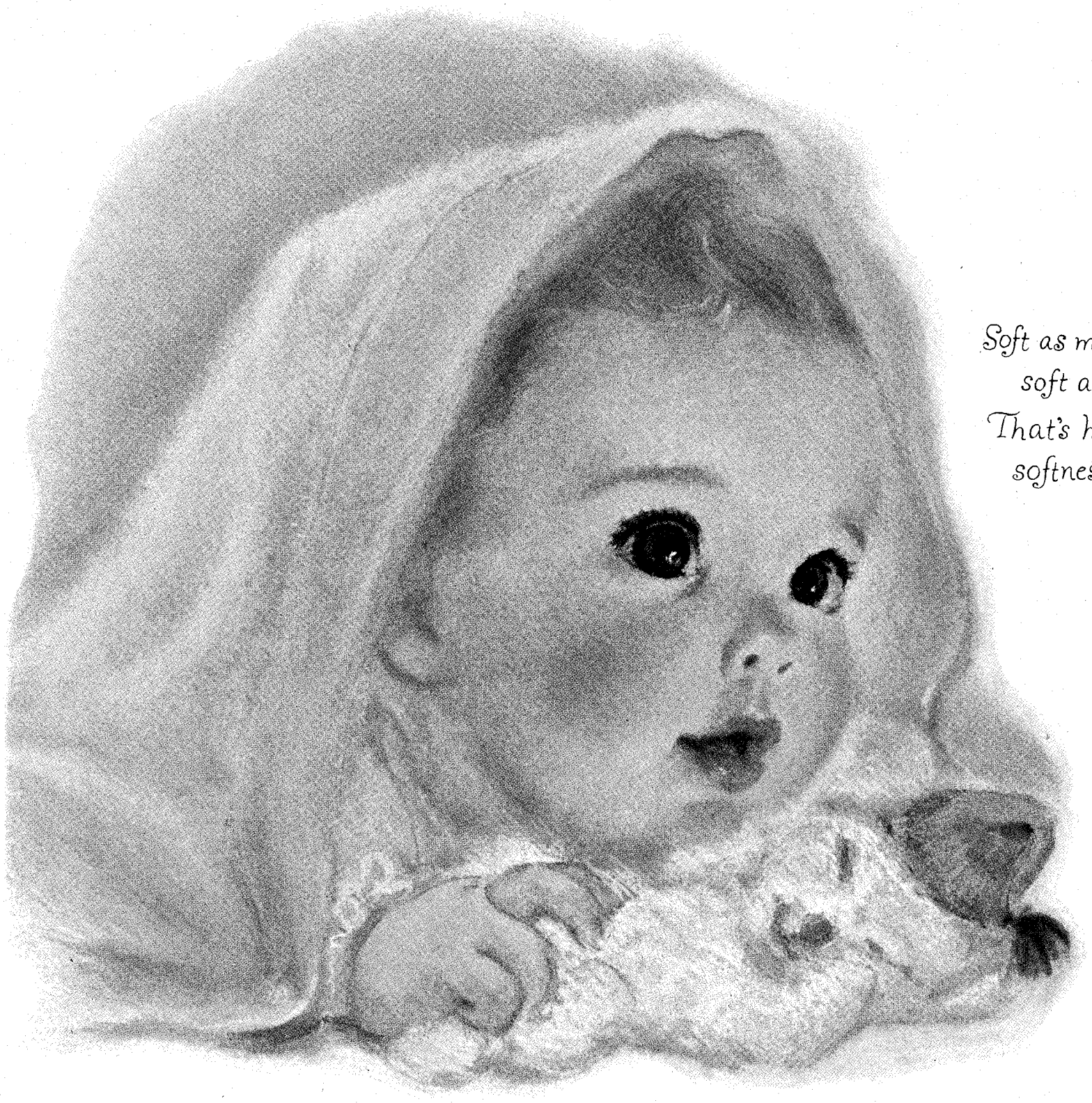

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soft as me
That's how soft
softness can be

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is
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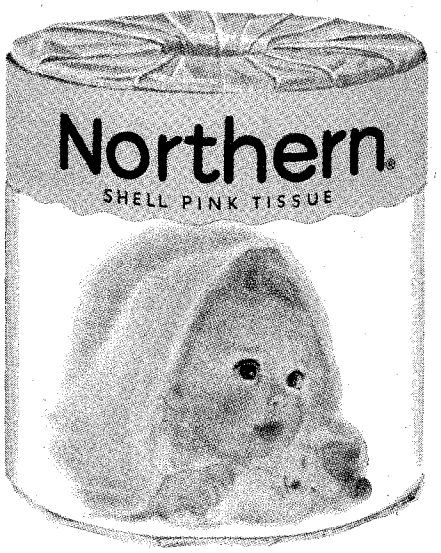
Nothing else
is soft enough



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We Tell Our Children . . .

(Continued from Page 18)

"He can, too," huffed the little girl. "If I want to, I'll marry everybody."

We had accustomed ourselves to the fact that rarely can a Negro lecture or appear on a radio or TV interview program these days without being asked, "What do you think of interracial marriage?" But we had hardly expected this to be an issue among kindergarten youngsters.

At the same time, our four-year-old, Geoffrey, was facing similar perplexing references to race in nursery school. One day as he and his favorite chum were building a block castle, the white child said, "Geoff, your hands are dirty"—and he held up his white hands in comparison.

"They are not," said Geoff.

"Well, how can you tell when they are clean?" Before Geoff could reply, the boy said, "Geoff, you're a Negro."

Geoff looked at his pal in puzzlement and replied, "Well, so are you!"

We chuckled when first told of this incident; but after some thought, we saw more than humor in that exchange. If Geoffrey had fired back the word "Negro" as a derogatory term, it meant that he had to assume some measure of insult in the fact that his pal had called him a Negro.

Our first responsibility, then, was to make our children understand that they need never apologize for being Negroes. A second task was to teach them not to be so sensitive about discussions of race and color. We were reminded of two friends who moved into what had been an all-white neighborhood and then waited uneasily for their children to come home from their first day at school. Their expectations of the worst were all but confirmed when their six-year-old daughter rushed into the house exclaiming, "A boy called me a very bad name in school today!"

His stomach beginning to churn in resentment of some racial slur, the father demanded, "What happened? What did he call you?"

"Just because I wouldn't give him my new pencil, he called me selfish," the girl replied.

This taught our friends—and us—that in this ticklish area of human relations, no group can afford to go about constantly expecting the worst.

We also recognize a real need to make our youngsters understand that despite the stories and telecasts of violence and conflict, despite the propagandists' shouting that our country has "gone backward" in race relations, America really is a far more democratic country, its people more humane and mature about racial matters, than when my wife and I were children.

We can remember that just two decades ago it was not at all unusual to see children playing hide-and-seek to the chant, "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo, catch a nigger by the toe. . . ." Or "Acka, backa, soda cracker, acka, backa, boo, if your daddy chews tobacca he's a dirty Jew. . . ." Today most children shun these chants, not so much because Negroes and Jews might resent them, but because they have been taught that only crude, ignorant, immature, unimaginative people find their "fun" in the characteristics of people who are "different," whether it be an old woman with a deformity or a little girl with a brown face.

No, the references to race that our children face are not the ugly epithets that have produced bitter pangs of childhood for so many minority-group youngsters. However, we know that even the most innocent remark can create nagging doubts that, left unanswered, may serve to diminish the self-respect and security of our children. So for more than a year we have tried, subtly wherever possible, to instill in our youngsters an understanding—indeed, appreciation—of the fact that the human beings who inhabit our earth come in many colors, sizes and shapes, with many differences of taste, intellect and goodness. We tell them that while it may not necessarily make for a better world, it certainly makes for a more interesting one.

When our older boy began to study birds with almost unbelievable fascination, we pointed out to him that God thought it made for a more beautiful world to fill it with not just starlings, but robins, orioles, blue jays, redheaded woodpeckers and many more. We have pointed to a verdant hillside, dotted with myriad blossoms, and shown them how each flower is beautiful in its own way, and that, but for the variety, the hillside soon might seem drab and monotonous.

We make this point only to emphasize our belief that mankind is not so bigoted, so enslaved to racial passions that we can have genuine peace and brotherhood only when all of us look, act and think alike. Thus, we do not maintain that the only solution to the race problem will be centuries of intermarriage.

When Carl, Jr., asked with such apprehension whether brown people really can marry white ones, we told him emphatically that they can. We know the passions that surround this subject, but we will not, and do not want our children to, compromise the basic principle that in a free society persons with a mutual admiration and respect for each other must be free to associate—even if it leads to marriage. We went on to point out to Carl, however, that people generally marry someone who looks much like they do, who likes the same things, who has about the same amount of education and whose family has about the same amount of money. Yet, in many instances, a brown person and a white one feel that they are alike in so many other ways that the difference in their colors is unimportant.

Our teen-age daughter, Barbara, demanded a more detailed discussion of the subject. Already she had learned from her schoolmates and others that fear of interracial marriage always is the ultimate reason given for the insistence of some white Americans on racial separation, even discrimination, in this country. We point out that fulminations over intermarriage or "mongrelization" are basically irrelevancies designed to obscure really fundamental issues of whether access to public schools, libraries and other facilities, the right to vote and the other privileges of American citizenship are to be enjoyed by all Americans. To indicate the degree of irrelevancy, we point out that one would find it impossible to prove that more racial "intermingling" occurs in long-integrated Michigan than in long-segregated Louisiana.

Barbara referred to a magazine article in which a Southern editor referred to "wild interracial parties" in an Indiana town as the result of "racial mixing in the schools." I replied, "There is no more logic in his saying that an immoral interracial party is the result of school integration than there would be in my saying that the University of Oklahoma won the Orange Bowl game last New Year's Day because that institution now is integrated. Perhaps less logic, for I can at least show that a recently integrated Negro player made a substantial contribution to the Oklahoma effort.

"These arguments over whether more interracial immorality occurs under segregation or integration miss this basic point—immoral parties are bad because they are immoral, not because a particular race, or a combination of races, is involved.

"The editor's implied charge, of course, is that Negro youngsters lead white youngsters astray, and that segregation is needed to prevent this. You need not grow up believing that you have the responsibility to prove that Negroes do not have a monopoly on immorality."

Then I went on to answer more fully her questions about intermarriage.

"Millions of Americans have a genuine fear of interracial marriage. For some it is an almost subconscious fear, sharpened by the fact that, since they have not known intimately any Negroes they consider their social, cultural, intellectual and moral equals, they assume that an interracial marriage would match their child to an inferior. These more or less latent fears are being whipped into a frenzy by cynical hate peddlers who feel that they can maintain segregation and discrimination only if they can convince the masses that if segregation and discrimination are ended, widespread interracial marriages will result.

"Were this an issue of logic rather than emotion, there could be no hysteria, for the Alabama white man would see that if 'mongrelization' has not taken place in Michigan, where the Negro is much more nearly the social and economic equal of the white man than in Alabama, it is certainly less likely to happen in the Deep South.

"White men all over the country would see that it takes a special kind of arrogance for a white person to assume that every Negro man—and the fears usually are based on the assumption that a Negro man is involved—wants to marry a white woman. Beyond that, for such fears to withstand the test of logic, white people would also have to assume that great numbers of white women are eager to marry Negroes—for not even the most militant Negro has advocated denying white women, or any women, the right to say 'no.'"

I went on to explain to my daughter that there is a vast difference between advocating interracial marriages and in believing that people ought to have a freedom of choice. I showed her a letter that I had received from a young white woman at the University of Michigan saying, "Mr. Rowan, I am quite puzzled. I am in love with a really wonderful Negro student. He has a very promising career, and we have so much in common. After reading your latest book, I felt that you could advise me. Shall I marry him?"

I wrote the young woman, "I honestly don't know. I haven't even met the young man. Nor you, for that matter."

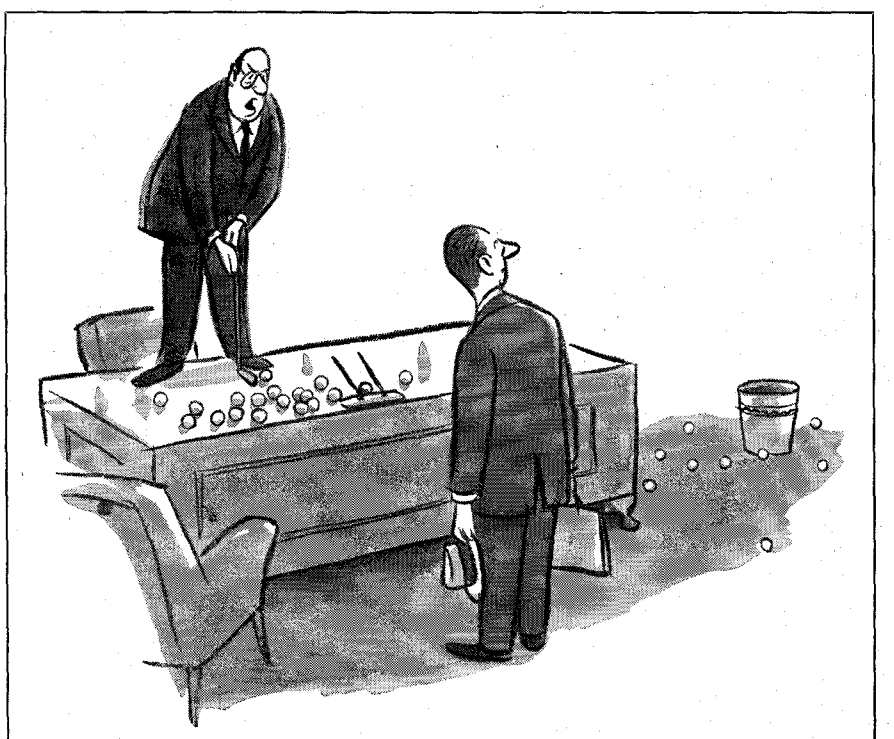
I went on to explain to the young woman that I regard marriage as such a personal, delicate matter between two individuals that I would never be so foolish as to offer broad do's or don'ts. Thus I could not be for interracial marriage or against it—but I was unalterably in favor of the individuals' having the right to weigh all the factors, to study the obstacles, to make up their own minds and then, if they so decided, to get married and have a life free of bigoted pressures from either whites or Negroes.

The big challenge to Negro parents, however, is not to explain race in terms of any controversy over intermarriage, for this seems of less real concern to Negroes than to whites. Some Negro parents have come to fear that what may appear to be apathy, laziness or lack of ambition on the part of many Negroes really is the result of a situation where for generations too many Negroes have had their self-esteem crushed to the extent that even they have accepted, at least subconsciously, the notion that they are "inferior," or that Negroes do have "their own place" somewhere short of the mainstream of American life.

In an effort to combat this, to enhance our children's self-respect, we have taken up where most history books leave off—by illustrating to our youngsters the many ways in which Negroes have contributed to this nation's greatness.

It is good for Negro youngsters—and would not hurt white ones—to know that a Negro, Dr. Charles Drew, did the pioneer work in blood plasma that led to the saving of thousands of lives in World War II; that Negroes like J. Ernest Wilkins, Jr.—a University of Chicago Ph.D. at 19—are turning their mathematical and scientific genius to projects designed to enhance the nation's security.

And our boys, both of whom fancy themselves to be athletes, loved the story of how a tall, slightly stooped young



"I'm a busy man, Mr. Montrose, so please state your business."

STAN HUNT — THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Negro track star named Rafer Johnson went to Russia last summer, with the whole world certain that he would lose, and so honored himself and this country by whipping the pride of the Soviet Union in a record-smashing decathlon performance that the Russian newspaper *Trud* said, "This will dignify the history of world athletic records for some time to come."

We tell these stories of Negro achievement because we believe that at a time when the word "Negro" is at the center of so much national conflict, when people of both good and ill will are talking about what Negroes deserve or do not deserve, when so much is being said and written about "Negro crime," "Negro illegitimacy," "Negro cultural lag" and so on, colored youngsters need to be reminded of that vast body of Negro Americans whose lives are worthy and honorable.

We do not want our children to think that the great majority of Negro youngsters are delinquents brandishing switchblades and zip guns any more than we want them to think that the great mass of whites are fear-crazed brutes who run in packs that prey on defenseless Negroes. We are at too critical a juncture in world history for even a small percentage of American Negroes to grow up believing such nonsense.

Yet, we have seen the need for caution, for this race-pride theme can be pushed too far—even among a minority group. For example, last fall we were driving home from school when the radio announcer said, "In Washington Negro attorneys won their argument before the Supreme Court. . . . Meanwhile, the first Negro entered the law school at the University of Florida. . . ."

"Goodie, Geoff," exclaimed our older boy. "The Negroes are doing everything!"

So even as we tell our children stories of Negro achievement, we drill into them an understanding that all the honors heaped upon our Sidney Poitiers, Ann Petrys and Ernie Bankses do not give them reason to be proud at the expense of other races or nationalities. We want them to realize that they are not one whit tougher by virtue of the fact that Negroes hold several boxing championships. We want them to believe earnestly that the man who can be proud only of his race is a miserable excuse for a man.

In all these discussions of race, however, we have remained aware that there is a particular challenge to parents to make sure that Negro teen-agers do not become so depressed by their inescapable awareness that there is something "different," and not always enviable, about being a Negro that they begin to use race as a crutch, as an "explain-all" for their failures to measure up to their abilities or to the expectations of a reasonable society.

To make this point meaningful we try to make sure that our children, as they mature, understand the legal, moral and ethical distinctions among certain terms that are being widely used in discussions of race problems—terms like constitutional rights, civil rights, social equality, majority rule and so on. We consider it a tragedy that millions of whites do not understand the differences; it would be a calamity if Negroes emerged from this period of social change unaware of the difference, say, between social equality and equality of opportunity. This is how we explain the terms:

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS—These are the basic freedoms which the framers of our Constitution said are inviolate—the freedoms that no man or group may deny you capriciously or in a moment of passion. These are the rights that all Americans fight zealously to protect. It is the "equal protection" of these laws that makes it impossible for any unit of government to enact special rules or regulations that discriminate against or attach a stigma to any racial group.

We explain that this is the essence of the public-school controversy—the Negro's contention that no level of his government may make rules of attendance that set him apart as something "special." On the other hand, we have explained to our daughter that she has no constitutional right to demand that a private school—that is, one not operated with public funds—accept Negroes or any other group.

This point is particularly important to our daughter, who has begun to think about which college she will attend, for it plunges us into that sticky area of conflict between what some people consider their private right to discriminate and what other people call the public interest.

Stubborn

By Herbert Merrill

Grandpa, admit it. This is a sad farm,
This valley embraced by a mountain's stiff arm.
A spade stuck in anywhere grates on the stone,
The skin of your garden can scarce hide the bone,
The fields run to bindweed and buckhorn and dodder
And quack grass and thistles and prickly fodder.

The pig is all spareribs. There's nothing that thrives.
The cow's two hipbones are like sharp pruning knives.
The hen's but a hunger between beak and toes,
And mortgages gobble whatever crop grows.
Come away. Give it up. Let the bank have the land.
But why won't you do it? I can't understand!

I try to simplify this issue this way: "You may feel that it is morally wrong for Podunk College to bar Negroes or Jews, or set up a quota system saying that only so many of them will be admitted, but you have no constitutional right to demand admittance."

"But what about our state laws forbidding discrimination in hotels and restaurants?" she asks. "Is that a constitutional right? Should not a private group owning a hotel be as free to discriminate as one owning a college?"

I tell her that theoretically the answer is yes; but with this important distinction: In modern, organized society city councils and legislatures have had to establish codes of conduct—when and how to drive a car, who must go to school, which airline may fly which route—in order to prevent chaos. Some communities and states have decided that in order to promote the common welfare, to protect the public interest, they should forbid discrimination in hotels, restaurants and similar places offering accommodations or services to the general public.

What we wind up with, then, are three categories of rights:

Constitutional rights which limit sharply the areas in which states and local governments may make distinctions in treatment based solely on race. These rights may not be denied by a local official, even if he is convinced that an individual is "better off" not enjoying them.

Civil rights growing out of the authority of local governments to establish standards of conduct for the welfare of society—so long as these standards do not conflict with the more basic constitutional rights of individuals.

Privacy rights under which an individual remains free to discriminate, to show racial prejudice, in his home and in other nonpublic areas of life.

In short, my children have a basic, constitutional right to enjoy the facilities of our tax-supported university without restrictions based on race; our legislature has said—and could change its mind at will—that they have a right to be served in restaurants and other places offering service to the public; but they have no right whatsoever to demand admittance or service at the wholly private country club nearby.

"But, dad," Barbara said at one time, "some of my classmates say that if we live by democracy, and most of the people in a city or state don't want Negroes to vote, or to go to white schools, then the majority should rule in that city or state. What is the answer to that?"

I point out that this is not democracy, for, put into practice, it produces an anarchistic, even terroristic, society in which no man really has any rights. Where would one draw the line? Is it democracy if a Lutheran majority in a township votes to forbid Catholic priests from preaching there? Would it be democracy if segregationists mustered up a majority in Little Rock and voted that the moderate Arkansas Gazette no longer can be published or sold in that city? Would this majority-rule principle apply if Negroes in Holmes County, Mississippi, who represent a sizable majority, decided that no white man could vote or hold office in that county? It is precisely because the majority-rule principle can be carried to ridiculous extremes—because even a majority may do foolish, inhuman, unjust things in moments of fear and passion—that our Constitution has laid down some basic freedoms and principles that must forever remain impregnable to the assaults of local prejudice and preference. Where these rights are denied or abridged, whether by vote of the local white-citizens council or by general public passion, we do not have democracy, but a Constitution reduced to a sham and a mockery.

SOCIAL EQUALITY—This is not a racial question in any sense, for social equality is a condition of mutual agreement existing between people who respect and admire each other. One Negro is not the social equal of another, even as one group of white men would consider social equality with another group of white men unthinkable. We point out that there are many white people who come to our home for dinner—and some whom we would not invite under any circumstances—and that by some strange coincidence those whom we would think last of inviting are the ones preaching loudest against social equality among Negroes and whites.

What we want our children really to understand, however, is that social equality is something no Negro—or white man—can demand, either as a civil right or a moral right, for social equality is a relationship one wins by character, personality and achievement. Even the most militant Negro must forever insist that this remain a matter of personal choice.

We have told our daughter—and are telling the boys—that we expect never to hear them say that they don't see any need to study this or that "because Negroes can't work at that job anyhow." We insist that today the Negro's role in undergirding the American dream is to prepare as if it existed in complete reality, to be ready to take up whatever position may become available at the mainstream.

We are warning our children that above all else they must be prepared to compete. Our Constitution and our courts can declare the basic equality of Negroes, but only excellence of training and character can keep them free and equal. This is so because no court can, or should, declare more than equality of opportunity.

However, we teach our children that to compete, to be really a part of a white world—and this is an inevitable fact of life for the American Negro, being one out of ten—they cannot stand timidly on the side lines, segregated, isolated, coming into contact with the majority group only when absolutely necessary. We tell them that, not only for their sake but for the well-being of the white majority, they must develop the same skills, experiences and abilities to adjust as do the white children with whom they must live—and compete.

We know that some parents feel that it would be a lot simpler if each racial group remained in its own little world, for then no one would have to worry about conflict, emotional disturbances or tedious explanations of these problems in human relations. These parents are blinding themselves to the fact that even if most Americans were insecure or narrow-minded enough to want this, it would be impossible. We have become so interdependent, our fates and freedoms so intertwined, so utterly indivisible, that we either are free men together or slaves together; we live together or die together.

I hope that my children never will forget that as Americans they must make their mark as Americans—in a largely white society. I am convinced that they can walk above bigotry and smallness if they will hold their heads high with a pride short of arrogance, leaving room in their hearts for compassion for such troubled souls as may feel a need to torment them.

In my travels in Asia and Africa I have seen many reasons to believe that this problem of racial fear, distrust and passion may plague mankind long after we have resolved this conflict between the Western and Communist worlds. Those headlines out of the Belgian Congo and the Central African Federation pose this one grim question: Is the world big enough today for both colored men and white men?

We Americans have the unique opportunity to convince the rest of the world that our racial differences do not doom us to conflict, that the wall that looms so large between us is only the flimsy fabric of our ignorance of ourselves and of each other. So we teach our children about race in the hope that we can instill in them a sense of the folly and futility of racism—in the hope that their generation will not bear the emotional shackles that plague ours.

By proving the possibility, indeed, the desirability, of an interracial society based not on tolerance of group differences, but on a respect for individual worth, we Americans can make a monumental contribution to the attainment of that most elusive goal of mankind—a world of peace and good will. THE END

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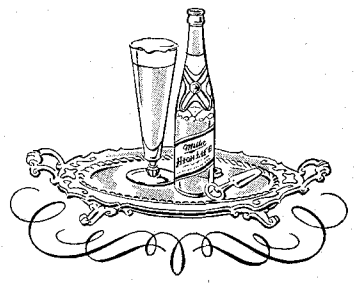

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Mr. Lincoln's Mystery Cake

(Continued from Page 28)

and flashing and invariably resulted in the startled inhabitants' running out shouting, "Fire!" and looking frantically for water. It also resulted in a good deal of hard feelings, strong language and a number of bruises if the culprits were discovered.

Grandfather's company commander got wind of the fracas and took a pretty humorless view of it. When grandfather confessed that he had dropped the cartridge down the chimney, the captain gave him the rough side of his tongue and a week of extra duty digging "sinks," which is what grandfather said they called latrines in those days. He said he got pretty tired of that kind of duty, so he went to the captain and said he would give him a nice, fairly fresh fruitcake if he would let him off.

My older brother hooted and said the Army had never been like that, but grandfather said that in 1863 a soldier who was willing to give away a fairly fresh fruitcake was a rare bird in the Army of the Potomac, and that no officer in his right mind would have turned down a proposition like that after all they had been through.

After the cake changed hands it really started going places. It seems that grandfather's company hadn't done too well at inspection the week before, the result being that the company commander was sort of low on the regimental commander's list. So the company commander took up a notch in his belt, looked longingly at the cake, and then brought it to the colonel in the interest of better relations.

As luck would have it, the colonel had planned a little blowout in his quarters for the division commander, and the cake was a real windfall. He had his cook set it up in the center of the table and gave the general a fancy story about how the cake had been baked just for him.

The general was as happy as a clam in high water. "It would desecrate that beautiful old colonial flag to eat that cake—at this level," said the general. "I am going up to Washington tomorrow, and I think I will take the cake along and give it to the Secretary of War."

Secretary of War Stanton was touched by the present from the cold, hungry soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. He said he didn't know the boys cared that much. He took the cake home to his wife, figuring that they could use it sometime when they had guests in for dinner, since even in those days there was a considerable amount of freeloading going on in Washington.

This was the only time in its long life that the cake failed to create a favorable impression. The Secretary's wife was on a diet at the time, and she accused her husband of bringing home a delicacy just to try her moral fiber. They had some sharp words about it, and she told him to take the cake from the house and give it to the Library of Congress or some other worthy charity.

Secretary Stanton, like most husbands, didn't follow his wife's advice, largely because he thought he would look pretty silly presenting a fruitcake to the Library of Congress, when every fool in Washington knew that all the Library of Congress cared about was books. What he did with grandfather's cake I will take up later.

Winter gave way to spring, and the Potomac soldiers were committed to another campaign. Mr. Lincoln, who had been using the hit-and-miss system trying to find a general who could win battles, had made Maj. Gen. Joe Hooker the top dog in the Army of the Potomac. Hooker was a fine-looking man with a way of ingratiating himself, a flare for fighting, and as ambitious as any you could find among the high-level shoulder straps.

When the spring rains slackened and blossoms were falling on the twisting clay roads of Virginia, Joe Hooker mounted a magnificent gray horse and led the Army of the Potomac toward an insignificant little place called Chancellorsville. And he ran into that terrible combination that had been scaring Union generals for a long time: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart.

Grandfather was a sergeant by then. He was never the one to brag, and we had to fill in a lot of gaps about what he did there. But it must have been a lot because he got a medal for it. His company was pinned down in a nasty little patch of woods, with the company commander wounded, ammunition running low, and underbrush and second-growth timber catching fire. Grandfather never went into detail about it, but there came a time when he went out under fire and through the burning woods to rescue his company commander from a nasty situation. And on the way back to his position he found the regimental commander with a Minié ball in his left leg, and brought him back to safety too.

Both the officers survived, thanks to grandfather, and they wrote about his exploits in their reports. He was such a hero that he was selected to carry dispatches to the President. It seems a little improbable at this distance, an enlisted man being sent with dispatches for the President of the United States, but, as grandfather pointed out, it was a smaller country in those days and the President was more accessible.

Grandfather never tired of telling about his visit with Mr. Lincoln. It was a warm, rainy morning when grandfather reported to the Executive Mansion after sprucing up a little at Willard's Hotel. He said the President's house was crowded with high brass waiting to see Mr. Lincoln and the usual brigade of politicians and plain citizens with axes to grind.

Grandfather said he figured it would be a long wait, but when the door to the President's office swung open, Mr. Lincoln noticed the young sergeant standing there looking a little shy and out of place among all that brass and starched shirts, and he shooed all the others aside and beckoned to him to come in. It was a big moment for grandfather when he passed through all those black looks and heard the President's door close behind him.

Grandfather got all tangled up in trying to shift his dispatches to his left hand so he could salute Mr. Lincoln with his right, and the papers fell on the floor, and the President, chuckling, helped him pick them up and get them in the right order.

"Sit down, son," Lincoln said. "No need to get all upset about coming in here. After you get to know me better, you'll find out I'm just like a comfortable old shoe—or at least I try to be. You just rest easy while I read some of General Hooker's excuses here." He put on his steel-rimmed spectacles and sighed when he noticed the length of the papers. "They always write long ones when they lose a battle. The only reports I'd like to get from my generals could be written in just two words—'We won.'"

The President read rapidly and without further comment down to the last page; then he said, "Hum," and looked at grandfather over the rim of his spectacles.

"How old are you, son?" he asked.

Grandfather said he really didn't hear the President the first time because he was staring openmouthed at his fruitcake, which was reposing under a glass cover on a side table in the President's office. He knew it was his cake because of the flag on top, but how it got into the office of the Commander in Chief beat the daylights out of him. Mr. Lincoln was a patient man and he asked grandfather how old he was for the second time.

Grandfather dragged his eyes reluctantly from the cake and replied with a gulp that he was pushing twenty-one.

The President wagged his head and said that grandfather was a mighty young man to have done all the fine things said about him in the report. Mr. Lincoln turned to his desk and started writing on a long, official-looking paper that he found in a desk drawer; then he tinkled a little bell on his desk, and one of his secretaries came in and held a whispered conversation with him. Grandfather said he noticed the secretary glancing over his shoulder at him several times and it made him a little self-conscious, so he concentrated on the cake and didn't even hear the secretary leave.

"Son, are you hungry?" Lincoln asked good-naturedly.

"No, sir, Mr. President," Grandfather stammered. "It's just that I can't keep my eyes off that cake."

"Then you must be hungry. Would you like a piece?"

"Oh, no, sir, thank you."

"Well, I think I'll have a piece," the President said. "It's been sitting there for some time, and I'm beginning to wonder what it tastes like." He took a pen knife from his desk and cut himself a small sliver. He chewed it thoughtfully, nodding his head. "A little old, but mighty fine cake all the same. I must have the Secretary of War ask his wife for the recipe."

This remark confused grandfather completely. What the wife of the Secretary of War had to do with his fruitcake he had no idea, but he made a partial recovery and rattled off the ingredients of the cake while the President looked bemused.

"Now that's exactly what's in the cake," said Mr. Lincoln, giving grandfather an odd glance, "but how should you know when you haven't tasted it?"

"Well, Mr. President," said grandfather, "I don't know how the Secretary of War's wife fits into this or what she says about it, but I baked that cake and I ought to know what goes in it."

"Suppose you tell me about it," the President suggested dryly.

So grandfather told all about baking the cake, how the other soldiers had helped out and how they had voted not to eat it for a while.

"And the last time we saw that cake," grandfather concluded, "was when I gave it to the captain to let me off digging sinks."

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch," said the President, who was sometimes careless of his grammar, and he laughed so hard the tears ran down the furrows in his cheeks and glistened on his chin whiskers.

Grandfather allowed how he thought it was pretty funny in a way, but what had him stumped was how the cake ever got to Mr. Lincoln.

"Son," said the President, swabbing at his eyes with an oversized handkerchief, "haven't you ever heard of military channels? That's what this cake did, I'll bet a dollar." The President stopped talking to laugh some more. "Yes, sir. This cake has been through channels, just as sure as I'm a born sinner. If my guess is right, the company commander gave it to the regimental commander who passed it along to some general who was coming to Washington. The general gave it to Stanton, who brought it to me with a cock-and-bull story about how it had been baked special for me with a flag on top."

You are an old-timer if you can remember when only farm animals wore halters.

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Mr. Lincoln slapped his knee and had another laugh that drove the tired lines from his face for a little bit. "I haven't had a laugh like that in a week, son," he told grandfather. "A laugh sure does me good. If I didn't get a laugh once in a while I'd cry all the time. Mr. Hay," he said, referring to his secretary, "had a little errand to do for me and won't be back for a few more minutes. Stay here and help me stave off those fellows outside for a little while. Tell me about Chancellorsville."

So grandfather told Mr. Lincoln about the battle, how the volume of musketry was as loud as any he had ever heard, about the woods catching fire and burning wounded men to death, and how Stonewall Jackson had thrown away the book and divided his forces, giving the Army of the Potomac a hard battering before he was cut down in the dusk of a bloody day.

As he talked, grandfather said, the President would shake his head and brush at his eyes and all the good the laughter had done was washed away in a few minutes, and Mr. Lincoln looked a hundred years old, his features sagging and his eyes bottomless.

He left his desk and walked over to a window and stood lost in thought. The rain had stopped, and a watery sun was peeking through the dripping trees. Later it would probably be a fine day, but hot, and the rain hadn't done any good at all. Grandfather remembered how still it was in the room, as if the world outside had withdrawn to leave the tall, lanky man alone with the crimson pictures grandfather had drawn to drive away laughter.

"I shouldn't have asked you," the President said. "You tell it too well." He came back to the desk, beating on the polished wood gently with his fist. "But I have to know. I'm responsible for it. I sent those boys in there to be hit and to burn. And the chances are pretty good," he added in a dead voice, "that I'll have to do it again and again."

Just then Mr. Hay returned, and grandfather remembered that he was very glad to see him, because in another minute he would have been blubbering like a woman at the sight of that tall man with the haunted, anguished look in his eyes.

Mr. Hay handed something to the President, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Stand up, son," and then he pinned the shoulder straps of a captain on grandfather's weather-beaten blue coat, and he handed him the official-looking paper which turned out to be his commission, filled out by the President himself.

Grandfather was overwhelmed and tried to form words for his thanks, but Mr. Lincoln clapped him on the shoulder with a big hand and brushed the words aside. "Don't thank me, son. Your officers recommended you highly for a commission, but they didn't say what kind of commission, so I'm exercising my prerogative as commander in chief and making you a captain. I'm just making a good investment for the Army of the Potomac. I need good captains. I just hope this commission doesn't turn out to be your death warrant. Captains don't last long, boy, so hurry up and be a general and you'll be safe."

A twinkle appeared in Mr. Lincoln's eyes. "I'll give you a little extra 'souvenir of the occasion.'" He replaced the glass cover on the cake and gave it to grandfather. "I'll have Mr. Hay arrange some leave for you through the War Department. You'll want to go home and show off those new shoulder straps to your folks."

Busy as he must have been, the President took another minute to scribble several lines on Executive Mansion stationery:

To Whom It May Concern:
This patriotic fruitcake was baked by Capt. Sam Davis, Army of the Potomac, and is the best I ever tasted. A. LINCOLN

He handed grandfather the paper. "You keep that just in case anybody ever doubts it's your cake—and we'll keep the little secret from Secretary Stanton. God bless you, boy."

Grandfather said that when he marched out of Mr. Lincoln's office, he would have charged the whole Confederate Army with nothing more deadly than a willow switch if the President had ordered it.

When he got outside he took off his new shoulder straps and put them in his pocket, because he didn't want to look like a freak with a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve and a captain's straps on his shoulders. On his way back to Willard's Hotel he got roundly chewed for not saluting a dandy-looking second lieutenant whose straps were so shiny that they couldn't have been more than a week old.

Grandfather explained to the lieutenant that it was pretty hard to salute when you had both hands full of fruitcake.

The lieutenant didn't think that was very funny. "A sergeant in the United States Army has no right to be marching along Pennsylvania Avenue carrying a fruitcake," he said harshly. "It isn't military and it looks silly."

Grandfather assured the lieutenant that he didn't plan to make a permanent thing of it. He said that he had a long way yet to carry the cake and he was beginning to get tired of it already. He explained that he was hurrying to Willard's, where he planned to leave the cake while he went out and got into proper uniform.

The lieutenant's eyes took on a hopeful gleam. He inspected grandfather's uniform carefully. "Your uniform looks all right to me," he announced, "unless you're—ha, that's it! You must be a private masquerading as a noncommissioned officer!"

Grandfather sighed. "Hold the cake," he said, and the surprised lieutenant found himself holding the cake before he could bluster at taking orders from an enlisted man. Grandfather fished in his pocket and unrolled his commission. "Just the other way around, kind of," he said. "I'm a captain masquerading as a sergeant. Now let me see you try saluting me with your hands full of fruitcake. There's nothing in the regulations that covers such a situation—a serious oversight of the War Department," said grandfather, and he took his cake and walked off, leaving the lieutenant as crestfallen as the Sunday-school teacher who was caught writing naughty words on the courthouse door.

Grandfather left the cake at Willard's and went down the street to outfit himself in a style becoming his new rank. He said it took nearly everything but his train fare home, but he looked fine in a slouch hat with gold cord on it and sporting a shiny saber that he would probably never use—except for parades and when he pulled Officer of the Day.

Then he took the train for home to show himself off, and that was how he met grandmother for the first time. He picked a seat right across the aisle from a pretty young lady and her mother. Grandfather hadn't had much practice in wearing his saber and, as he was heading for his seat, the saber got tangled between his legs, he tripped and ended up sitting in the young lady's lap. He said he could probably have avoided landing on her, but he didn't want to risk smashing the cake, and anyway she looked pretty nice to fall on.

The way it turned out, both the young lady and her mother were good sports about it, and grandfather must have cut a pretty dashing figure in his new regalia, even if he did appear to be a bit eccentric with his fruitcake. Both ladies were hungry, having had no time for food before boarding, but they refused the offer of some cake when they learned that Mr. Lincoln had eaten the only slice. Grandfather showed them the paper to prove that he wasn't just an ordinary zany with delusions of grandeur.

He put the cake on the rack over his seat and was so engrossed in conversation with the young lady that he nearly forgot it when they got off to change trains at Philadelphia. He was down on the platform, and the empty cars were slowly gliding away when he remembered the cake and went tearing back after it, clutching his new hat with one hand and his new saber with the other. They had to stop the train to let him off, and he said the conductor was as mad as a cat caught in the rain.

The young lady and her mother were traveling to Boston, too, which made it fine with grandfather. When they got there, he almost lost the cake to two shoeshine boys who tried to swipe it when he placed it on a baggage wagon while he turned to help the ladies with their luggage. So grandfather had to clutch his hat and saber and start running again.

After he had seen the ladies to a carriage, he caught a horse car for home. He sat down next to an old gentleman and put the cake on the empty seat on his other side. The old gentleman, sizing up grandfather in his new regimentals, wanted to know how the war was going.

"Well," grandfather admitted, "I don't know much about the high-level stuff, but speaking as a sergeant—which I was up to yesterday morning—I'd say it isn't going too well."

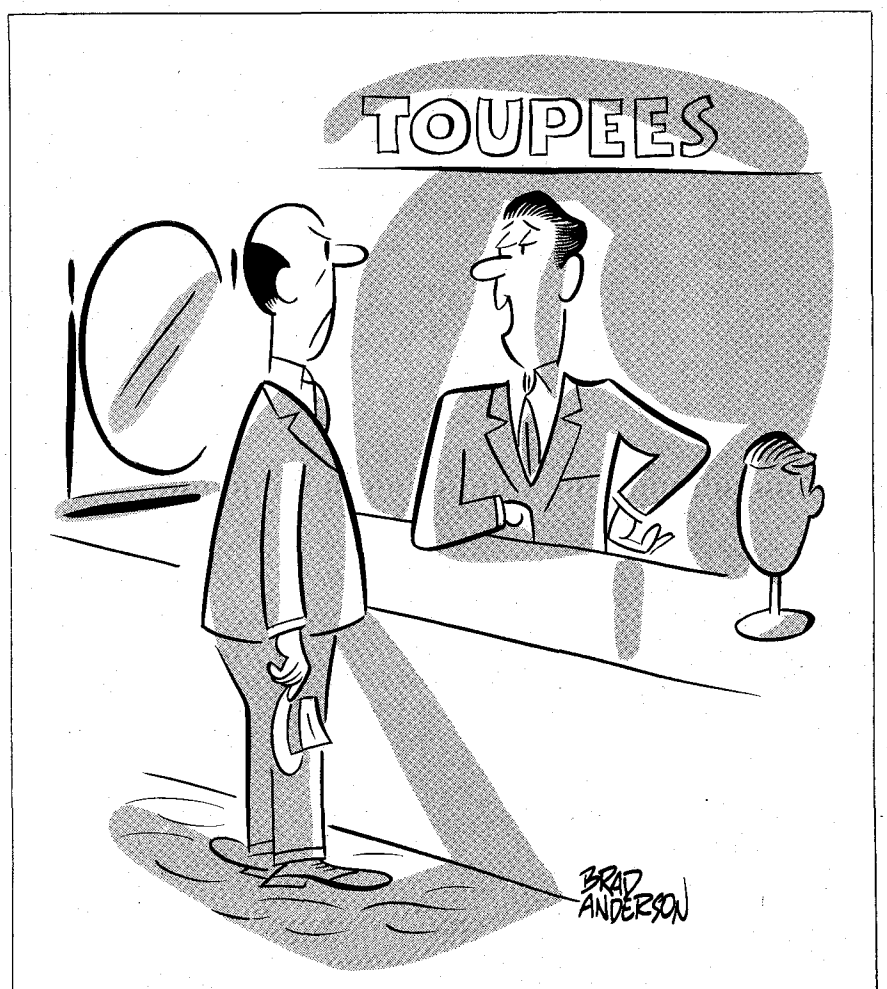
"Ah," the old gentleman said, "seeing that you were a sergeant up to yesterday I won't hold your shoulder straps against you. I must say it's good to hear an Army man admit this war is being run in pretty shabby fashion. Why is it you people can't fight as well as the rebels?"

This graveled grandfather, who had done more than his share and had seen many a good man go down for the Union, from Ball's Bluff through Chancellorsville. He got hot under his new uniform collar and started telling the old man what it was like to "see the elephant," which was the term the soldiers used for combat in those days.

Grandfather was so worked up that he failed to notice the horse car stop and gulp up some more passengers. A fat woman loaded with bundles climbed on last and she headed for the empty seat next to grandfather with all the aim and dedication of a homing pigeon. Grandfather let out a yelp and grabbed his cake just before she sat on it. It scared the fat woman half out of her wits. He said she jumped about two feet straight up and three feet forward, spilled her bundles all over the car and ricocheted into a clergyman, who let out an anguished "whoosh!" when she flattened him against the side of the car just as neat as a wrinkle under a hot iron.

The fat woman, the old gentleman, the clergyman, the conductor and just about everybody on the horse car had some strong things to say about grandfather and soldiers in general, so he got off at the next corner and spent his last fifty cents on a hack to ride home in style—and safety.

Grandfather said it was the most nerve-racking trip he ever made, short of the famous Mud March right after Fredericksburg, but it was worth it because he met grandmother, and they were married right after Appomattox. He said she finally broke down and married him because she said that any man who could get into all that trouble with one fruitcake certainly needed a woman to look after him. THE END



"Something to cover up the old billiard ball, sir?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Top-Secret Boondoggle

(Continued from Page 31)

in the deserted lobby. My footsteps echoed off the long-unpolished floors as I found my way to a door marked, COMMANDING OFFICER, and knocked.

"No fish today," boomed a voice from beyond the door, "but the password is 'Open, sesame.' Come in the house."

Tall, slightly balding, with the beak of a falcon jutting out over a guardsman's mustache, Max Pontefract was a splendid, even awesome figure. A touch of steel gray at his temples added further distinction, and his uniform, obviously London tailored, would have aroused envy in the bosom of a field marshal. He was urbanity itself as he came from behind his desk to greet me.

"You must be Barney Summers," he said, extending his hand. "Welcome to the deserted village. Prue will be simply delighted, old boy. You've no idea how lonely it's been here."

Without waiting for my reply he cupped both hands about his mouth and bellowed, "I say, Prue. Come on in, darling. We've got company."

A side door opened to admit an extremely attractive young woman in the uniform of a first lieutenant of the Women's Army Corps. Tall, slender, and ash blond, she needed no expensive tailoring to enhance an eminently well-proportioned figure. Her gray-green eyes as she surveyed me were humorous. "Welcome to the wake, *Herr Kapitän*," she said cheerfully.

"Captain Summers. . . . Lieutenant Knight. Barney. . . . Prue. Prue. . . . Barney," Max made the introductions. "I'm afraid we're confusing young Summers here. Let me pour us all a noggin and then we can brief the captain on the general situation."

"Don't forget your appointment with Congressman Fenstermacher," cautioned Lieutenant Knight, an expression of distaste crossing her fine features.

"Couldn't be better," Max replied heartily. "It will broaden Barney's perspective to meet the Congressman." He directed his attention to a bottle of Scotch, which he'd extracted from his desk. "You young people don't mind paper cups, I trust?"

Over the Scotch, Max gave me the picture. Our job, it seemed, was to supervise the closing down of Dexter Arsenal. This would involve, among hundreds of other details, an inventory of material on hand, the transfer of stocks and machinery to other installations not scheduled for deactivation, and the storage of records. Max, Prue Knight and I would be the only military personnel involved, the actual work being done by civilians. "We are here," Max explained, "to see that the Army isn't stolen blind—no reflection on the good people of Dexter, mind you—and to insure that everything is done according to the book."

In the course of our conversation, I learned that Max and Prue had served together in Europe, and I gathered from certain glances exchanged between them that they found each other mutually attractive. It was going to be, I decided, a happy association. We were just about to pour ourselves a second round when there was a thunderous knocking at the door.

Thus I met Congressman Clarence P. Fenstermacher—Dexter County, Pennsylvania's stout champion in the House of Representatives and, although I could not then know, the spiritual father of the Strategic Research Command. Then, as today, Congressman Clarence P. Fenstermacher bore a marked resemblance to an angry ostrich with astigmatism. He was garbed as for a morticians' convention.

"You won't get away with it, young man," he rasped in the voice of an unlubricated gravel crusher, as he faced Max across the commanding officer's vast desk. "I know you Army fellas, and you don't pull any wool over Clarence Fenstermacher's eyes. This arsenal's been here since the Buchanan Administration, and it's going to stay here. You fellas want to put up a lot of country clubs down in Florida so's you can loaf around in the sun whiles hundreds of good citizens here in Dexter lose their jobs. Well, sir, you aren't going to get away with it."

"My dear sir," Max answered with dignity, "I am only obeying orders. Let me assure you of my sympathy and understanding, but even you, sir, must agree that there is no longer any justification for the continued operation of this establishment. I believe we've discussed all this in our previous meetings, Congressman."

A cunning gleam appeared in the beady eyes behind Clarence Fenstermacher's thick spectacles. "Now, colonel," he said, his voice suddenly oozing sweet reason, "I know we have. And there's no reason why you and me can't talk this over like gentlemen. You look like a fine, upstanding young officer to me; the kind we want to stay on in the Regular Army. No doubt your promotion means a lot to you, just like this arsenal means a lot to Dexter and Dexter means a lot to me. What would the people of Dexter say if their Congressman was to let the Army close down their historic arsenal?

"Fact is, colonel, you and me have a great deal in common. Let's just say there was a good reason for keeping Dexter Arsenal going. Let's go a step farther. Let's say you, being a military man, was to find that good reason. Seems to me you'd be in line for some kind of reward from your superior officers. I mean, of course, for your energy and initiative in getting the maximum use out of what they figured was a dead loss."

"Please go on, sir," murmured Prue Knight, a speculative gleam in her eyes.

"Well, let me put it another way, Miss. If the colonel here was to see it my way, we'd all benefit mutually. If he don't, it makes no difference. Somebody else will, because you can bet your bottom dollar that the good citizens of Dexter aren't going to lose an arsenal that provides hundreds of jobs and a couple of million dollars in payrolls every year. Not as long as I'm their Congressman, and not as long as I've got some real nice seniority on the Appropriations Committee, they aren't. You think that over, Colonel Pontefract. Think it over good. And now I bid you good day."

With which, the Honorable Member from Dexter County took his departure. Max Pontefract sat behind his desk, gnawing thoughtfully on his mustache.

"Why, that pious old fraud!" I burst out righteously, only to be interrupted by the telephone on Max's desk. As one moving in a dream, he picked it up. After a few seconds of excited sputterings from the other end of the wire, he nodded gravely and said, "Yes, sir." A few seconds later he said, "Yes, sir," again. And again, with an added, "I quite understand, sir." The sputterings ceased then, and Max replaced the telephone in its cradle.

"And I thought the great days were over," he said softly. "I thought the golden era was past. Prue, girl. . . . Barney, lad, do you know who that was on the blower? That was the Pentagon. And no mere flunky either. That was no less than the Deputy Assistant Under Secretary of War in charge of legislative liaison, the Honorable Walter L. Fotheringay."

"For heaven's sakes, Max, tell us what he wanted," Prue said, suddenly worried.

"It seems," Max answered, "that our recently departed visitor has not been idle in Washington. Pontefract," he continued, in nasal imitation of Mr. Fotheringay, "you've got to get this Dutchman off our backs. Our new budget's coming up, and if he carries out half his threats, we'll be back to crossbows and catapults. Consider your orders to close down Dexter Arsenal canceled as of right now. I don't care what you do to keep the place active, but do something. Anything. If you need help, call on me. But put it through the scrambler; the fewer people who know what's going on, the better. You've got your orders, Pontefract. The Army depends on you. Carry on."

"Oh, Max," cried Prue Knight, her eyes shining, "this could be bigger than the Tropical Rations Evaluation Board."

"That was our masterpiece, Barney. But I'm forgetting; you wouldn't understand. You see, my boy, you merely did the fighting, so you'd hardly comprehend the genteel art of empire building. It is a craft practiced principally by generals, corporate vice presidents and civil servants of the higher echelons.

"Now, in order to have an empire, one must have provinces, as it were, and sometimes it becomes necessary to invent such provinces. It doesn't matter whether they do anything useful or not; what's important is that they exist," Max explained. "A brigadier general in charge of a dozen boards, sections, bureaus or what-have-you is obviously a much bigger man than the brigadier with only two or three. The problem, then, for the aspiring young brigadier is one of creativity, of imagination. Lacking these qualities, he must perforce look to a nimbler brain to aid him toward his second star."

"Meaning you, perchance?" I asked. Max nodded.

"Once," he said, "I was an honest young intelligence officer. My specialty was devising what we called covers—phony operations designed to deceive and mislead the enemy away from the real thing. Prue was my Girl Friday, and I may say we were very good indeed. Too good. Add another function—even a fake—to a general's domain and he hates to give it up. Before we knew it, Prue and I were in the empire-building game. And after a while it gets in your blood. It gets to be a challenge."

"So now you're going to build your own empire?"

"That, Barney, is precisely what I'm going to do," Max replied. With a broad grin he poured our long-delayed second noggin. Raising his paper cup, he gave us the toast: "The Strategic Research Command, children."

"Who's that?" asked Prue.

"That," Max told her, "is us."

If you will recall, that year's Department of the Army budget went through Congress like a hot knife through butter. Max and I were called to Washington to receive the personal thanks of the Hon. Walter L. Fotheringay.

"But what on earth are you fellows doing to keep busy?" he wanted to know. "The chief is very pleased, by the way, but since you've classified everything you do as Top Secret, he's a little bit in the dark." Fotheringay paused. "He may have another small project for you."

"Well, sir," Max replied modestly, "it occurred to me that the official records of the Spanish-American War were getting on to be fifty years old. Many of them

"I'd like to keep this tooth under observation.
Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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were written on cheap, flimsy paper, now brittle with age. Such priceless documents should not be allowed to perish, as I see it. So we're reproducing them—in quintuplicate, of course—on good-quality rag paper. It may take years."

"Marvelous," murmured Fotheringay. "Simply marvelous."

"Of course, you understand, sir," I put in diffidently, "that these invaluable archives will require storage."

"Genius!" cried Walter L. Fotheringay. "Sheer genius."

Thus we met the crisis posed by the attitude of Sen. Gideon Pillow Hackmore, that well-beloved epitome of southern statesmanship and gallant defender of southern womanhood, cooking and culture. A pillar of the Military Affairs Committee, he was growing restive at reports reaching him that the sprawling Munford Quartermaster Depot, located in his great state, was due for deactivation. The whirl of a duplicating machine was sufficient to satisfy the senator and transform Munford Quartermaster Depot into the Southeastern Regional Strategic Records Processing Center.

Max received his colonelcy and the Legion of Merit. I put up my gold leaves,

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Just Before Dawn

By Eleanor Averitt

Down the sky bowl rolls
The dollar moon;
It will splash in the sea.
Vacant as space, the prairie
Reaches toward dawn.
Speared with loneliness
As with the sun's first ray,
I stand impaled.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

and Prue put aside her uniform to become Mrs. Max Pontefract. I had the honor and pleasure of standing up as best man, and Congressman Clarence Fenstermacher, beaming proudly, gave the bride away. The ceremonies took place in the newly refurbished Officers' Club at Dexter Arsenal, itself gleaming with fresh paint, dotted here and there with small signs saying: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. The once-echoing shops had been stripped of heavy machinery and fitted with row upon row of typing desks and filing cabinets. Typing classes helped retrain skilled lathe operators, toolmakers and other craftsmen for the arsenal's new mission. The cannon foundry had become a microfilm center; the small-arms barrel-boring shops housed the Records Procedures and Methods Section.

So it went, gentlemen. Every year, as budget time drew nigh, Max and I would be summoned to Washington, and each time we came away with a new province for our empire: an obsolete Chemical Warfare Research Center on the West Coast, an ancient cavalry remount depot in the Southwest, a tank-proving ground in the deep South. The Korean crisis eased the pressure to some extent, but the change of Administration brought new problems. Happily for us, Walter L. Fotheringay was retained in his post.

It seems hardly necessary to note that by now Max had become a well-nigh indispensable man. By now, too, he had his brigadier's star and had been loaned to the Navy to deal with the troublesome problem of a naval station built to meet the possible threat of a sea-borne invasion from Mexico, and dear to the heart of Sen. Orlando Peabody, the Panhandle Socrates. At Max's suggestion, it was transformed into a research center and given the mission of developing a collapsible diving helmet.

It was the year after the end of the Korean conflict that I became godfather to little Max Pontefract, Junior, a sterling child of great promise. The boy's second birthday coincided with the arrival of his father's second star. And my eagles. Fatherhood changed Max.

"You know, Barney," he said thoughtfully one evening as we sat in his library, waiting for Prue to settle little Max in for the night, "now that I've got a son's future to think about, I wonder if what we've been doing all these years has been right."

"But Max," I remonstrated, "think of all the cuts that weren't made in the department's budgets because we were keeping the budget cutters happy. Think of the big projects that got done because those cuts weren't made. Besides, it's been fun."

"Oh, probably somebody had to do it, Barney. But when I think of the taxes that little boy asleep upstairs is going to have to pay ——" Max tugged ferociously at his mustache. "And how do you think he'll feel when he grows up and finds out his old man was the greatest phony in the Army?"

As a bachelor, I had at least that one worry less, but I hesitated to mention it to Max. "You're just tired," I told him. "You need a good long leave. Get away from it all, you and Prue. Everything's running smoothly, and the Pentagon's happy."

"Maybe you're right at that," he said wearily. "By the way, have you been able to come up with anything for our latest acquisition?" We had just taken over a former detention barracks.

"What about a disposable plastic mess kit?" I suggested.

"Too easy. Have 'em make a statistical survey of the courts-martial records of the Mexican War. That could take years, and Senator Furbish is sure to be re-elected."

"Now you two stop talking shop," Prue said, entering the library, and the conversation passed to other matters.

A long leave had not the effect on Max I had hoped for. Perhaps, now I think of it, it would have been best had he not had all that time to reflect. I observed a certain wariness about him upon his return.

"I'm worried, Barney," Prue told me quietly one Saturday afternoon while Max stirred a shakerful of martinis in the kitchen of Dexter Arsenal's spacious commandant's residence. "He isn't himself these days. In fact, he's started to talk in his sleep; things like, 'Supposing they add two and two.'"

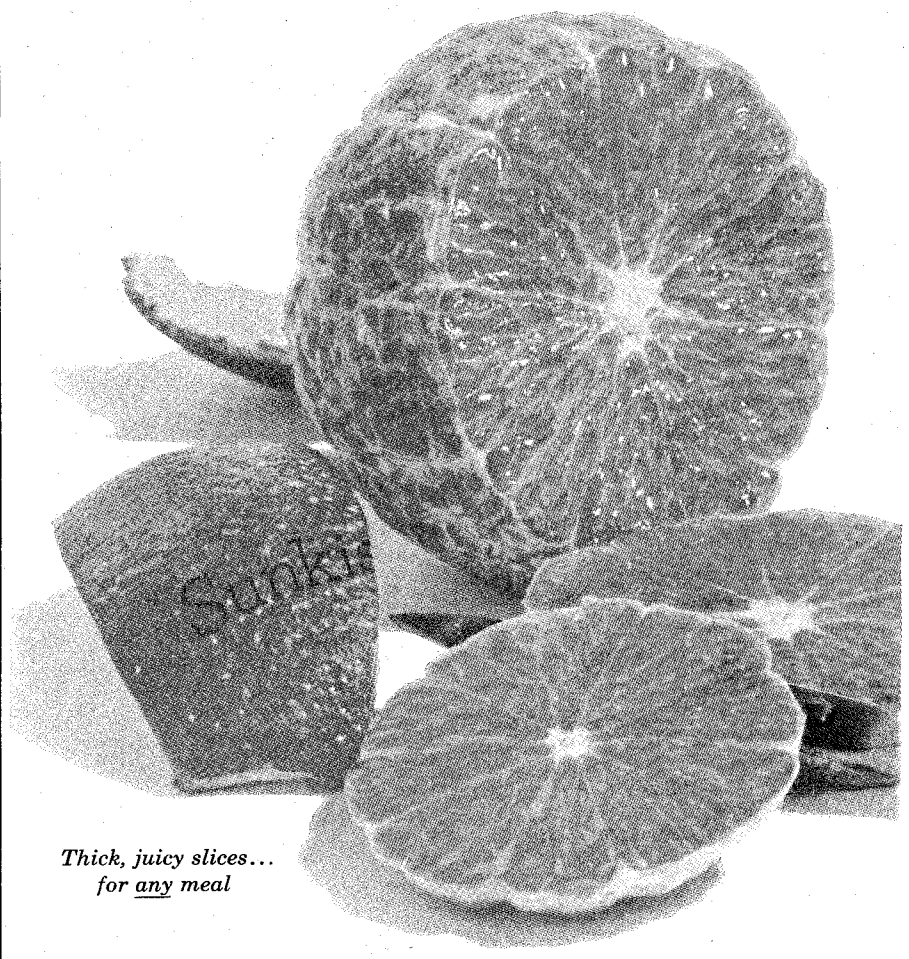
"But Max ought to know better than that. Every one of these politicians figures his case is special. You remember how good old Clarence Fenstermacher reasoned? Do you suppose any of them would admit being responsible for a white elephant?"

"I'm still worried," Prue repeated as Max emerged bearing a tray toward our table under the trees that shaded the broad patio.

I could not know it then, of course, but we were fast approaching a crisis. The Strategic Research Command had reached the point of diminishing return, for by now the cost of its upkeep had become no inconsiderable item of the department's budget.

I believe Max reached his decision after Slim Jones's visit. He'd known Max in Europe and had gone his own distinguished way to the command of an armored division in Korea, and now he was

The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...



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Jerome Weidman tells all . . . about CONNECTICUT in the September HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

HOW I BECAME A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Author Jerome Weidman ("Enemy Camp", "I Can Get it for You Wholesale") had a dozen years of Connecticut living before he discovered how to be a real Yankee. His humorous account is backed up by John Lewis Stage's superb photography.

ROWDY AND SUBLIME

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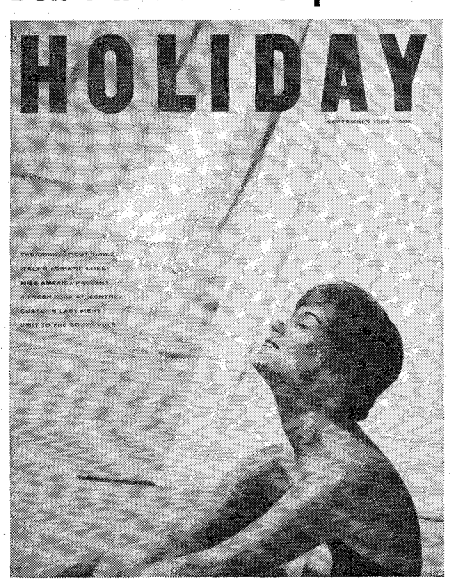

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being retired. "Nearly thirty years in this man's Army," he said bitterly as we shared lunch in Max's office, "and now, out. They scrapped the division, too, while they were at it. No funds, no division, no need for a used-up tanker. The cash that would have kept the old Hell-on-Tracks alive is going into something called Operation Flashback, whatever that may be."

I dared not catch Max's eye. Operation Flashback was the code name for the Strategic Research Command's latest and most useless project, the microfilming of the official records of the Civil War. Like all our projects, it was Top Secret.

"So much for tradition and fifteen battle streamers," Jones rasped. "And besides, I've always wondered what private industry was like. Great thing, private industry. Where'd us generals be if it weren't for good old private industry?"

We watched from the window as the gaunt, erect figure stalked toward his car—and a career in the insurance business. All the doubts that Max had been harboring now burst full upon me, and my specious arguments that we had in reality been performing a necessary function for the department collapsed like sand castles beneath the tide.

"What a waste," I said.

"Good old Barney," Max muttered. "I knew you'd come around to my way of thinking. Tomorrow we'll drive down to Washington, slaughter this miserable beast we've created, and tomorrow night we'll sleep like babes."

"Maybe," I replied, remembering Dr. Frankenstein's problem.

"Are you two both crazy?" was the first question put to us the following day by the Hon. Walter L. Fotheringay when Max had calmly proposed abolishing the Strategic Research Command. The Deputy Assistant Under Secretary hastily checked his intercom to insure that such wild talk was not overheard by his staff. "Don't you realize the whole department's depending on you?

"Look, Pontefract, we've got another budget coming up, perhaps the biggest in history. Do you think for one minute that we're going to risk it? Why, if we so much as touched the Strategic Research Command, we might lose out on the money we need for the new Aeolus Missile.

"Armored divisions? We can always raise a new armored division if we have to, even if it's only on paper. And how many missiles will fifteen battle streamers buy, anyhow? Will tradition pay for solid-fuel research?

"What's more, general, we're counting on you to back us up before the Heppinshall Subcommittee on Nonessential Defense Installations. You've classified all your projects, so you needn't tell 'em anything except that every post, camp and station in your command is absolutely vital." Fotheringay paused and grinned. "Relax, Max. A hundred years from now it won't make any difference one way or the other. Incidentally, the Secretary got quite a bang out of this latest operation of yours. He says the Army's always needed a solar-heated field kitchen."

"What would happen," Max asked heavily as we arose to leave, "if anything about the Strategic Research Command were somehow to leak to the press?"

Fotheringay was instantly as cold as ice. "I don't think you'd want to ruin a fine career with a court-martial, general. That's what usually results when classified information is divulged to unauthorized persons. And now, gentlemen, I'm a very busy man ——"

It was a silent, brooding Max Pontefract who sat beside me during the drive back to Dexter. We dined at his quarters with a worried Prue, and I cannot say it

"He's sleepwalking—don't startle him!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

was a wildly gay occasion. Both Max and I were thinking, I suspect, that our attack of conscience had come rather late in the game and that we had achieved nothing more from our day's work than to make ourselves look slightly ridiculous. But in this surmise I was wrong. Max was wasting no time in futile self-recrimination; the great mind which had created an empire was plotting its destruction.

"Brandy, Barney?" Prue asked as coffee was served. "Max?"

"Wha—? Beg pardon, darling. Just pondering. Sorry."

"You two make me sick," Prue flared. "Acting like a couple of schoolboys caught smoking behind the barn. You should have thought about this when Clarence Fenstermacher dangled temptation before your greedy little eyes. You've got your stars. You've beaten the Army at its own game. What more do you want?"

"Another brandy," I said and jumped as Max suddenly laughed aloud.

"And I can still do it," he said, his voice resonant, his eyes flashing in the fashion of the old Pontefract. "I can still beat the Army at its own game. Through channels too."

Max put in for his retirement the following morning. His request was approved with almost indelicate speed. Of course, he had the necessary service behind him, and his record of achievement was impressive, but I suspect that his conversation with Fotheringay helped facilitate matters. Doubtless the Deputy Assistant Under Secretary was convinced that the best place for Max Pontefract was some sunlit pasture. Anything Max might say from there about the Strategic Research Command could then be safely dismissed as the rantings of an embittered man who'd been passed over for his third star.

As Max's second-in-command, I was in line for the job, available and, so far as Fotheringay knew, safe. I'd kept my mouth shut during our meeting, as befitted a loyal subordinate. Plus which, a new broom might sweep clean or ask embarrassing questions.

Max's retirement and my assumption of his command became effective at one minute past midnight this morning. I left them at the National Airport shortly after eight o'clock, and by now they should be well on their way to Europe, the three of them. Prue told me they planned to rent a car and tour Spain, so Max and his family may be a little tough to locate quickly.

"It's the only way, Barney," Max told me as we had a last cup of coffee before plane time. "They'd crucify me if I stayed on after this. But this way they can't touch me, and they can't hold you responsible. I doubt if you'll take too much of a beating anyhow." He grinned. "Besides, if I do decide to take this spot as a vice president of Amalgamated Investments, you'll always have a desk to come to. So long, Barney, and good luck."

It was Max Pontefract's last official act that enables me to talk to you gentlemen here at this table this evening. As the officer who'd classified everything about and by the Strategic Research Command as Top Secret, he was also the only officer—except for his superiors and only then by a procedure as complex as one of Einstein's theories—who could declassify everything about and by the Strategic Research Command. Which is precisely what he did. Yesterday. By the time his orders get through channels to the Pentagon, I'll have appeared before the Heppinshall Subcommittee. As I said earlier, gentlemen, I don't expect to pull any punches, but neither do I expect a word of what I say to leave that hearing room. And by the day after tomorrow, everything about the Strategic Research Command will be Top Secret again.

All I know, gentlemen, is that somebody's going to have to kill the goose that lays the golden bricks, and it may as well be you. The Army can't and Congress won't.

Me? I rather expect to find myself in retirement before the week's out. But then, I've always had a hankering for the investment business. After a nice, lazy tour of Spain with a couple of friends of mine and my godchild. THE END

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The Secrets of Long Life

(Continued from Page 22)

heard of Gayelord Hauser's promotion of yogurt, wheat germ, blackstrap molasses and skimmed milk as health preservers and restorers. Hauser calls overcooking "murder in the kitchen," and modern dietitians agree that it destroys vitamins; but these people have been boiling their vegetables for more than a century, and have been introduced to vitamin capsules only late in their lives. Fifty-four per cent have never taken vitamins at all. Of those who have, more than seven out of ten started taking them after they were eighty, sometimes with little reason. Alfred Clumpner of Spokane, Washington, a tall—6′1″—slim man of 101, started taking vitamins at ninety-seven simply because he saw others taking them.

It was Sylvester Graham, of the cracker fame, who in the early nineteenth century advocated a health regimen including pure drinking water, meals of vegetables, rough cereals and fresh fruits, and cheerfulness at table. No one knows what efforts our centenarians have made to get pure water, but their health records show little disease caused by polluted water. They have probably been cheerful at meals—despite the unexciting blandness of their food—for they laugh a lot (70 per cent) and they often whistle and sing to themselves (60 per cent).

But they have neglected the rough cereals on the menu; and apples, peaches and apricots, their favorite fruits, have been a small part of their diet. As for Graham's no-meat, strictly vegetarian rule, they have virtually scorned it. Only 3 per cent have ever been vegetarians. An equally small percentage, although not the same persons, have experimented with special health-food diets.

Graham also prescribed hard mattresses (only 19 per cent of our oldsters prefer them), open bedroom windows (72 per cent agree), daily exercise (67 per cent said they got enough exercise at their work), and long walks (only 15 per cent took walks before they were fifty; 30 per cent did after age fifty).

Like 95 per cent of the old folks, 106-year-old William Perry of San Francisco, a retired railroader, cowboy and professional gambler, has a sharp appetite. Unlike the others, he is a huge eater. The morning we visited him last April he had started the day with a shot of straight whisky—"gives you a good appetite"—and had finished a breakfast of eight ounces of grape juice, bran cereal, fried noodles, bread, two fried eggs, a dish of peaches and two cups of coffee.

He likes honey, and his stepdaughter buys it in five-pound lots. Why does he eat honey? "Dammit, if you'd read the Bible, you'd eat honey. John the Baptist ate milk and honey, and was the strongest man in the place." Does he avoid fats? "Hell, no! I eat anything and always have."

Tough, short—five feet six inches, 164 pounds—old Bill Perry is scarred with arrow and bullet wounds from a dozen Indian fights, and limps slightly on the artificial left leg he bought four years ago after an above-the-knee amputation. In these respects, and in the unusual violence of his first twenty-eight years, he is unusual; but apart from his huge meals, his dietary habits are quite similar to the 401 other old persons in the study.

Like most of the others he feels a man "shouldn't overeat, but should eat enough," although his "enough" is much more than normal for these people. He has never dieted (only 14 per cent have). Since reaching fifty, he has neither diminished the amount of some foods (31 per cent have) nor eliminated any entirely (26 per cent have). He eats bread at every meal, as do 86 per cent in the survey. He is a regular butter user (74 per cent are) and dislikes margarine (21 per cent use it). He has eaten eggs almost every day of his life (like 56 per cent) and prefers them fried; most of the oldsters prefer them boiled.

He has eaten fish at least once a week, as have 56 per cent, and prefers his food slightly salted, as do 54 per cent, although 40 per cent like their food "well" salted.

With two thirds of the others he has never had indigestion. Of the third who have had an occasional stomach upset, a large proportion blamed overeating or rich foods. They have treated themselves with the usual druggist's remedies or with baking soda, although some believed they got relief from vinegar, spirits of ammonia, or table salt with coal tar. One indigestion recipe given us requires a half teaspoon each of black pepper, salt and baking soda. "Mix it up, take half now and the rest during the week."

Many of these old folks, however, have simply fasted when they felt ill. Uncle Charley Washington, for example, says, "When I don't feel up to snuff, I just starve myself for a few days and that fixes me up." He also has eaten a weed called mule's tail or chewed nutmeg when his stomach was upset, an infrequent occurrence.

The oldsters' consumption of nonalcoholic beverages—milk, tea, coffee and water—throws little light on the search for the secret of longevity. They are not coffee or tea addicts; they treat milk with the same indifference as they do the rest of their foods; and they are not water-drinking faddists. They prefer coffee to tea, and they drink it hot with cream and sugar, as does most of the adult population of the nation. They drink an average of two cups a day, and have been doing so for at least seventy-five years. The tea drinkers—two thirds occasionally drink tea, with some drinking it in addition to coffee—consume about a cup a day.

Three out of four drink milk, consuming about two glasses a day; two thirds say they drank a lot of milk when they were youngsters, and most of them say they have drunk milk regularly since they have been grown up. Almost all drink about two glasses of water a day, but there is no significant pattern in when they drink it; they drink it any time they are thirsty.

If there is anything meaningful in the dietary customs of these old people, it does not seem to include what they ate, unless it is their insistence on "plain food." Certainly what we eat makes us what we are, but the specific intake of these oldsters gives us no recipe for longevity. However, there is another aspect to their diet that emerges with strong implications.

This is the *amount* they eat. For centuries doctors have warned that gluttony kills more people than the sword. Life-insurance companies have produced statistics condemning fatness. Obese Americans nod agreement, go on stuffing themselves, and all too often die early.

Mrs. Henrietta Dull of Atlanta, Georgia, is ninety-five. One of the nation's first newspaper food editors, she wrote for the Atlanta Journal for twenty-five years, retiring in 1945 when she was eighty-one. Her cookbook, *Southern Cooking*, has sold more than 100,000 copies and is still selling. She speaks incisively in a Georgia accent, and she is gently positive as she warns of overeating. "I don't want to dig my grave with my teeth."

As an expert in dietetics, Mrs. Dull has long known and taught the advantages of light eating, and she has practiced her own preaching. So have most of the oldsters in this survey. Since they have lived an average of ninety-nine years, we must take seriously one of their few positive conclusions about longevity: Overeating is dangerous. Throughout their lives, 78 per cent have always been careful to avoid overeating; only 14 per cent admit that they have often stuffed themselves. The daughter of 101-year-old Mrs. Melinda Williams of Houston, Texas, says, "Mamma often eats like a pig."

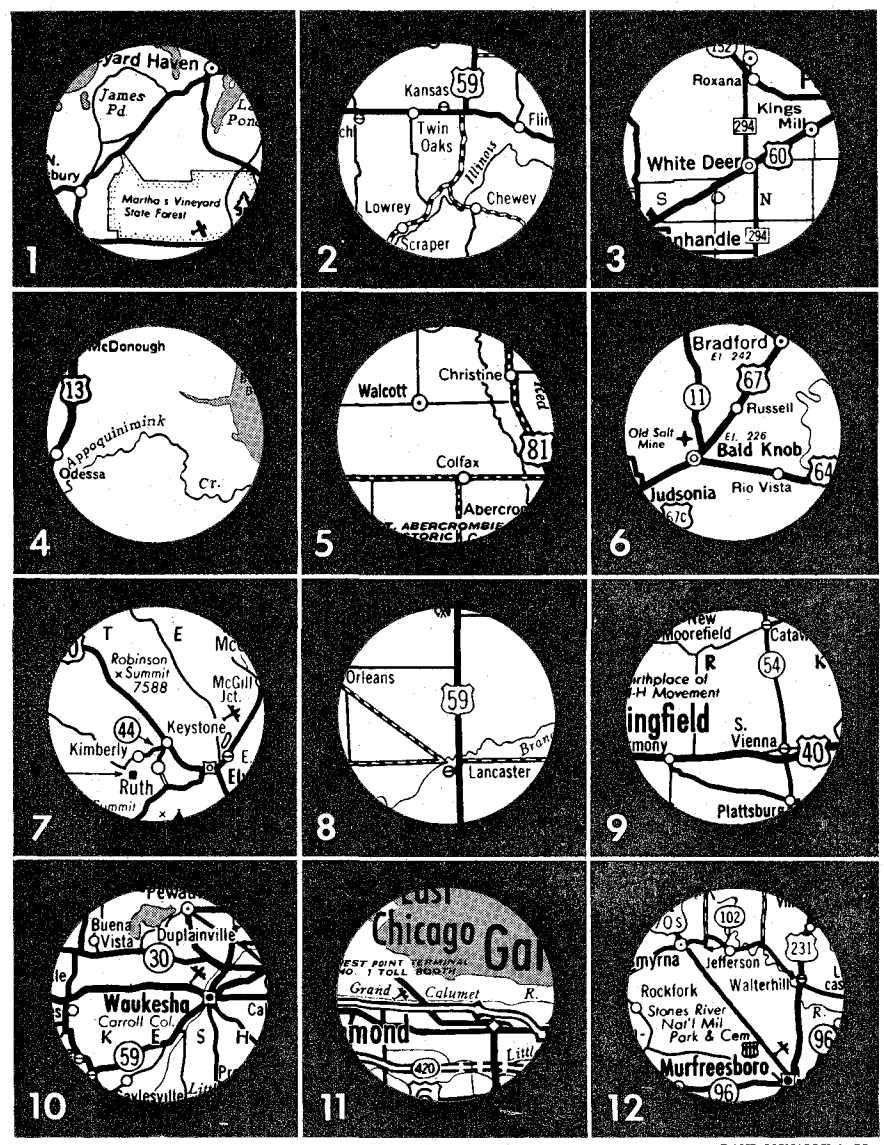
Seven out of ten never eat bedtime snacks, and only 22 per cent eat between meals. Most of them have only one helping at meals, and that seems to satisfy them, for 65 per cent leave the table satisfied. A rather significant number—76 per cent—say they eat all foods. William Perry says, "Too many people say they can't eat this or can't eat that." And 90 per cent insist on what they call plain cooking—lightly seasoned food with few sauces. They are neither gourmets nor gluttons, and they rarely have been fat.

Weight and height must be correlated, of course, to get body build, and the study shows that the average man in this group is five feet seven inches tall—about the same as his contemporaries. He reports that he weighed 152 pounds at age thirty, fifteen pounds lighter than today's average thirty-year-old male, who is two inches taller. At age fifty the typical oldster had gained two pounds in twenty years, compared with today's average fifty-year-older, who has gained three pounds since he was thirty.

The average female centenarian is five feet three inches tall, one inch shorter than today's average American woman. She averaged 128 pounds at age thirty—one pound lighter than today's thirty-year-old woman—and 136 pounds at age fifty, five pounds lighter than today's average fifty-year-old American female.

When their weights and heights are correlated, they hardly appear to be as lean and slight as their diets would indicate. They seem to have been rather like the average American of today. Their stature seems to have no connection with their endurance in the longevity race.

But their vitality, their seemingly inexhaustible energy, and their almost boundless zest for life would seem to give them a great advantage over the listless. The value of this discovery, of course, is a little dubious. It is useless to tell an exhausted man that he'll live longer if he has more energy. The vital questions are why these people had so much energy, and where they got it. But the oldsters do



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 75*)

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not know, and the study does not show, although the secrets may be hidden somewhere in their diets, their sleep habits, their exercise, or their heredity.

However, they had it. Granny Mounger speaks of "the time I had dancin'! My husband was a fiddler, and they'd come thirteen miles to get him. He'd jump up on the mare with his fiddle, and I'd jump up behind him and away we'd go." Of course, the dancing stopped when the children came—nine of them.

Five years ago, when he was ninety, Redwing Beck hitched up a mule and drew 160 logs out of the woods. Uncle Charley Washington says the happiest life is "to get two mules on the end of a plow and go right up the row," and Aunt Lu Williams spent her childhood "tending to white children, helpin' with hog killings, picking cotton, chopping cotton and breaking corn." Then for almost half a century she plowed the family farm, clearing land and rooting out stumps. And she reared five children.

They were a highly energized group, men and women who would jump out of bed in the morning feeling not only that the world was their apple but also that they could pare and core it.

If exercise or physical activity causes this zest, then the secret is out, for, in the words of William Perry, they've been "as busy as a one-eyed cat watching two rat holes" most of their lives. The riddle is, which came first, the zest or the exercise? Only 6 per cent say that they have ever tired easily; the others say they have had much stamina, and the record proves it.

Only a third of them ever made an effort to exercise in addition to their work, and obviously the others were exercised enough in their occupations. Seventy per cent of the men were farmers or laborers, and 25 per cent of the women worked as servants or at other manual work. The remaining females stayed at home in a time when a woman was a housewife, not a "homemaker" commanding a platoon of electrical outlets.

Besides, their families were larger than today's average. The average number of children for these old people was four per family. Ten per cent of the married women were childless and 12 per cent of the women never married; but 28 per cent of the women gave birth to six or more children, with 8 per cent bearing ten children or more.

Somewhere, meandering about our American folklore, is a sentimental Victorian formula for longevity: Every child a woman bears, the legend goes, adds five years to her life. The number of bonus years varies with the storyteller, but the principle remains. Our study of 250 women ninety-five years old or older does not connect maternity with long life, but it does reveal a fascinating fact about vitality, measured by childbearing years.

Today nine tenths of our children are born to mothers under thirty-five; approximately 10 per cent of our mothers are bearing children after they are thirty-five. But 47 per cent of the mothers in this old-age group report they have borne children after thirty-five; 8 per cent gave birth after forty-five, and 2 per cent after fifty. Then, after bearing children at these comparatively old ages, they went on to live for at least half a century more.

The chart on fatherhood age is of less significance. Twenty-three per cent fathered their last child between the ages of thirty and thirty-nine; 20 per cent in their forties: 14 per cent in their fifties; and 6 per cent after they were sixty. One-hundred-and-sixteen-year-old Walter Williams, who retired at sixty because he was too old to work, sired his last child when he was seventy-four; and one old man in the survey says he was eighty when his wife gave birth to their last infant.

From the simple fact that they have lived so long, it would seem that the centenarians have been extremely healthy, and in fact the survey shows that 58 per cent of them have never had a major illness. But a third of them have been attacked with some disease or other, and 11 per cent have had two or more bouts with major sicknesses. One in six has had pneumonia, and 10 per cent have survived typhoid fever. Nervous breakdowns, asthma and allergies were rarely reported, and there were only three cases of stomach ulcer. Four persons had suffered cancer, four had had malaria, and four had survived smallpox. Seventy per cent of them generally have been free of colds throughout their lives.

Their illnesses occurred most frequently after they were eighty, but surgical operations followed this pattern only with the men. The women (31 per cent had had operations) scattered their surgery throughout their lives, while the men (41 per cent), distressed mostly with prostate trouble and hernias, were operated on more frequently after eighty. Hysterectomies accounted for ten operations on the women, removal of cataracts or appendixes for nine each. Rheumatism or arthritis, disorders common in old age, afflicts 31 per cent of the respondents today.

Although very few of the women—eighteen out of 250—ever have smoked, 71 per cent of the men have smoked for half a century or longer. But only 15 per cent have ever been cigarette smokers, and two thirds of these have given them up. Only three of the 108 male smokers have been chain cigarette smokers. These people are, and have been, devoted to cigars and pipes, and they do not inhale the smoke.

Judge O'Rear has been puffing a pipe for seventy-five years. When he was on the bench he chewed tobacco. He says, "A pipe keeps my hands busy. It's a peaceful occupation, smoking. I never knew a man to whip his wife while he had a pipe in his mouth."

Half of the men who smoked are still at it, and many of them have been smoking for as long as eighty years. Eugene M. Gillette, now 102, of Wenatchee, Washington, smoked three or four cigars a day for fifty-nine years, then decided to quit. "I enjoyed smoking," he says. "But I just came to the conclusion it wasn't doing me any good." He had no trouble divorcing himself from his cigars.

Granny Mounger is a real tobacco addict, although she does not smoke. She's been using snuff for almost a century, starting when she was six by dipping into her mother's bottle. When she was sharply reprimanded, she made her own, pounding dried tobacco leaves into powder. But her homemade brand wasn't good enough; she's been buying the factory brand ever since, using it after every meal. "Hon," she says, "I done made the snuff makers rich."

Perhaps the general avoidance of cigarette smoking is one explanation for the normal blood pressure registered by the majority of these oldsters and the low incidence of heart attacks. In 1954 the American Cancer Society published the results of a 200,000-person survey which showed that regular cigarette smokers had from one and a half to two times as many heart attacks as noncigarette smokers. Recently Doctor Gofman, the University of California researcher, reported that "cigarette smoking is associated with elevation of certain of the blood lipoproteins that are related to coronary arterial hardening and hence to heart-attack risk."

Doctor Gofman also points out that a cigarette smoker raises his blood pressure by about 20 per cent while smoking two cigarettes consecutively, and that a two-pack-a-day smoker will raise his average blood pressure by about 6 per cent above that of a nonsmoker. These oldsters do not know this; they simply do not smoke cigarettes; they stick to pipes or cigars or they do not smoke at all, and they live to be 100.

If there ever was any truth to the old gag about keeping whisky in the house "for medicinal purposes only," it must be credited to these old people, for they use alcohol—moderately—and they really do think of it as medicine or tonic. But they do not regard alcohol as necessary for longevity. About 60 per cent of the women and a fourth of the men have never had a drink in their lives.

Very few of them consider drinking an evil. For the most part the teetotalers don't drink simply because they don't like the taste, or because their parents never drank, or because they tried it once and became dizzy. Very few abstain for moral reasons, although Aunt Lu Williams does say, "I've never seen anyone who is fond of liquor live his days out." Aunt Lu can say this because she has not traveled very much.

Alonzo Stagg is less positive about the dangers of drink; he merely says that Christians and cocktails should not mix, and that he's been a Christian since he was sixteen. "As a boy I played around the saloons and watched the fights. They were to us then as the movies are to boys today. I didn't want to emulate those men." And he hasn't.

The reason that Hank Gooch hasn't had a drink for fifty-six years is that he drank too much one night when he was fifty and became ill. He hasn't touched a drop since. "No sense in swallowing stuff that makes you sick," he says.

Judge O'Rear is probably typical of the oldsters in their drinking patterns. He was thirty before he tasted alcohol. "I wasn't a teetotaler," he says. "I just didn't drink. No one in my family drank."

During his long and active practice in the courtroom and on the bench, the judge would sip an after-hours glass of wine with his colleagues; but this was not for pleasure, it was to keep his drinking friends from being put out of countenance. He does drink now, a nightly toddy, and has done so since he reached eighty-six, ten years ago; but this practice is truly medicinal.

Wine and whisky are the most popular drinks for those who have used alcohol during their lives. In Spokane, Washington, Thomas Murphy says, "I drank whisky. I wouldn't give beer belly room." But this 109-year-old lumberjack, who chopped logs in the Northwest until he was eighty-three, has actually given very little belly room to whisky. Throughout his long life he has had about a drink or two a month, and never more. Like 61 per cent of the men we interviewed and 80 per cent of the women, he drinks nothing now.

There are exceptions, of course. Uncle Charley Washington, for example, has been drinking "all the corn juice I can get" for more than 100 years. The 115-year-old former slave was introduced to bourbon as a boy when "the old master would call us up when he was feeling good and would give us a drink out of a tin cup to see us act the fool." Today he drinks about three pints of whisky a month. But Uncle Charley's consumption falls into the moderate-drinking scale; his daily intake is about the quantity a physician might prescribe as a tonic.

One problem with charting people is that it is too easy to see a chart as a composite person rather than as a symbol. On the charts Granny Mounger is listed as a drinker, as are forty-eight other old women and fifty-nine men. This is because Granny would "tip up the bottle and take a swaller" when she felt bad, and because she now says, "I like my dram." But Granny's dram, further questioning reveals, was purely medicinal and very rare, because she rarely felt bad; or it was an eggnog at Christmas, or a hot toddy on cold days.

Actually the drinkers in this survey were very moderate—as they have been in everything during their long, long lives.

The third and concluding article next week tells how religious beliefs, marital happiness and occupations influence longevity.

—THE EDITORS

"Pioneering the thirty-hour week, Hutchins?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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We Recovered the Space Monkeys

(Continued from Page 15)

sea, and the Cook Recovery package performed as designed. One of the destroyers reached the balloon first, and a diver attached the metal buoy to the package. While the *Escape* raced to the scene, the destroyer stood by with a brilliant searchlight focused on the balloon.

Lieutenant Asman and his divers, Howard Kluge, Albert Lawrence and Robert Black, donned their gear and pushed off from the *Escape* in a rubber life raft, dragging a messenger line attached to a heavy five-inch hawser, and a wire strap to thread through the metal spider harness. Muscling this bulky load, Asman and Lawrence slipped over the side, and immediately found themselves surrounded by huge sharks—whites, tigers, makos—all in a frenzy. The sharks apparently had been attracted by the noise of the cone striking the water or by the searchlight glare. The sharks were striking wildly at the shiny nose cone, the white parachute and shrouds and the yellow underbelly of the balloon.

Concerned, but determined, the two men, in one of the bravest performances I can imagine, swam down through the sharks, lugging the hawser and strap. They lost little time. They wrapped the strap around the spider harness, opened the shackle on the end of the hawser, inserted the eye of the strap, rebolted the shackle and headed for the surface. By then, in their insane attacks on the parachute and nose cone, the sharks were literally brushing against Asman and Lawrence.

By the time the men reached the surface there were so many sharks about that no one could get an accurate count. And they had begun to attack the rubber life raft. Asman's man, Howard Kluge, was smacking the sharks on the nose with a paddle. There were men on the *Escape* standing by with rifles, but no one dared shoot while there were divers in the water. Finally Asman and Lawrence squirmed over the gunwale of the life raft to comparative safety. Meanwhile, the men on the *Escape* winched in the hawser and its precious cargo, the first nose cone ever recovered.

Later President Eisenhower displayed the cone on a nationwide television program. It is now enshrined in the Smithsonian Institution.

Preoccupied with the technical problems of the recovery, everyone had failed to foresee the possibility of shark attack. Immediately after the recovery, however, the Cook Research Laboratories made an intensive study of sharks in the area. The results of this study surprised no one, least of all Asman and his men. The area, the study reported, was swarming with deepwater man-eaters. Steps were taken to reduce the attractiveness of the nose cone and recovery gear. The color of the cone itself was darkened. The bottom of the balloon was painted blue; the shroud lines and the parachutes were dyed the same color. Large packages of copper acetate, thought to be a fairly effective shark repellent, were attached to the balloon in quick-dissolving packages.

The second recovery, with the same team doing the diving, took place in May of 1958. This time we went after a full-size Jupiter nose cone, much larger and heavier than the first miniature. Much the same procedure was followed in this recovery, although the size of the steel buoys carried by each of the three ships was greatly increased to allow for the much larger cone. Heavy seas and the fact that the parachute shroud lines fouled beneath the *Escape* complicated the task of the divers working with Asman. But no sharks were encountered.

I relieved Lieutenant Asman in June of 1958. Although I was unfamiliar with nose-cone recovery operations, I looked forward to the assignment. Ever since my high-school days in Southern California I had been an amateur skin diver. After graduating from U.C.L.A. in 1957 I attended the Navy's Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island. Then, because I thought it would lead to diving, I volunteered for the Navy's Explosive Ordnance Disposal program, a sort of first cousin to Britain's wartime bomb-disposal group. I studied at the Navy's ordnance and diving schools and became qualified as a second-class diver.

My first nose-cone recovery operation—the third for Gallery's Outfielders—took place a little more than a month after I arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I learned quickly that the recovery work was a vital part of the missile race with the Soviet Union. Each shot is the result of months of study and preparation, hundreds of conferences, and the expenditure of millions of dollars. Since the scientists want to find out everything possible, the nose cone is jammed with telemetering equipment, which relays data during flight, and experimental materials and instruments which are examined after recovery. My first operation was especially important: it was a reentry test of a nose cone with a simulated nuclear warhead.

By then the recovery procedure had been modified. As an extra precaution against the remote chance that the sustaining balloon should burst, and to reduce the exposure of divers to sharks, the Army decided to make its nose cones "floaters." A watertight compartment was built into each cone, so that we could pull alongside in our raft and attach the strap and hawser to the metal spider on the rear of the cone without getting into the water. If the watertight compartment failed on impact, the balloon would suspend the cone about fifty feet below the surface. In that case we would simply revert to the diving procedure used before.

On the scheduled day we set out from San Juan aboard the *Escape*, under a new skipper, Lt. Cmdr. J. R. Bradley. Our quarters were crowded. In addition to the ship's crew, the Army missile technicians and my team, we carried a representative of the Sandia Corporation, which manufactures nuclear weapons, and a Navy nuclear-weapons disposal team under a Navy classmate of mine, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Terry. We arrived on station well ahead of schedule, took position and began the long wait.

Our waiting was soon interrupted by a startling report: a possible Russian submarine contact. The Navy, of course, had considered the possibility of encountering Russian submarines in our area. The impact zone has been well publicized and its location is known to most careful newspaper readers. By international law the high seas cannot be restricted. A Soviet submarine stationed off San Juan, we knew, could easily keep track of our comings and goings and relay word to another Russian submarine stationed in the impact area. The latter sub could watch our operations or conceivably make a bold effort to snatch our nose cone. But steps had been taken to prevent this. Two of our three recovery ships were antisubmarine-type destroyer escorts.

Our group took action for the possible submarine contact. But the contact—it might have been a whale—soon faded out. Soon we began to receive the countdown from Cape Canaveral by radio. On the *Escape* we went to battle stations—closed all watertight doors and hatches, turned on battle lamps, donned steel helmets—as a routine precaution against the million-to-one chance that the nose cone would hit our ship. Then, just after daybreak, we saw all three sections of the missile, the nose cone, the guidance package, and the main propulsion body, each on an individual trajectory, come plunging into the atmosphere. They seemed to be hundreds of miles above us. For quite a while we stood at the ship's rail, staring transfixed, watching the sparks, flame and smoke spewing from the fiery pieces. It was an awesome sight, one that few men have witnessed. Ordinarily the cones reach the impact area during darkness, so that the light on the balloon can be easily spotted. But the shot had been delayed at the cape for technical reasons.

It was a beautiful shot. In less than half an hour the *Escape* was alongside the cone, which floated as expected, half submerged. We put our raft over the side, jumped in and paddled furiously. I kept a hard eye out for dorsal fins, but we saw no shark at all.

We reached the bobbing nose cone and made our painter fast. Then quickly we threaded the strap through the metal spider and shackled it to the hawser. It was tricky work, since both the raft and cone were rolling and plunging out of step. After the back plate is blown from the cone, a jagged metal edge remains; this must be avoided, otherwise serious injury could occur. Within fifteen minutes, however, the winches on the *Escape* were straining, and we soon had the huge cone on board.

Gallery's Outfielders were fielding 1.000—three chances and three catches in deep center field. We were not so fortunate on the next shot, which took place in December, 1958. That one took a bad hop on us.

There was an air of mystery in our headquarters immediately prior to this shot. It was caused by the sudden appearance in San Juan of two men, Dr. Donald Stullken and Maj. (Dr.) Gerald Champlin, who announced that they would be going out on the *Escape* for the recovery. They did not say why, and rumors began to spread. Some of the crew believed that the Army might fire a man in the nose cone. I mistakenly got the idea that a small area of the cone would contain radioactive material which I should avoid during the recovery. I simply assumed that the Army doctors were on hand to check our radiation level after the recovery, or to provide medical aid in the event we accidentally brushed against the "hot" spot on the cone. Later I learned that the cone contained only instruments for measuring radioactivity.

When we reached the impact area, we were notified that the shot had been delayed twenty-four hours. We steamed in

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 73)

1. Mass.	2. Okla.	3. Texas
4. Del.	5. N.Dak.	6. Ark.
7. Nev.	8. Minn.	9. Ohio
10. Wis.	11. Ind.	12. Tenn.

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circles and squares, and killed time by fishing for dolphin and barracuda. A number of our visitors—the missile technicians and the doctors—were below decks, seasick. During the middle of our second night on station we got word the missile was on its way. Soon the familiar blazing lights came into view. The main propulsion body of the missile burned spectacularly as it pinwheeled slowly through the atmosphere and plunged into the water.

The shot was close. We picked up the white light on the sustaining balloon and steamed toward it at full speed. From the opposite direction one of the destroyer escorts closed in. Suddenly, when we were almost upon it, the light on the balloon went out. We slowed and then stopped, all eyes and searchlights trained toward the spot where we had seen the light. We could see nothing. It had sunk—nose cone, balloon and all. I was stunned.

With hope fading we searched a square-mile area for four hours. We could find not a trace. Finally we gave up and headed for San Juan. Doctor Stullken and Major Champlin were particularly dejected. On a radio broadcast about an hour later we found out why. The cone had contained a small squirrel monkey named Old Reliable, which had been carefully trained for months by the scientists. Had we recovered the cone, he might have been the first animal to survive a ballistic trip through space. We know from telemetered signals that he was alive up to the moment of impact, and the information on his behavior in the cone would prove valuable for later experiments. But Old Reliable lay dead at the bottom of the sea, crushed by the pressure of 3000 fathoms. It was a sad occasion for all of us.

Five months afterward, in late May of 1959, Stullken and Champlin again appeared in our headquarters in San Juan. They were accompanied by still another physician, Army Lt. Col. Richard Taylor, and we could guess that another monkey shot was in the offing. We worked feverishly getting our equipment squared away and briefing the crew of the Navy's fleet tug, the *U.S.S. Kiowa*, commanded by Lt. J. E. Guion, which would replace the dry-docked *Escape* on this shot.

We got under way at San Juan, in company with the destroyer escorts *Brough* and *Snowden*, at 1100 on the morning of May twenty-sixth. The trip to the impact area was unusually rough, with seven-to-eight-foot seas breaking over our bow. The *Kiowa*, smaller and less comfortable than the *Escape*, pitched like a cork. Almost everyone was seasick, or dopey from unending doses of motion-sickness remedies. After thirty-three hours of steaming we arrived on station and, as usual, pointed our bow southward, toward Antigua Island, forty miles distant. The word from the cape was that the shot was on schedule, seven hours away.

After hearing the "missile away" report on the bridge, I hurried back to the fantail to get my gear and men squared away. I had one regular diver from San Juan, Rodman G. Priestley. Two divers attached to the *Kiowa*, Arthur A. Johansen and Nolan E. Smith, would join us in the life raft. We discussed every phase of the recovery for the hundredth time. Ordinarily we use the "buddy" system in diving, with two men down together at a time. But the sea was so rough I did not think it prudent to load two sets of diving gear in the raft. If our "floater" turned out to be a "sinker" and it was necessary to dive, I would go alone.

For a while we did not think we would see the re-entry. Intermittent squalls were sweeping across the sea, blacking out the stars. However, one minute before re-entry there was a break in the clouds, and I heard someone shout, "There she is. Here she comes!" I looked up and saw the three blazing, intense streaks of light and marveled at the thought that a monkey was inside the cone. We lost sight of the nose cone in the cloud cover. Soon, however, the aircraft reported sighting the blinking light on the sustaining balloon, and we raced at flank speed toward the area.

We came near the balloon and played out our powerful searchlight. We could see the balloon, but, oddly, not the nose cone. *A "sinker,"* I thought, knowing then I would have to dive. I was suddenly too busy to worry about the sharks. All I could think about was the fact that we had to get that monkey out of the water before his oxygen expired. Later I learned the monkey oxygen supply would have lasted for days.

We cast the life raft into the turbulent seas and clambered down the cargo net which had been rigged on the port side. In addition to the diving equipment we loaded two wire straps in the raft and the messenger line for the five-inch hawser. It was not easy to paddle in those heaving waves, but we reached the balloon in fifteen minutes. While one of the men made fast the painter, I struggled into my diving lung and flippers. Then I somersaulted into the water.

It was like plunging into a nightmare of colors. Yellow dye-marker fluid swirled around me, brilliantly lighted by the searchlight. Nearby I could see the deep blue of the two parachutes, and beyond all that the green of the ocean. I felt as though I were diving into a bottomless, lighted swimming pool. I looked straight down, but I could see no cone.

I kicked down, following the nylon balloon strap toward the Cook hemisphere. At thirty feet my heart nearly stopped. Below me I could see clearly beyond the metal recovery package. But there was no nose cone beneath it. It was gone. I felt sick with disappointment.

I knew the scientists would want the recovery gear, so I continued on down to fifty feet, to the Cook package, leaving a trail of glowing phosphorescence in my wake. Holding the heavy hawser between my knees, I looped the strap through a hole in the metal hemisphere and shackled it to the hawser. I took one look around for sharks, saw one eying me curiously from a distance, and then began a slow ascent to the raft.

On the surface of the water I removed my mouthpiece and shouted to the *Kiowa*, which was close by, "No cone. No cone."

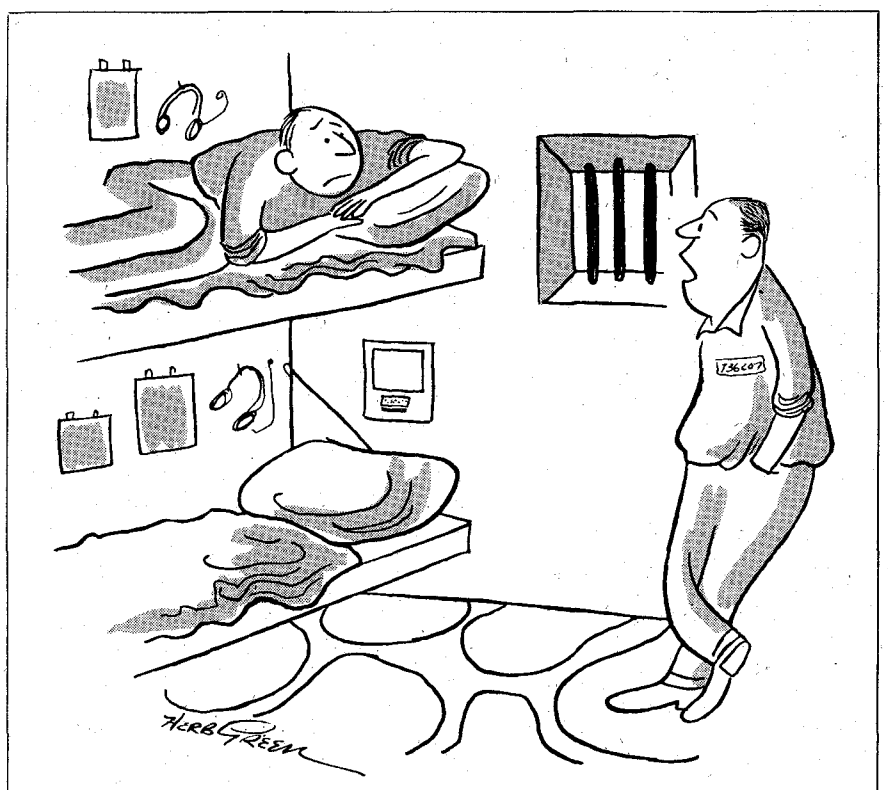
Either I was not clearly understood or else the men on the *Kiowa* could not bring themselves to accept the news. Actually what I said sounded like "nose cone," so I had to repeat the message over and over. Then, when they had understood, I took off my lung, threw it in the raft and crawled over its gunwale. I thought, *Well, rack up another missed ball for the Outfielders.* A shark fin cut the water near the raft.

Then suddenly a lookout on the bridge of the *Kiowa* was shouting, "There it is! The nose cone. There it is!" He was pointing into pitch darkness. The searchlight was swung around. Sure enough, it was the nose cone, a floater which had broken loose from the Cook package, bobbing half-submerged in the water about 100 yards downwind. We paddled toward it with all the speed we could muster. If the recovery mechanism had separated, it was also possible that the watertight compartment had been ruptured. If so, we might yet save it by using the life raft as a float.

We paddled desperately toward the cone, losing sight of it as we descended into deep wave troughs, glimpsing it again when we rode on crest. We reached it soon and, although both raft and cone were bobbing wildly, made fast the painter. Meanwhile, a second raft pulling the messenger line to another heavy hawser set out from the *Kiowa*. While we waited for it, we fended our raft away from the cone with a paddle to avoid the jagged steel edges on the bottom of the cone. I thought, *What a lucky break. In another few minutes the cone might have drifted out of sight.* With no light or radio on it and no dye marker, the olive-drab shape might have been lost forever in the vast sea.

I saw that only three metal straps of the spider remained firmly attached to the nose cone. We would have to slip our extra sling through those. In theory, the three straps were strong enough to lift the cone. But what if they had been weakened by the breakup? How much jerking could they stand?

We attached the sling and hawser, and, as the *Kiowa* winches began to strain, we allowed our raft to drift out of the way. The next half hour was tense indeed. Whenever the cone was raised out of the water, it began spinning like a top and swinging wildly like a giant pendulum. Everyone was thinking the same thing: the poor monkey. A stay line was attached to the cone to restrict the swinging, but it broke under the strain. We considered putting a cargo net under the cone, but I was reluctant to risk the lives of my men that close to the plunging *Kiowa* and to the cone, which was dancing up and down like a giant Yo-yo.



"The turning point in my trial was when I got caught picking the judge's pocket."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Finally we were blessed with a period of relatively calm wave action. As the cone ceased to gyrate, the winches of the *Kiowa* gave a manful tug and jerked it over the gunwale. It banged against some deck gear a couple times before the winch operator could lower it gently onto mattresses which had been spread on the deck. We paddled back to the *Kiowa* and, after a few perilous moments on the plunging cargo net, gained the deck.

The doctors and technicians attacked the nose cone with wrenches and other tools. It was then—and only then—that we discovered there were not one but two monkeys, Able and Baker, inside the cone. Doctor Stullken rushed Baker in her capsule to the wardroom. Doctor Champlin took Able in her capsule beneath a specially rigged canvas housing on the rear deck. Within minutes both doctors announced that both monkeys were alive and well. And none of the instruments inside the cone was damaged.

We could not foresee that these two monkeys, our first surviving space travelers, would become so famous. Yet from the moment they came on board they were treated like flag officers. The whole wardroom was set aside for them, and a sign placed in front of the door read, RESTRICTED AREA. All of us, including the skipper of the *Kiowa*, were relegated to the chiefs' mess for meals. Unable to resist a peek at our unusual guests, I sneaked into the wardroom on the return trip to San Juan. Able was squatting on the green-top table, happily munching on a biscuit. Baker was perched cheerfully on Doctor Stullken's arm.

In the current series Gallery's Outfielders have one more shot to field. After that, in all probability, our special outfit will be disbanded. Other nose-cone recoveries will be performed by other agencies. However, the experience we have gained—carefully noted in hundreds of reports and on thousands of feet of movie film—has already been passed along to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for use in Project Mercury, the program to orbit a man around the earth. In Project Mercury the capsule, after orbiting the earth, will be brought down in the water. The recovery system obviously will be more sophisticated than that employed by Gallery's Outfielders. However, we feel that we have contributed a great deal to the program in supplying the basic groundwork.

The Army, too, has been grateful for the job we have done. After the successful recovery of Able and Baker, Army Gen. J. A. Barclay cabled Admiral Gallery, "To the world's champion outfielders. Congratulations."

Like Casey Stengel, Admiral Gallery often likes to have the last word. He replied, "All outfielders appreciate your message, but say playing outfield against you guys is easy. Apparently in this league you don't follow old baseball rule of hit 'em where they ain't." THE END

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The Cowboy of Fifth Avenue

(Continued from Page 25)

seek a more tranquil horizon. Dad Holman, with his wife and three daughters, eventually wound up in Texas. The family paused in the cow town of San Angelo long enough for Gene to be born and then moved west to Monahans, a thirty-five-shanty village. There Dad took over the livery stable and the horse trading that went with it. Ma and the growing daughters ran the boardinghouse. Gene, as soon as he was able to lift a loaded manure fork, was given full charge of cleaning the stables and, as he grew, took on the chores of horse breaking, buggy driving and mule skinning. Thanks to the Mexican friends with whom he was raised, he could address a mule in fluent Spanish, with results still considered remarkable.

Ironically, after Gene towed the gasoline age into Monahans, the only business wiped out—and that within two years—was the Holman Livery Stable. Eventually Dad got a fresh start with a lumberyard. Gene went to work variously as callboy for the local railroad, part-time cowboy during roundups, harvest hand, and delivery boy and carpenter when Dad sold the lumber for a new barn. Between jobs he hunted narrow-gauge deer, as Texas jack rabbits were called, and the full-scale variety to help fill the boardinghouse larder.

Only his mother's iron will kept Holman in school. When she said, "There's going to be a Holman with a college education if I have to take in boarders on day and night shifts," he dutifully went to Simmons College—now Hardin-Simmons University—in Abilene.

The record of his first three years at Simmons shows that he once bowled a sixteen-pound cannon ball down the dormitory stair at four A.M., rigged the clocks to throw the classes off schedule, and consistently starred at basketball. To his own amazement, he was so outstanding in science and mathematics that one of his professors suggested that he ought to try studying. "What for?" Holman asked doubtfully. "Well, you might become an engineer," was the answer.

Recalling that interview recently, Holman said, "For the first time I had something to shoot for. It meant starting all over in engineering, but that seemed so much better than some kind of a white-collar job that I couldn't resist."

Once determined on a career, Holman became a ball of fire. He financed his own way by selling aluminum pots and pans, demonstrating his wares at Ladies' Aid meetings across the breadth of Texas. It was a tough lesson in salesmanship because aluminum then was erroneously suspected of imparting metallic poisoning to food. While women looked at him with a cold and hostile eye, Holman cooked pancakes to a convincing golden brown, and then ate them to prove them nonpoisonous. He arrived back at Simmons that fall, prosperous and so fat that a classmate commented, "I thought he came back to hibernate."

Instead, Holman ran off a straight "A" average and went on to the University of Texas, leaving behind him this estimate under his photo in the class yearbook, which he had edited: "Quiet and unassuming, but a living example of influence."

At the University of Texas, while working toward his civil-engineering degree, Holman was exposed to, and caught, petroleum fever. Solely to build up his science credits, he took one of the first courses ever offered in petroleum geology. It was a snap course, long on theory but short on facts. Some of the theory annoyed Holman and he, in turn, annoyed the professor. One day he asked the question that still plagues geologists. "I'm willing to admit that oil can travel through porous rock," he said agreeably, "but you say these little drops will travel miles to collect in a single pool. How do they know where to collect?"

"Mister Holman," said the professor, "how the hell did you collect in my class?"

"Why, I need the science credits," said Holman mildly.

"I thought so," said the professor. "Stick around after class, boy; I want to talk to you."

It must have been quite a talk. During the course of it engineering faded into the background. It was dark when he left the classroom, but he still was dazzled by the way in which the sun's energy over millions of years had been absorbed by sea organisms and stored away for future use when they had been rendered like lard into petroleum. He decided to switch his aim to an M.A. degree in geology, which he did—and he was to become as great a salesman of geologic phenomena as his professor. A couple of years ago one of the legal lights of Jersey Standard accompanied Holman on a trip to West Texas, and they came at last to a high promontory from which they could see fifty miles of desert in all directions.

"But that was no mesa we were on," avows the lawyer. "It was a coral reef in a Permian sea, and not a ship in sight. It's a funny thing, but when Holman got through describing that sea, I had the strange feeling that we ought to get out of that desert before the tide came in."

At twenty-two, his M.A. degree in hand, Holman stood ready in 1917 to solve the exploration problems of the oil industry, but he was alone in his eagerness. Only his ability to speak Spanish got him a job. The Texas Company hired him to go to Cuba to do translating and legwork for a pair of philosophic old geologists—one from the University of Pennsylvania and the other from the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey—who were spending a sabbatical working for the company.

"They worked me down to a nub," he recalls gratefully. "Supposedly trying to prove that geology had some commercial value, they actually were more interested in finding out where Cuba came from. To them a good anticlinal line was better than an oil well any time, and I could see why oil companies didn't have much faith in college experts. But there was no dust on their geology. During an evening around the fire, they would work over a billion or so years of the earth's history, and you could see it come to life. The earth buckling into mountains, the oceans sweeping in, the volcanoes popping and the glaciers churning around like road graders. Sure was a broadening experience."

The next experience was equally broadening. In 1918 Holman left Cuba to join the United States Army, stating in his application that he was a graduate engineer. Somehow this made him a private in the aviation service of the Signal Corps. By the time he had worked his way up to corporal, he had become an expert aerial photographer. This gave him a running start in understanding the possibility of aerial exploration for oils and minerals.

About six years later while flying over Texas, Holman spotted a roughly circular area about two miles in diameter, noticeable only because the vegetation seemed a little paler than the brush around it. Scores of rival geologists had covered that area on the ground without detecting the differences in the foliage, which showed up plainly from the air. Suspecting the presence of a salt dome—a concentration of salt which may mean a concentration of oil from the same ancient sea—he hurriedly leased the whole area and had the satisfaction of bringing in a highly profitable oil field.

By that time he was on his way, but he had had a rough haul getting there. For a year after the war, unable to get a job with an oil company, he had worked at sixty-five dollars a month for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, charting the coastline of the ocean that had once covered Texas. Then one day, passing through Fort Worth, he knocked on the door of Wallace Pratt, chief geologist of the small but growing Humble Oil Company. Surprising enough he was hired.

"Wonderful," he said. "What do you want me to do first?"

"Why, find some oil, of course," said Pratt.

Holman found it. The whole fabulous Texas boom was about to blow, and Holman was in front of it, blowing the boom towns in. His ability to find oil, and get his fellow geologists to find it, was and still is uncanny. "He could," said Pratt, "find oil with a dowsing stick." One story he denies has him locating the site of a wildcat well with a series of survey stakes. On the first site the driller brought in a gusher that blew the top off the rig. Then, thinking the other survey stakes indicated new drilling sites, he proceeded to bring them in too.

By 1923, at the age of twenty-eight, Holman was put in charge of Humble's Shreveport office, with a territory that covered Louisiana and Arkansas. It was a big break in more ways than one. With some oil money coming in, Shreveport began improving its schools, and that fall the kids were exposed to a new subject called "physical education."

In a matter of weeks it was the most popular course in school, and Holman was not long in finding out why. The new teacher was Edith Carver Reid, only recently the belle of Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Other swains were making the same discovery, but when Holman admitted that his job might lead to a certain amount of traveling, and Edith confessed that she came from a railroading family that had done some moving around on its own, the rest of the field went home. The Holmans have been traveling together ever since.

The young geologist's work with Humble—particularly his record for bringing in producing oil wells—didn't go unnoticed by the New York directors of Jersey Standard, with which Humble had become affiliated. By 1928 E. J. Sadler, the executive in charge of Jersey's foreign production, was especially aware. Within the last few months he had dropped a good many million dollars drilling dry holes in Venezuela, and he was smarting under a snide reference to his "department of foreign nonproduction." He began to think Holman might have just the touch he needed.

Others had reached the same conclusion. Almost to the day that Holman got his chance to go to New York as Sadler's assistant, a group of wealthy independent operators approached him with a dazzling offer: Their millions against his know-how, and split her up the middle. All he would have to do was find as much oil for them as he had found for Humble, and the first million would be in his pocket within the year. It was a bona fide offer, and Holman's mentor, Wallace Pratt, did not try to talk him out of it.

All he said was, "There's more to oil than getting rich finding it. Oil is working with people, with industries and with nations. I can't begin to tell you how big it is, because it gets bigger every day."

Holman went to New York and into as fine a tangle as ever confronted a thirty-three-year-old prairie hopper from Texas. He was rawboned and red-faced, and his necktie had a habit of slipping to one side under his collar.

According to Holman's recollection, his conversation with Sadler went like this:

SADLER: Jersey Standard has just bought into the Creole Petroleum Company in Venezuela.

HOLMAN: Huh?

SADLER: It's got some good leases and a few producers. I want you to go down and develop it.

HOLMAN: Me?

SADLER: Yeah. You. And as long as you're going to run it, you might as well be the president.

Any dreams Holman might have had about the glory of being an oil-company president faded within minutes. His company was sinking fast. In fact, at his first meeting with his stockholders, most of them angrily waving virtually worthless certificates in his face, he had every reason to believe he was not so much president as fall guy. At this critical moment he was saved by his aluminum-selling experience at Ladies' Aid meetings. He disarmed the critics by agreeing with them. "You have good reason to complain about the way your investment has been handled," he said frankly. "I don't know enough about Venezuela to make rash promises, but I can promise this—I'll do my best." He walked out with a vote of confidence.

Down in Venezuela Holman found things worse than he had imagined. There was one redeeming feature. There were few mistakes left for a young president to make. In the jungles, where the snakes were so long "they have to coil in three piles to keep the weight off their bellies," the termites were eating derricks, housing, and the lumberyards in which reserve stock was stored. Along the shores of Lake Maracaibo, where the oil wells marched out to sea, the teredos were consuming the rigs almost as fast as they could be built. The North Americans who were drilling the wells were viewed with distrust and envy by the local population,

... ...

Head of the House

By Russell Pettis Askue

When evening noises scare
my wife
Or cause my little ones to
weep,
I sally forth to guard her
life—
I comfort them till they're
asleep.
But when I'm in the house
alone
At night, and floors and
stairways creak,
And shutters, doors and
windows groan,
I'm unassertive, even meek.
I need my loved ones, don't
you see,
For me to shield from what
scares me.

... ...

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which was poor and backward—and aspiring politicos weren't above exploiting these feelings.

Speaking Spanish, which his predecessors had haughtily refused to do, Holman eased his way through the political antagonism. He set out to win over the Venezuelans by sponsoring training schools for workers, building hospitals and model villages. Within four years trained Venezuelans were handling all but a few of the technical drilling jobs, giving them more of a stake in the success of the oil business.

And the wells blew in. Calling in all the experts he could find—working with people—Holman whipped the termite and teredo problems with steel, concrete and brick. Some of the wells were fabulous, like the one that blew in so fast that the driller was caught with half a mile of drill stem still in the hole. Out of it spewed fifteen tons of steel spaghetti that shot sky-high before draping itself all over the countryside. Then came the oil, blasting out with such violence that the steel derrick sort of dissolved in the spray. By the next day, when the local superintendent appeared on the scene, the jungle was an oil salad for a quarter of a mile around. At a dollar a barrel, it represented a lost fortune.

"You know what Holman's going to say," said the superintendent to the driller. "Where were you when this thing broke loose?"

"Beating it up to that hill," said the driller. "But I was throwing rocks at the s.o.b."

Holman extended Creole's exploration to cover all of Venezuela. Groaned one driller after six weeks of jungle hacking to reach his site, "I'd quit this minute, but I can't stand the thought of the walk back." Said another, surveying the site picked for his operation, "I know how Holman found this place. He picked the toughest geologist he could find, and put him on the meanest mule he could buy. Then he started them south. When the mule gave out, the geologist walked. When he couldn't walk any more in the jungle, he crawled. When he couldn't crawl any more, he reached out a finger as far as he could, and here we are."

To get his oil to market, Holman had to build pipelines and refineries, and charter all the tankers he could find. Then, as his production increased, he had to find more markets, ranging all over the world.

In 1939, with World War II looming ominously, Holman's international background was just what the Jersey Standard board needed, and he was transferred to the parent company as a director. Then, with tankers being sunk and oil fields being destroyed in Europe and Asia, he turned to research to get more work out of the oil available.

Into wells that were failing or already "dry," he applied the by-then-proved theory that water or natural gas could be pumped back into the oil sands to shove more oil out of the well. By this method wells that had gone dry after yielding less than 25 per cent of the oil in the rock around them were persuaded to yield as high as 75 per cent, or triple their estimated production. Then he pushed for new cracking-plant methods that eventually yielded eight gallons of high-test gasoline—instead of the previous four—out of a barrel of crude. To give him more authority to pursue his production-through-conservation program, he was made a vice president of Jersey Standard in 1942, a member of the executive committee in 1943, and president in 1944. He was forty-nine years old.

The end of the war and his $100,000-a-year salary gave Holman his first feeling of relaxation in years. "I had my job boiled down to three words," he explained. "All I had to do was organize, deputize and supervise. The other fellows did all the work."

Then one day he jolted himself out of that pleasant frame of mind, while he was visiting the poultry farm that his daughter, Catherine, and son, Gene, Jr., had developed on the Holman place in Greenwich, Connecticut. As he was looking over the landscape with the idea of planting some white azaleas his wife likes, he was suddenly struck by a thought which had nothing to do with poultry or flowers, and a cold chill ran down his back. What, he was thinking, would the United States do for oil if another war broke out? Sure, America was then producing plenty and everything seemed secure—but that security could vanish overnight with even a minor international hassle.

The result of that jolt was one of the most breath-taking deals in business history. A large library is needed to include the details, but when it was over, Jersey Standard, the Texas Company, Socony, and California Standard, four bitter rivals, had lumped their resources to develop the great oil pools of Saudi Arabia with the same benefits going to the Middle East that Holman had already demonstrated in Venezuela. Big? When the first pipeline was completed across Arabia after the largest shipment of materials in peacetime history, 5,000,000 barrels of oil were needed just to fill the tube. But as a geologist knowing the staggering forces yet to be dealt with, Holman finds such figures meager if not downright puny.

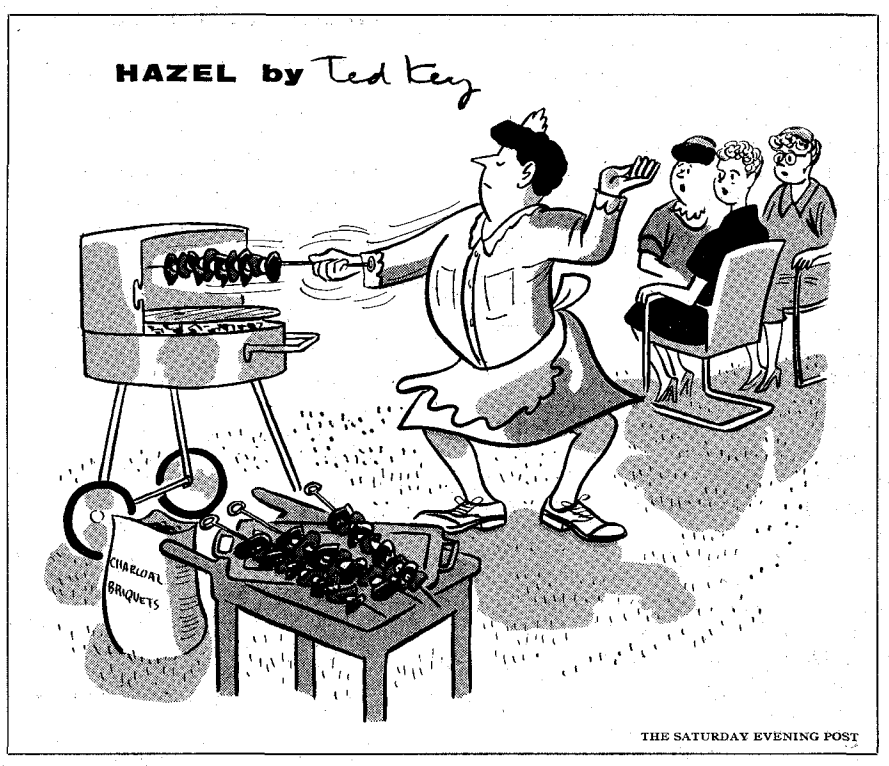
"It's a good thing the boy's healthy," he drawled, "because he's got a man-sized job ahead."

The unique idea that the oil business is still a boy working at a man's game would be enough to set Holman apart from the old flamboyant operators, but in almost every other way he differs from the popular concept of a mogul. His six-foot frame has the same toughness as when he starred in college basketball, and his square, rugged face, as handsome as an Indian chief's, is as weather-reddened today as it was when he forsook the Texas prairie for a desk. He has the outdoor look of a hunter and fisherman—which he is whenever the opportunity offers.

To the despair of his wife and his tailor, he has a knack for making an expensively conservative suit look like something picked up by a roughneck on payday.

By his own admission he is not shy, "just not forward." He is a good listener, and among his less inhibited colleagues his quietness will pass for shyness until some better term comes along. When he does have a decision to announce, his easy Texas drawl gives to a $300,000,000 dicker all the impact of a rancher announcing a decision to plow the south forty.

Last summer when the Middle East situation flared into a crisis, it was Holman, described by a board member as "sitting there as relaxed as a cowboy on a corral gate," who said, "My own hunch is that oil has had time to do enough good over there to let its performance speak for itself." He was mostly right. Not a well in the Middle East stopped flowing, although there has been some damage to pipelines by hotheads during the recurring crises in that part of the world.



The relaxed figure and the easy drawl conceal an enormous vitality that sees him through a daily schedule in which far-reaching questions are thrown at him. Should Jersey buy another fleet of tankers, or use the hundred million to sink some wells in what its geologists claim is a highly promising field in the Sahara? A pipeline for Argentina? A new road through the jungles of Venezuela? Should the affiliate oil companies in the Middle and Far East step up their educational and development programs to counteract Red propaganda?

Holman thrives on these problems, along with the correspondence, cables and phone calls covering a hundred other projects. Since 1954, when he was elected chairman of the board, with M. J. Rathbone succeeding him as president, Holman has presided at directors' meetings with an easy informality that has reduced the tension of what could be a high-pressure ordeal. Lunch usually means a meeting with the executive committee of Radio Free Europe or any one of a dozen other national and international committees, followed by more cables, phone calls and appointments. At five P.M., his desk clean, and with no briefcase, he leaves his large, comfortable, but unostentatious office on the twenty-ninth floor of the RCA Building to work off his surplus energy with a swim at his club.

At 6:30 P.M. during the winter months he joins his wife at their Fifth Avenue apartment for a predinner cocktail. During the summer months he joins her at their eighteen-acre estate in Greenwich, where a round of gardening or trapshooting replaces the usual swim. With their daughter now married, and their son a jet-fighter instructor in the Air Force, they have launched an ambitious landscaping program—and it's a source of unending astonishment to Mrs. Holman when some of her husband's hand-nourished plants actually grow.

Every now and then even these energy-absorbing side lines are not sufficient, and Holman—who will retire next May, at the age of sixty-five—takes off on a fishing trip or a big-game hunt. During these excursions Holman shoots hundreds of feet of movies, wears out all his clothes stalking game he won't shoot "because it wasn't record size," mixes the drinks, and then sits up half the night writing notes on the day's events. There is the Texas-type story brought back from his last African safari. With two of his vice presidents and a white hunter, he was endeavoring to stop a charging rhino that was obviously unimpressed by oilmen. Holman fired his last shot, but still the two-ton beast kept coming. At twenty yards it belatedly realized it was dead and plowed a three-yard furrow with its front horn. Apologized a companion later, "I'da fired if I'd known you were out of ammunition, Gene, but I thought you were going to bulldog the critter."

Such flights into the wide-open spaces are not escape from his work, but only from routine. It is then that he can really get down to the basic problem confronting the oil industry. The petroleum industry now is producing eight to ten times the oil it did when Holman began work in 1919 as a sixty-five-dollar-a-month geologist. To keep up with demand it will have to double its present output by 1966. But while the demand increases, the source of supply dwindles. So far the new science of geophysics has advanced rapidly enough to find new oil fields just as the prophets of dire gloom were ready to croak their "I told you so's." But the old croakers have a point. The oil supply presumably is exhaustible.

Holman definitely doesn't believe that atomic energy is going to solve all the world's power needs. He says, "You know, the quicker atomic energy takes over the job oil is doing in powering industry and transportation, the more oil will be available to provide power for those millions of people who still are working as valets for burros, camels and water buffaloes." In his view, there is no such thing as a country that is forever doomed to be backward—only countries that are backward in their use of oil.

To counteract gloomy forecasts that the world soon will run out of oil, Holman has been one of the leaders in forcing one barrel of oil to do the work of two. Then, never convinced that a drilled hole—a pinprick—is the most efficient way of drawing oil from deep underground, he has long been seeking more effective ways of stirring things up down there, as with an atomic blast. And having seen a whole petrochemicals industry founded on what were only a few years ago considered waste products, he and his like-minded confreres, through conservation measures, already have *saved* more oil than the industry produced in 1930. So hepped on conservation is Holman that during the winter months, when his personal weather predictions indicate a long warm spell, he orders the oil burner shut off at the Greenwich place. If the pipes freeze a little, he is consoled by the thought of the oil saved.

THE END

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A RAINBOW TROUT takes a fisherman's fly in one of the many clear streams that flow through Weyerhaeuser timberlands in the Pacific Northwest. The forestry practices that perpetuate our timber supply also help to maintain water resources on company tree farms.

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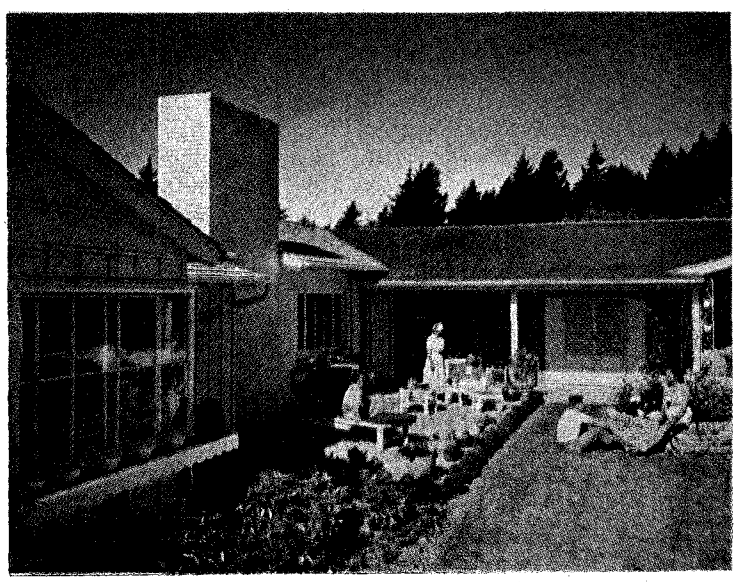

High in the scenic timberlands of the far west, an exultant cry suddenly echoes among the lofty firs. An excited angler has hooked a fighting rainbow trout, one of many species of game fish found in tree farm waters. The scene symbolizes the variety of benefits provided by Weyerhaeuser timberlands.

The major benefit, of course, is a continuous supply of wood for use in the many products needed by both present and future generations. In addition, our lands maintain their watershed values, supplying water for hundreds of clear lakes and streams year after year. They also support an abundant wildlife population.

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Keeping Posted

They Saw America Grow

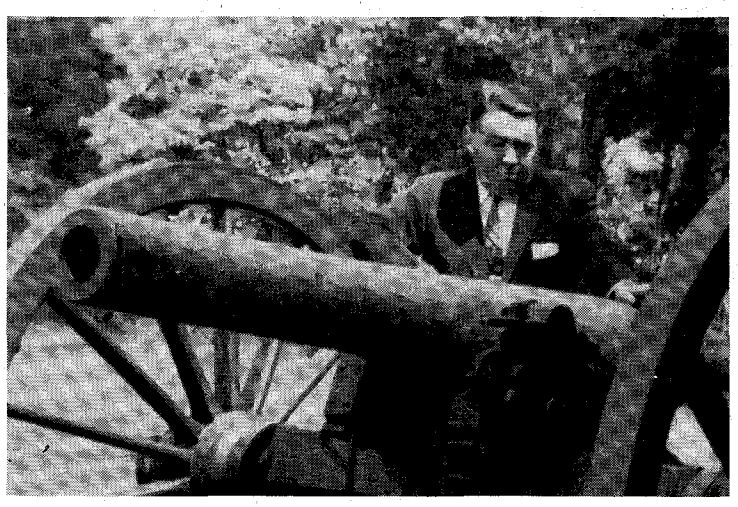
When **Dr. George Gallup** (page 22) sent out 300 trained pollsters to interview aged Americans for *The Post*'s old-age series, coauthor **Evan Hill** took off on a 9000-mile trip to visit twenty-two of the old folks himself. Hill found it fascinating to talk with people who put into living perspective a hundred years of history. "These people killed buffalo, fought Indians, sailed clipper ships, lived by candlelight before kerosene was available; and yet they also saw the coming of electricity, automobiles, airplanes, A-energy and rocketry."

Evan Hill: "Old people are fascinating."

Another enduring impression, says Hill, was the incredible physical vigor of some of the oldsters. An example: William Perry of San Francisco, who is interviewed and pictured this week. "Perry, at 106, climbs twenty-five steps between the street and his house several times a day, checking his mail box and taking care of his yard." A former neighbor of Perry's told Hill about watching the rugged old man a couple of years ago ramming a long pole into a clogged horizontal drainpipe on the street level. The neighbor recalled, "Teetering on his wooden leg, cussing that drain magnificently, he battled it for two hours before he got it open. I didn't dare offer to help him for fear he'd take a swing at me."

When Dr. Gallup and Hill wanted to clear up a few last-minute writing problems, Hill had to fly to London where Gallup, there on a quick trip, had been delayed. Hill, then in Philadelphia, wondered how his wife really felt about all his absenteeism; so, before returning to his Newport, New Hampshire, home to pick up some needed personal items, he phoned her. "We might have to alter some plans, dear," he said. "I'm on my way to London." "Really?" said the lady. "How delightful, darling! On your way home would you pick up a pound of hot dogs?" And that was that.

Tales of the Authors



Major Heffernan on the Civil War battleground at Petersburg.

Jake and Joy Hay.

A former *Post* contributor, **Maj. John P. Heffernan, USAF,** says, "It is a happy thing to appear again in Mr. Franklin's gazette." It seems that a featured item in his Lincoln story on page 28 is a fruitcake, and he explains that in order to make it a very special cake he put frosting on it—he had never heard of an iced fruitcake. Later, when someone told him that fruitcake with frosting was no oddity, he was shaken. So he topped the icing with a flag, mentioning this to no one lest he be told that this also was a common old custom. If it was, let's not tell the poor man, because he has been wearing himself out brooding about what to add to the flag if forced to just before press time. The author is currently stationed at the Pentagon, and the Heffernan home is nearby in Falls Church, Virginia.

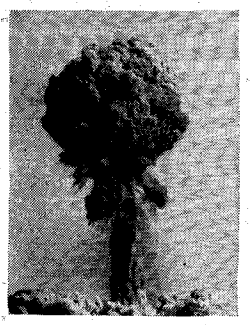
Don Tracy, whose by-line has appeared in *The Post* twenty-two times so far, was selected for the fourth straight year to conduct the short-story course at the writers' conference now in summer session at Syracuse University's School of Journalism. Tracy soft-pedals theory and bears down on trying to achieve salable technique; he seems to hold that the main idea behind writing something is to have other people read it. So his students ("some of whom are right long in the tooth, working for their master's") have been given various anthologies for textbooks, and this year their book was *The Saturday Evening Post Stories 1958.* Yes, he's in the book, but then that's a fairly routine matter—he has also been in it five other times.

Jacob Hay, that dashing fellow with the boater hat and cigar, is responsible for the unlikely story about boondoggling on page 31 and for other fey narrations, previously published. The author, a staff man with *The National Geographic Magazine* who, with his wife Joy, lives in a new-old house in Bethesda, Maryland, says that a while ago his beloved straw hat mysteriously vanished. He suspects Mrs. H. of displacing it on purpose and he may chasten her soon by buying himself a bowler, or derby, and wearing it at the same frolicsome angle.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"FALLOUT: The Silent Killer"

How harmful is nuclear-weapons testing to us and to generations yet unborn?



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